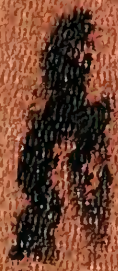

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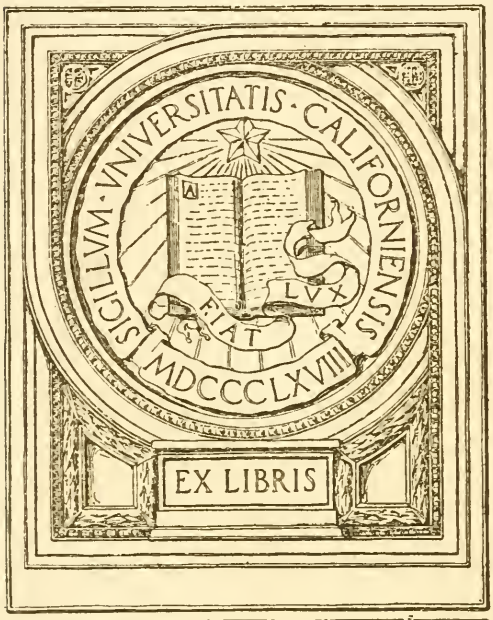

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THE

WORKS

OF

HENRY FIELDING, ESQ.

WITH AN ESSAY ON HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.

BY

ARTHUR MURPHY, ESQ.

A NEW EDITION.

EDITED BY

JAMES P. BROWNE, M.D. (EDINB.)

IN TEN VOLUMES.

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AMELIA.

BOOK VII.

CHAPTER I.

A very short chapter, and consequently requiring no preface.

Mrs. Bennet having fastened the door, and both the ladies having taken their places, she once or twice offered to speak, when passion stopped her utterance; and, after a minute's silence, she burst into a flood of tears. Upon which, Amelia, expressing the utmost tenderness for her, as well by her look as by her accent; cried—'What can 'be the reason, dear Madam, of all this emotion?'—'O Mrs. Booth!' answered she, 'I find I have under-'taken what I am not able to perform.—You would not 'wonder at my emotion, if you knew you had an 'adulteress and a murderer now standing before you.'

Amelia turned pale as death at these words, which Mrs. Bennet observing, collected all the force she was able, and, a little composing her countenance, cried, 'I see, 'Madam, I have terrified you with such dreadful words; 'but I hope you will not think me guilty of these crimes 'in the blackest degree.'—'Guilty!' cries Amelia. 'O 'Heavens!'—'I believe indeed your candour,' continued Mrs. Bennet, 'will be readier to acquit me than I am 'to acquit myself.—Indiscretion, at least, the highest, 'most unpardonable indiscretion, I shall always lay to

'my own charge; and, when I reflect on the fatal con-
'sequences, I can never, never forgive myself.' Here she again began to lament in so bitter a manner, that Amelia endeavoured, as much as she could (for she was herself greatly shocked), to sooth and comfort her; telling her that if indiscretion was her highest crime, the unhappy consequences made her rather an unfortunate than a guilty person; and concluded by saying,—'In-
'deed, Madam, you have raised my curiosity to the
'highest pitch, and I beg you will proceed with your
'story.'

Mrs. Bennet then seemed a second time going to begin her relation, when she cried out, 'I would, if possible,
'tire you with no more of my unfortunate life than just
'with that part which leads to a catastrophe in which I
'think you may yourself be interested; but I protest I
'am at a loss where to begin.'

'Begin wherever you please, dear Madam,' cries Amelia; 'but I beg you will consider my impatience.'
'I do consider it,' answered Mrs. Bennet; 'and therefore
'would begin with that part of my story which leads
'directly to what concerns yourself; for how, indeed,
'should my life produce any thing worthy your notice?'
'Do not say so, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'I assure you
'I have long suspected there were some very remarkable
'incidents in your life, and have only wanted an oppor-
'tunity to impart to you my desire of hearing them:—
'I beg therefore you would make no more apologies.'——
'I will not, Madam,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'and yet I
'would avoid any thing trivial; though, indeed, in stories
'of distress, especially where love is concerned, many
'little incidents may appear trivial to those who have
'never felt the passion, which to delicate minds are the
'most interesting part of the whole.'——'Nay, but, dear
'Madam,' cries Amelia, 'this is all preface.'

'Well, Madam,' answered Mrs. Bennet, 'I will con-'sider your impatience.' She then rallied all her spirits in the best manner she could, and began as is written in the next chapter.

And here possibly the reader will blame Mrs. Bennet for taking her story so far back, and relating so much of her life in which Amelia had no concern; but, in truth, she was desirous of inculcating a good opinion of herself, from recounting those transactions where her conduct was unexceptionable, before she came to the more dangerous and suspicious part of her character. This I really suppose to have been her intention; for to sacrifice the time and patience of Amelia at such a season to the mere love of talking of herself, would have been as unpardonable in her, as the bearing it was in Amelia a proof of the most perfect good breeding.

CHAPTER II.

The beginning of Mrs. Bennet's history.

'I was the younger of two daughters of a clergyman in 'Essex; of one in whose praise, if I should indulge my 'fond heart in speaking, I think my invention could not 'outgo the reality. He was indeed well worthy of the 'cloth he wore; and that, I think, is the highest character 'a man can obtain.

'During the first part of my life, even till I reached 'my sixteenth year, I can recollect nothing to relate to 'you. All was one long serene day, in looking back 'upon which, as when we cast our eyes on a calm sea, 'no object arises to my view. All appears one scene of 'happiness and tranquillity.

'On the day, then, when I became sixteen years old, 'must I begin my history; for on that day I first tasted 'the bitterness of sorrow.

'My father, besides those prescribed by our religion, 'kept five festivals every year. These were on his wed- 'ding-day, and on the birth-day of each of his little 'family; on these occasions he used to invite two or 'three neighbours to his house, and to indulge himself, 'as he said, in great excess; for so he called drinking a 'pint of very small punch; and, indeed, it might appear 'excess to one who on other days rarely tasted any liquor 'stronger than small beer.

'Upon my unfortunate birth-day, then, when we were 'all in a high degree of mirth, my mother having left 'the room after dinner, and staying away pretty long, 'my father sent me to see for her. I went according to 'his orders; but, though I searched the whole house, and 'called after her without doors, I could neither see nor 'hear her. I was a little alarmed at this (though far 'from suspecting any great mischief had befallen her), 'and ran back to acquaint my father, who answered 'coolly (for he was a man of the calmest temper), "Very '"well, my dear, I suppose she is not gone far, and will '"be here immediately." Half an hour or more passed 'after this, when, she not returning, my father himself 'expressed some surprise at her stay; declaring, it must 'be some matter of importance which could detain her 'at that time from her company. His surprise now 'increased every minute; and he began to grow uneasy, 'and to shew sufficient symptoms in his countenance of 'what he felt within. He then dispatched the servant- 'maid to inquire after her mistress in the parish; but 'waited not her return; for she was scarce gone out of 'doors before he begged leave of his guests to go himself 'on the same errand. The company now all broke up,

'and attended my father, all endeavouring to give him 'hopes that no mischief had happened. They searched 'the whole parish, but in vain; they could neither see 'my mother, nor hear any news of her. My father re-'turned home in a state little short of distraction. His 'friends in vain attempted to administer either advice or 'comfort; he threw himself on the floor in the most 'bitter agonies of despair.

'Whilst he lay in this condition, my sister and myself 'lying by him, all equally, I believe, and completely 'miserable, our old servant-maid came into the room, 'and cried out, her mind misgave her that she knew 'where her mistress was. Upon these words, my father 'sprung from the floor, and asked her eagerly, where? '——But oh! Mrs. Booth, how can I describe the par-'ticulars of a scene to you, the remembrance of which 'chills my blood with horror, and which the agonies 'of my mind, when it passed, made all a scene of 'confusion! the fact then in short was this: my mother, 'who was a most indulgent mistress to one servant, 'which was all we kept, was unwilling, I suppose, to 'disturb her at her dinner; and therefore went herself 'to fill her tea-kettle at a well, into which, stretching 'herself too far, as we imagine, the water then being 'very low, she fell with the tea-kettle in her hand. 'The missing this gave the poor old wretch the first 'hint of her suspicion, which, upon examination, was 'found to be too well grounded.

'What we all suffered on this occasion may more 'easily be felt than described.'——'It may indeed,' answered Amelia, 'and I am so sensible of it, that, 'unless you have a mind to see me faint before your 'face, I beg you will order me something; a glass of 'water, if you please.' Mrs. Bennet immediately com-plied with her friend's request; a glass of water was

brought, and some hartshorn drops infused into it; which Amelia having drank off, declared she found herself much better; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:—

'I will not dwell on a scene which I see hath already 'so much affected your tender heart, and which is as 'disagreeable to me to relate, as it can be to you to 'hear. I will therefore only mention to you the be-'haviour of my father on this occasion, which was 'indeed becoming a philosopher and a Christian divine. 'On the day after my mother's funeral, he sent for my 'sister and myself into his room; where, after many 'caresses, and every demonstration of fatherly tender-'ness, as well in silence as in words, he began to exhort 'us to bear with patience the great calamity that had 'befallen us; saying, that "as every human accident, '"how terrible soever, must happen to us by divine '"permission at least, a due sense of our duty to our '"great Creator must teach us an absolute submission '"to his will. Not only religion, but common sense '"must teach us this; for oh! my dear children," cries 'he, "how vain is all resistance, all repining! could '"tears wash back again my angel from the grave, I '"should drain all the juices of my body through my '"eyes; but oh, could we fill up that cursed well with '"our tears, how fruitless would be all our sorrow!" —'I think I repeat you his very words; for the im-'pression they made on me is never to be obliterated. '—He then proceeded to comfort us with the cheerful 'thought that the loss was entirely our own, and that 'my mother was greatly a gainer by the accident which 'we lamented. "I have a wife," cries he, "my children, '"and you have a mother now amongst the heavenly '"choir; how selfish therefore is all our grief! how '"cruel to her are all our wishes!"—In this manner 'he talked to us near half an hour, though I must

'frankly own to you his arguments had not the imme-
'diate good effect on us which they deserved; for
'we retired from him very little the better for his
'exhortations; however, they became every day more
'and more forcible upon our recollection; indeed, they
'were greatly strengthened by his example; for in this,
'as in all other instances, he practised the doctrines
'which he taught. From this day he never mentioned
'my mother more, and soon after recovered his usual
'cheerfulness in public; though I have reason to think
'he paid many a bitter sigh in private to that remem-
'brance which neither philosophy nor Christianity could
'expunge.

'My father's advice, enforced by his example, together
'with the kindness of some of our friends, assisted by
'that ablest of all the mental physicians, Time, in a
'few months pretty well restored my tranquillity, when
'fortune made a second attack on my quiet. My sister,
'whom I dearly loved, and who as warmly returned
'my affection, had fallen into an ill state of health
'some time before the fatal accident which I have re-
'lated. She was indeed at that time so much better,
'that we had great hopes of her perfect recovery; but
'the disorders of her mind on that dreadful occasion so
'affected her body, that she presently relapsed to her
'former declining state, and thence grew continually
'worse and worse, till, after a decay of near seven
'months, she followed my poor mother to the grave.

'I will not tire you, dear Madam, with repetitions of
'grief; I will only mention two observations which have
'occurred to me from reflections on the two losses I
'have mentioned. The first is, that a mind once
'violently hurt, grows, as it were, callous to any future
'impressions of grief; and is never capable of feeling
'the same pangs a second time. The other observation

'is, that the arrows of fortune, as well as all others, 'derive their force from the velocity with which they 'are discharged; for, when they approach you by slow 'and perceptible degrees, they have but very little power 'to do you mischief.

'The truth of these observations I experienced, not 'only in my own heart, but in the behaviour of my 'father, whose philosophy seemed to gain a complete 'triumph over this latter calamity.

'Our family was now reduced to two; and my father 'grew extremely fond of me, as if he had now conferred 'an entire stock of affection on me, that had before been 'divided. His words, indeed, testified no less; for he 'daily called me his only darling, his whole comfort, his 'all. He committed the whole charge of his house to 'my care, and gave me the name of his little house-'keeper, an appellation of which I was then as proud 'as any minister of state can be of his titles. But, 'though I was very industrious in the discharge of my 'occupation, I did not, however, neglect my studies, 'in which I had made so great a proficiency, that I was 'become a pretty good mistress of the Latin language, 'and had made some progress in the Greek. I believe, 'Madam, I have formerly acquainted you, that learning 'was the chief estate I inherited of my father, in which 'he had instructed me from my earliest youth.

'The kindness of this good man had at length wiped 'off the remembrance of all losses: and I, during two 'years, led a life of great tranquillity, I think I might 'almost say of perfect happiness.

'I was now in the nineteenth year of my age, when 'my father's good fortune removed us from the county 'of Essex into Hampshire, where a living was conferred 'on him by one of his old school-fellows of twice the 'value of what he was before possessed of.

'His predecessor in this new living had died in very 'indifferent circumstances, and had left behind him a 'widow with two small children. My father, therefore, 'who, with great economy, had a most generous soul, 'bought the whole furniture of the parsonage-house at a 'very high price; some of it, indeed, he would have 'wanted; for though our little habitation in Essex was 'most completely furnished; yet it bore no proportion 'to the largeness of that house in which he was now to 'dwell.

'His motive, however, to the purchase was, I am con- 'vinced, solely generosity; which appeared sufficiently 'by the price he gave, and may be farther inforced by 'the kindness he shewed the widow in another instance; 'for he assigned her an apartment for the use of herself 'and her little family; which, he told her, she was 'welcome to enjoy as long as it suited her convenience.

'As this widow was very young, and generally thought 'to be tolerably pretty, though I own she had a cast 'with her eyes which I never liked, my father, you may 'suppose, acted from a less noble principle than I have 'hinted; but I must in justice acquit him; for these kind 'offers were made her before ever he had seen her face; 'and I have the greatest reason to think, that, for a long 'time after he had seen her, he beheld her with much 'indifference.

'This act of my father's gave me, when I first heard 'it, great satisfaction; for I may, at least, with the 'modesty of the ancient philosophers, call myself a lover 'of generosity; but, when I became acquainted with the 'widow, I was still more delighted with what my father 'had done; for, though I could not agree with those 'who thought her a consummate beauty, I must allow 'that she was very fully possessed of the power of 'making herself agreeable; and this power she exerted

'with so much success, with such indefatigable industry 'to oblige, that within three months I became in the 'highest manner pleased with my new acquaintance, and 'had contracted the most sincere friendship for her.

'But, if I was so pleased with the widow, my father 'was by this time enamoured of her. She had, indeed, 'by the most artful conduct in the world, so insinuated 'herself into his favour, so entirely infatuated him, that 'he never showed the least marks of cheerfulness in her 'absence, and could, in truth, scarce bear that she should 'be out of his sight.

'She had managed this matter so well, (O she is the 'most artful of women!) that my father's heart was gone 'before I ever suspected it was in danger. The discovery 'you may easily believe, Madam, was not pleasing. The 'name of a mother-in-law sounded dreadful in my ears; 'nor could I bear the thought of parting again with a 'share in those dear affections, of which I had purchased 'the whole by the loss of a beloved mother and sister.

'In the first hurry and disorder of my mind on this 'occasion, I committed a crime of the highest kind 'against all the laws of prudence and discretion. I took 'the young lady herself very roundly to task, treated her 'designs on my father as little better than a design to 'commit a theft; and in my passion, I believe, said, she 'might be ashamed to think of marrying a man old 'enough to be her grandfather; for so in reality he 'almost was.

'The lady on this occasion acted finely the part of an 'hypocrite. She affected to be highly affronted at my 'unjust suspicions, as she called them; and proceeded to 'such asseverations of her innocence, that she almost 'brought me to discredit the evidence of my own eyes 'and ears.

'My father, however, acted much more honestly; for

'he fell the next day into a more violent passion with 'me than I had ever seen him in before, and asked me, 'whether I intended to return his paternal fondness by 'assuming the right of controlling his inclinations ? with 'more of the like kind, which fully convinced me what 'had passed between him and the lady, and how little I 'had injured her in my suspicions.

'Hitherto, I frankly own, my aversion to this match 'had been principally on my own account; for I had no 'ill opinion of the woman, though I thought neither her 'circumstances nor my father's age promised any kind of 'felicity from such an union; but now I learnt some 'particulars, which, had not our quarrel become public 'in the parish, I should perhaps have never known. In 'short, I was informed, that this gentle obliging creature, 'as she had at first appeared to me, had the spirit of a 'tigress, and was by many believed to have broken the 'heart of her first husband.

'The truth of this matter being confirmed to me 'upon examination, I resolved not to suppress it. On 'this occasion fortune seemed to favour me, by giving 'me a speedy opportunity of seeing my father alone, and 'in good humour. He now first began to open his in-'tended marriage, telling me that he had formerly had 'some religious objections to bigamy, but he had very 'fully considered the matter, and had satisfied himself of 'its legality. He then faithfully promised me, that no 'second marriage should in the least impair his affection 'for me; and concluded with the highest eulogiums on 'the goodness of the widow, protesting that it was her 'virtues and not her person with which he was 'enamoured.

'I now fell upon my knees before him, and bathing 'his hand in my tears, which flowed very plentifully from 'my eyes, acquainted him with all I had heard; and was

'so very imprudent, I might almost say so cruel, to dis-
'close the author of my information.

'My father heard me without any indication of passion;
'and answered coldly, that, if there was any proof
'of such facts, he should decline any farther thoughts
'of this match: "But child," said he, "though I am far
'" from suspecting the truth of what you tell me, as far
'" as regards your knowledge, yet you know the inclina-
'" tion of the world to slander." However, before we
'parted, he promised to make a proper inquiry into what
'I had told him.—But I ask your pardon, dear Madam,
'I am running minutely into those particulars of my life,
'in which you have not the least concern.'

Amelia stopped her friend short in her apology, and though, perhaps, she thought her impertinent enough, yet (such was her good breeding) she gave her many assurances of a curiosity to know every incident of her life which she could remember; after which Mrs. Bennet proceeded as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER III.

Continuation of Mrs. Bennet's story.

'I THINK, Madam,' said Mrs. Bennet, 'I told you my
'father promised me to inquire farther into the affair,
'but he had hardly time to keep his word; for we
'separated pretty late in the evening, and early the next
'morning he was married to the widow.

'But though he gave no credit to my information, I
'had sufficient reason to think he did not forget it, by the
'resentment which he soon discovered to both the persons
'whom I had named as my informers.

'Nor was it long before I had good cause to believe,

'that my father's new wife was perfectly well acquainted 'with the good opinion I had of her, not only from her 'usage of me, but from certain hints which she threw 'forth with an air of triumph. One day, particularly, 'I remember she said to my father, upon his mentioning 'his age, "O, my dear! I hope you have many years '"yet to live! unless, indeed, I should be so cruel as '"to break your heart." She spoke these words, looking 'me full in the face, and accompanied them with a sneer, 'in which the highest malice was visible, under a thin 'covering of affected pleasantry.

'I will not entertain you, Madam, with any thing so 'common as the cruel usage of a step-mother; nor of 'what affected me much more, the unkind behaviour 'of a father under such an influence. It shall suffice 'only to tell you, that I had the mortification to perceive 'the gradual and daily decrease of my father's affection. 'His smiles were converted into frowns; the tender 'appellations of child, and dear, were exchanged for 'plain Molly, that girl, that creature, and sometimes 'much harder names. I was at first turned all at once 'into a cypher; and at last seemed to be considered as 'a nuisance in the family.

'Thus altered was the man of whom I gave you such 'a character at the entrance of my story; but, alas! he 'no longer acted from his own excellent disposition; 'but was in every thing governed and directed by my 'mother-in-law. In fact, whenever there is great dis-'parity of years between husband and wife, the younger 'is, I believe, always possessed of absolute power over 'the elder; for superstition itself is a less firm support 'of absolute power than dotage.

'But though his wife was so entirely mistress of my 'father's will, that she could make him use me ill, she 'could not so perfectly subdue his understanding, as to

'prevent him from being conscious of such ill-usage; and 'from this consciousness, he began inveterately to hate me. 'Of this hatred he gave me numberless instances, and 'I protest to you, I know not any other reason for it 'than what I have assigned; and the cause, as experience 'hath convinced me, is adequate to the effect.

'While I was in this wretched situation, my father's 'unkindness having almost broken my heart, he came 'one day into my room with more anger in his counten-'ance than I had ever seen; and after bitterly up-'braiding me with my undutiful behaviour both to 'himself and his worthy consort, he bid me pack up 'my alls, and immediately prepare to quit his house; 'at the same time gave me a letter, and told me that 'would acquaint me where I might find a home; adding, 'that he doubted not but I expected, and had indeed 'solicited the invitation; and left me with a declaration 'that he would have no spies in his family.

'The letter, I found on opening it, was from my 'father's own sister; but before I mention the contents, 'I will give you a short sketch of her character, as it 'was somewhat particular. Her personal charms were 'not great; for she was very tall, very thin, and very 'homely. Of the defect of her beauty, she was, perhaps, 'sensible; her vanity, therefore, retreated into her mind, 'where there is no looking-glass, and consequently where 'we can flatter ourselves with discovering almost what-'ever beauties we please. This is an encouraging cir-'cumstance; and yet I have observed, dear Mrs. Booth, 'that few women ever seek these comforts from within, 'till they are driven to it by despair of finding any food 'for their vanity from without. Indeed, I believe the 'first wish of our whole sex is to be handsome.'

Here both the ladies fixed their eyes on the glass, and both smiled.

'My aunt, however,' continued Mrs. Bennet, from de-
'spair of gaining any applause this way, had applied her-
'self entirely to the contemplation of her understanding,
'and had improved this to such a pitch, that at the age
'of fifty, at which she was now arrived, she had con-
'tracted a hearty contempt for much the greater part of
'both sexes; for the women, as being idiots, and for the
'men as the admirers of idiots. That word and fool
'were almost constantly in her mouth, and were bestowed
'with great liberality among all her acquaintance.

'This lady had spent one day only at my father's
'house in near two years; it was about a month before
'his second marriage. At her departure, she took
'occasion to whisper me her opinion of the widow, whom
'she called a pretty idiot, and wondered how her brother
'could bear such company under his roof; for neither
'she nor I had at that time any suspicion of what after-
'wards happened.

'The letter which my father had just received, and
'which was the first she had sent him since his marriage,
'was of such a nature, that I should be unjust if I
'blamed him for being offended; fool and idiot were
'both plentifully bestowed in it as well on himself as on
'his wife. But what, perhaps, had principally offended
'him, was that part which related to me; for, after much
'panegyric on my understanding, and saying he was un-
'worthy of such a daughter, she considered his match not
'only as the highest indiscretion, as it related to himself,
'but as a downright act of injustice to me. One ex-
'pression in it I shall never forget. "You have placed,"
'said she, "a woman above your daughter, who, in
'"understanding, the only valuable gift of nature, is the
'"lowest in the whole class of pretty idiots." After
'much more of this kind, it concluded with inviting me
'to her house.

'I can truly say, that when I had read the letter I 'entirely forgave my father's suspicion, that I had made 'some complaints to my aunt of his behaviour; for 'though I was indeed innocent, there was surely colour 'enough to suspect the contrary.

'Though I had never been greatly attached to my 'aunt, nor indeed had she formerly given me any reason 'for such an attachment; yet I was well enough pleased 'with her present invitation. To say the truth, I led so 'wretched a life where I then was, that it was impossible 'not to be a gainer by any exchange.

'I could not, however, bear the thoughts of leaving 'my father with an impression on his mind against me 'which I did not deserve. I endeavoured, therefore, to 'remove all his suspicion of my having complained to 'my aunt by the most earnest asseverations of my inno-'cence; but they were all to no purpose. All my tears, 'all my vows, and all my intreaties were fruitless. My 'new mother, indeed, appeared to be my advocate; but 'she acted her part very poorly, and far from counterfeit-'ing any desire of succeeding in my suit, she could not 'conceal the excessive joy which she felt on the occasion.

'Well, Madam, the next day I departed for my aunt's, 'where, after a long journey of forty miles, I arrived, 'without having once broke my fast on the road; for 'grief is as capable as food of filling the stomach; and I 'had too much of the former to admit any of the latter. 'The fatigue of my journey, and the agitation of my 'mind, joined to my fasting, so overpowered my spirits, 'that when I was taken from my horse, I immediately 'fainted away in the arms of the man who helped me 'from my saddle. My aunt expressed great astonishment 'at seeing me in this condition, with my eyes almost 'swollen out of my head with tears; but my father's 'letter, which I delivered her soon after I came to my-

'self, pretty well, I believe, cured her surprise. She 'often smiled with a mixture of contempt and anger, 'while she was reading it; and having pronounced her 'brother to be a fool, she turned to me, and with as much 'affability as possible (for she is no great mistress of 'affability) said, "Don't be uneasy, dear Molly; for you '"are come to the house of a friend; of one who hath '"sense enough to discern the author of all the mischief; '"depend upon it, child, I will, ere long, make some '"people ashamed of their folly." This kind reception 'gave me some comfort, my aunt assuring me that she 'would convince him how unjustly he had accused me of 'having made any complaints to her. A paper war was 'now begun between these two, which not only fixed an 'irreconcileable hatred between them, but confirmed my 'father's displeasure against me; and, in the end, I 'believe, did me no service with my aunt; for I was con-'sidered by both as the cause of their dissension; though 'in fact, my stepmother, who very well knew the affec-'tion my aunt had for her, had long since done her busi-'ness with my father; and as for my aunt's affection 'towards him, it had been abating several years, from an 'apprehension that he did not pay sufficient deference to 'her understanding.

'I had lived about half a year with my aunt, when I 'heard of my stepmother's being delivered of a boy, and 'the great joy my father expressed on that occasion; but, 'poor man, he lived not long to enjoy his happiness; for 'within a month afterwards I had the melancholy news 'of his death.

'Notwithstanding all the disobligations I had lately 'received from him, I was sincerely afflicted at my loss 'of him. All his kindness to me in my infancy, all his 'kindness to me while I was growing up, recurred to my 'memory, raised a thousand tender, melancholy ideas,

'and totally obliterated all thoughts of his latter be-
'haviour, for which I made also every allowance and
'every excuse in my power.

'But what may perhaps appear more extraordinary,
'my aunt began soon to speak of him with concern.
'She said he had some understanding formerly, though
'his passion for that vile woman had, in a great mea-
'sure, obscured it; and one day, when she was in an
'ill-humour with me, she had the cruelty to throw out
'a hint that she had never quarrelled with her brother
'if it had not been on my account.

'My father, during his life, had allowed my aunt very
'handsomely for my board; for generosity was too deeply
'riveted in his nature to be plucked out by all the power
'of his wife. So far, however, she prevailed, that though
'he died possessed of upwards of 2000*l.* he left me no
'more than 100*l.* which, as he expressed in his will, was
'to set me up in some business, if I had the grace to take
'to any.

'Hitherto my aunt had, in general, treated me with
'some degree of affection; but her behaviour began now
'to be changed. She soon took an opportunity of giving
'me to understand that her fortune was insufficient to
'keep me; and, as I could not live on the interest of
'my own, it was high time for me to consider about
'going into the world. She added, that her brother
'having mentioned my setting up in some business in
'his will was very foolish; that I had been bred to
'nothing, and besides, that the sum was too trifling to
'set me up in any way of reputation; she desired me
'therefore to think of immediately going into service.

'This advice was perhaps right enough; and I told
'her I was very ready to do as she directed me; but
'I was, at that time, in an ill state of health; I desired
'her therefore to let me stay with her, till my legacy,

'which was not to be paid till a year after my father's 'death, was due; and I then promised to satisfy her for 'my board; to which she readily consented.

'And now, Madam,' said Mrs. Bennet, sighing, 'I am 'going to open to you those matters which lead directly 'to that great catastrophe of my life, which hath occa- 'sioned my giving you this trouble, and of trying your 'patience in this manner.'

Amelia, notwithstanding her impatience, made a very civil answer to this; and then Mrs. Bennet proceeded to relate what is written in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

Further continuation.

'The curate of the parish, where my aunt dwelt, was a 'young fellow of about four and twenty. He had been 'left an orphan in his infancy, and entirely unprovided 'for; when an uncle had the goodness to take care of 'his education, both at school and at the university. As 'the young gentleman was intended for the church, his 'uncle, though he had two daughters of his own, and 'no very large fortune, purchased for him the next pre- 'sentation of a living of near 200*l.* a year. The incum- 'bent, at the time of the purchase, was under the age of 'sixty, and in apparent good health; notwithstanding 'which, he died soon after the bargain, and long before 'the nephew was capable of orders; so that the uncle 'was obliged to give the living to a clergyman, to hold 'it till the young man came of proper age.

'The young gentleman had not attained his proper 'age of taking orders, when he had the misfortune to

'lose his uncle and only friend; who thinking he had 'sufficiently provided for his nephew by the purchase of 'the living, considered him no farther in his will, but 'divided all the fortune of which he died possessed be-'tween his two daughters; recommending it to them, 'however, on his death-bed, to assist their cousin with 'money sufficient to keep him at the university, till he 'should be capable of ordination.

'But as no appointment of this kind was in the will, 'the young ladies, who received about 2000*l.* each, 'thought proper to disregard the last words of their 'father; for, besides that both of them were extremely 'tenacious of their money, they were great enemies to 'their cousin, on account of their father's kindness to 'him; and thought proper to let him know that they 'thought he had robbed them of too much already.

'The poor young fellow was now greatly distressed; 'for he had yet above a year to stay at the university, 'without any visible means of sustaining himself there.

'In this distress, however, he met with a friend, who 'had the good-nature to lend him the sum of twenty 'pounds, for which he only accepted his bond for forty, 'and which was to be paid within a year after his being 'possessed of his living; that is, within a year after his 'becoming qualified to hold it.

'With this small sum, thus hardly obtained, the poor 'gentleman made a shift to struggle with all difficulties, 'till he became the due age to take upon himself the 'character of a deacon. He then repaired to that 'clergyman, to whom his uncle had given the living 'upon the conditions above-mentioned, to procure a title 'to ordination; but this, to his great surprise and mor-'tification, was absolutely refused him.

'The immediate disappointment did not hurt him so 'much as the conclusion he drew from it; for he could

'have but little hopes that the man, who could have the 'cruelty to refuse him a title, would vouchsafe afterwards 'to deliver up to him a living of so considerable a value; 'nor was it long before this worthy incumbent told him 'plainly that he valued his uncle's favours at too high a 'rate to part with them to any one; nay, he pretended 'scruples of conscience, and said, that if he had made 'any slight promises, which he did not now well remem-'ber, they were wicked and void; that he looked upon 'himself as married to his parish, and he could no more 'give it up than he could give up his wife without sin.

'The poor young fellow was now obliged to seek far-'ther for a title, which, at length, he obtained from the 'rector of the parish where my aunt lived.

'He had not long been settled in the curacy, before an 'intimate acquaintance grew between him and my aunt; 'for she was a great admirer of the clergy, and used fre-'quently to say they were the only conversible creatures 'in the country.

'The first time she was in this gentleman's company 'was at a neighbour's christening, where she stood god-'mother. Here she displayed her whole little stock of 'knowledge, in order to captivate Mr. Bennet (I suppose, 'Madam, you already guess that to have been his name, 'and before they parted, gave him a very strong invita-'tion to her house.

'Not a word passed at this christening between Mr. 'Bennet and myself; but our eyes were not unemployed. 'Here, Madam, I first felt a pleasing kind of confusion, 'which I know not how to describe. I felt a kind of 'uneasiness; yet did not wish to be without it. I longed 'to be alone; yet dreaded the hour of parting. I could 'not keep my eyes off from the object which caused my 'confusion, and which I was at once afraid of and en-'amoured with.—But why do I attempt to describe my

'situation to one who must, I am sure, have felt the 'same?'

Amelia smiled, and Mrs. Bennet went on thus: 'O, 'Mrs. Booth! had you seen the person of whom I am 'now speaking, you would not condemn the suddenness 'of my love. Nay, indeed, I had seen him there before, 'though this was the first time I had ever heard the 'music of his voice.—Oh! it was the sweetest that was 'ever heard.

'Mr. Bennet came to visit my aunt the very next day. 'She imputed this respectful haste to the powerful 'charms of her understanding, and resolved to lose no 'opportunity in improving the opinion which, she 'imagined, he had conceived of her. She became by 'this desire quite ridiculous, and ran into absurdities and 'a gallimatias scarce credible.

'Mr. Bennet, as I afterwards found, saw her in the 'same light with myself; but as he was a very sensible 'and well-bred man, he so well concealed his opinion 'from us both, that I was almost angry, and she was 'pleased even to raptures, declaring herself charmed with 'his understanding, though, indeed, he had said very 'little; but I believe he heard himself into her good 'opinion, while he gazed himself into love.

'The two first visits which Mr. Bennet made to my 'aunt, though I was in the room all the time, I never 'spoke a word; but on the third, on some argument 'which arose between them, Mr. Bennet referred himself 'to me. I took his side of the question, as indeed I must 'to have done justice, and repeated two or three words of 'Latin. My aunt reddened at this, and expressed great 'disdain of my opinion, declaring, she was astonished 'that a man of Mr. Bennet's understanding could appeal 'to the judgment of a silly girl: "Is she," said my aunt, 'bridling herself, "fit to decide between us?" Mr.

'Bennet spoke very favourably of what I had said; upon 'which my aunt burst almost into a rage, treated me with 'downright scurrility, called me conceited fool, abused 'my poor father for having taught me Latin, which, said 'she, had made me a downright coxcomb, and made me 'prefer myself to those who were a hundred times my 'superiors in knowledge. She then fell foul on the 'learned languages, declaring they were totally useless, 'and concluded that she had read all that was worth 'reading, though, she thanked heaven, she understood no 'language but her own.

'Before the end of this visit Mr. Bennet reconciled 'himself very well to my aunt, which, indeed, was no 'difficult task for him to accomplish; but from that hour 'she conceived a hatred and rancour towards me which 'I could never appease.

'My aunt had, from my first coming into her house, 'expressed great dislike to my learning. In plain truth, 'she envied me that advantage. This envy I had long 'ago discovered; and had taken great pains to smother 'it, carefully avoiding ever to mention a Latin word in 'her presence, and always submitting to her authority; 'for indeed I despised her ignorance too much to dis-'pute with her. By these means I had pretty well suc-'ceeded, and we lived tolerably together; but the affront 'paid to her understanding by Mr. Bennet in my favour 'was an injury never to be forgiven to me. She took me 'severely to task that very evening, and reminded me of 'going to service, in such earnest terms, as almost 'amounted to literally turning me out of doors; advising 'me, in the most insulting manner, to keep my Latin to 'myself; which, she said, was useless to any one; but 'ridiculous, when pretended to by a servant.

'The next visit Mr. Bennet made at our house I was 'not suffered to be present. This was much the shortest

'of all his visits; and, when he went away, he left my 'aunt in a worse humour than ever I had seen her. The 'whole was discharged on me in the usual manner by up-'braiding me with my learning, conceit, and poverty; 'reminding me of obligations, and insisting on my going 'immediately to service. With all this I was greatly 'pleased, as it assured me that Mr. Bennet had said some-'thing to her in my favour; and I would have purchased 'a kind expression of his at almost any price.

'I should scarce, however, have been so sanguine as to 'draw this conclusion, had I not received some hints that 'I had not unhappily placed my affections on a man who 'made me no return; for though he had scarce addressed 'a dozen sentences to me (for, indeed, he had no oppor-'tunity), yet his eyes had revealed certain secrets to mine 'with which I was not displeased.

'I remained, however, in a state of anxiety near a 'month; sometimes pleasing myself with thinking Mr. 'Bennet's heart was in the same situation with my own; 'sometimes doubting that my wishes had flattered and de-'ceived me; and not in the least questioning that my aunt 'was my rival; for I thought no woman could be proof 'against the charms that had subdued me. Indeed, Mrs. 'Booth, he was a charming young fellow; I must, I must 'pay this tribute to his memory—O, gracious heaven! 'why, why did I ever see him! why was I doomed to 'such misery?'—Here she burst into a flood of tears, and remained incapable of speech for some time; during which, the gentle Amelia endeavoured all she could to sooth her; and gave sufficient marks of sympathizing in the tender affliction of her friend.

Mrs. Bennet, at length, recovered her spirits, and proceeded, as in the next chapter.

CHAPTER V.

The story of Mrs. Bennet continued.

'I SCARCE know where I left off—Oh! I was, I think, 'telling you, that I esteemed my aunt as my rival; and 'it is not easy to conceive a greater degree of detestation 'than I had for her; and what may perhaps appear 'strange, as she daily grew more and more civil to me, 'my hatred increased with her civility; for I imputed it 'all to her triumph over me, and to her having secured, 'beyond all apprehension, the heart I longed for.

'How was I surprised, when one day, with as much 'good-humour as she was mistress of (for her counten-'ance was not very pleasing), she asked me, how I 'liked Mr. Bennet? The question, you will believe, 'Madam, threw me into great confusion; which she 'plainly perceived, and without waiting for my answer, 'told me, she was very well satisfied; for that it did not 'require her discernment to read my thoughts in my 'countenance. "Well, child," said she, "I have sus-'" pected this a great while, and I believe it will please '" you to know that I yesterday made the same dis-'" covery in your lover." This I confess to you, was 'more than I could well bear, and I begged her to say 'no more to me, at that time, on that subject.——"Nay, '" child," answered she, "I must tell you all, or I should '" not act a friendly part. Mr. Bennet, I am convinced, '" hath a passion for you; but it is a passion which, I '" think, you should not encourage. For, to be plain '" with you, I fear he is in love with your person only. '" Now this is a love, child, which cannot produce that '" rational happiness which a woman of sense ought to

'"expect."—In short, she ran on with a great deal of 'stuff about rational happiness, and woman of sense, and 'concluded, with assuring me, that, after the strictest 'scrutiny, she could not find that Mr. Bennet had an 'adequate opinion of my understanding; upon which 'she vouchsafed to make me many compliments, but 'mixed with several sarcasms concerning my learning.

'I hope, Madam, however,' said she to Amelia, 'you 'have not so bad an opinion of my capacity as to 'imagine me dull enough to be offended with Mr. 'Bennet's sentiments; for which I presently knew so 'well to account. I was, indeed, charmed with his 'ingenuity, who had discovered, perhaps, the only way 'of reconciling my aunt to those inclinations, which I 'now assured myself he had for me.

'I was not long left to support my hopes by my 'sagacity. He soon found an opportunity of declaring 'his passion. He did this in so forcible, though gentle a 'manner, with such a profusion of fervency and tender-'ness at once, that his love, like a torrent, bore every 'thing before it; and I am almost ashamed to own to 'you, how very soon he prevailed upon me to—to—in 'short, to be an honest woman, and to confess to him the 'plain truth.

'When we were upon a good footing together he gave 'me a long relation of what had passed at several inter-'views with my aunt, at which I had not been present. 'He said, he had discovered, that as she valued herself 'chiefly on her understanding, so she was extremely 'jealous of mine, and hated me on account of my learn-'ing. That, as he had loved me passionately from his 'first seeing me, and had thought of nothing from that 'time but of throwing himself at my feet, he saw no way 'so open to propitiate my aunt as that which he had 'taken, by commending my beauty; a perfection to

'which she had long resigned all claim, at the expence 'of my understanding, in which he lamented my defi- 'ciency to a degree almost of ridicule. This he imputed 'chiefly to my learning; on this occasion he advanced a 'sentiment, which so pleased my aunt, that she thought 'proper to make it her own; for I heard it afterwards 'more than once from her own mouth. Learning, he 'said, had the same effect on the mind that strong 'liquors have on the constitution; both tending to 'eradicate all our natural fire and energy. His flattery 'had made such a dupe of my aunt, that she assented, 'without the least suspicion of his sincerity, to all he 'said; so sure is vanity to weaken every fortress of 'the understanding, and to betray us to every attack 'of the enemy.

'You will believe, Madam, that I readily forgave him 'all he had said, not only from that motive which I have 'mentioned, but as I was assured he had spoke the re- 'verse of his real sentiments. I was not, however, quite 'so well pleased with my aunt, who began to treat me as 'if I was really an idiot. Her contempt, I own, a little 'piqued me; and I could not help often expressing 'my resentment, when we were alone together, to Mr. 'Bennet; who never failed to gratify me, by making 'her conceit the subject of his wit; a talent which he 'possessed in the most extraordinary degree.

'This proved of very fatal consequence: for one day, 'while we were enjoying my aunt in a very thick arbour 'in the garden, she stole upon us unobserved, and over- 'heard our whole conversation. I wish, my dear, you 'understood Latin, that I might repeat you a sentence in 'which the rage of a tigress, that hath lost her young, is 'described. No English poet, as I remember, hath come 'up to it; nor am I myself equal to the undertaking. 'She burst in upon us, open-mouthed, and after discharg-

'ing every abusive word, almost, in the only language 'she understood, on poor Mr. Bennet, turned us both out 'of doors; declaring she would send my rags after me, 'but would never more permit me to set my foot within 'her threshold.

'Consider, dear Madam, to what a wretched condition 'we were now reduced. I had not yet received the 'small legacy left me by my father; nor was Mr. 'Bennet master of five pounds in the whole world.

'In this situation, the man I doated on to distraction 'had but little difficulty to persuade me to a proposal, 'which, indeed, I thought generous in him to make; as it 'seemed to proceed from that tenderness for my reputa-'tion, to which he ascribed it; indeed, it could proceed 'from no motive with which I should have been dis-'pleased.—In a word, within two days we were man and 'wife.

'Mr. Bennet now declared himself the happiest of 'men; and for my part, I sincerely declared, I envied no 'woman upon earth.—How little, alas! did I then know, 'or suspect the price I was to pay for all my joys.—A 'match of real love is, indeed, truly paradise; and such 'perfect happiness seems to be the forbidden fruit to 'mortals, which we are to lament having tasted during 'the rest of our lives.

'The first uneasiness which attacked us after our 'marriage was on my aunt's account. It was very 'disagreeable to live under the nose of so near a re-'lation, who did not acknowledge us; but, on the con-'trary, was ever doing us all the ill turns in her power; 'and making a party against us in the parish, which is 'always easy enough to do amongst the vulgar against 'persons who are their superiors in rank, and, at the same 'time, their inferiors in fortune. This made Mr. Bennet 'think of procuring an exchange, in which intention he

'was soon after confirmed by the arrival of the rector. 'It was the rector's custom to spend three months every 'year at his living; for which purpose he reserved an 'apartment in his parsonage house, which was full large 'enough for two such little families as then occupied it; 'we, at first, promised ourselves some little convenience 'from his boarding with us; and Mr. Bennet began to 'lay aside his thoughts of leaving his curacy, at least for 'some time. But these golden ideas presently vanished; 'for, though we both used our utmost endeavours to 'please him, we soon found the impossibility of succeed-'ing. He was, indeed, to give you his character in a 'word, the most peevish of mortals. This temper, not-'withstanding that he was both a good and a pious man, 'made his company so insufferable, that nothing could 'compensate it. If his breakfast was not ready to a 'moment, if a dish of meat was too much or too little 'done; in short, if any thing failed of exactly hitting his 'taste, he was sure to be out of humour all that day; so 'that, indeed, he was scarce ever in a good temper a 'whole day together; for fortune seems to take a delight 'in thwarting this kind of disposition, to which human 'life, with its many crosses and accidents, is in truth by 'no means fitted.

'Mr. Bennet was now, by my desire, as well as his 'own, determined to quit the parish; but when he 'attempted to get an exchange, he found it a matter of 'more difficulty than he had apprehended; for the 'rector's temper was so well known among the neigh-'bouring clergy, that none of them could be brought 'to think of spending three months in a year with 'him.

'After many fruitless inquiries, Mr. Bennet thought 'best to remove to London, the great mart of all 'affairs, ecclesiastical and civil. This project greatly

'pleased him, and he resolved, without more delay, to 'take his leave of the rector; which he did in the 'most friendly manner possible, and preached his fare-'well sermon; nor was there a dry eye in the church, 'except among the few whom my aunt, who remained 'still inexorable, had prevailed upon to hate us without 'any cause.

'To London we came, and took up our lodging the 'first night at the inn where the stage-coach set us 'down; the next morning my husband went out early 'on his business, and returned with the good news of 'having heard of a curacy, and of having equipped 'himself with a lodging in the neighbourhood of a 'worthy peer, "who," said he, "was my fellow collegiate; '"and what is more, I have a direction to a person '"who will advance your legacy at a very reasonable '"rate."

'This last particular was extremely agreeable to me; 'for our last guinea was now broached; and the rector 'had lent my husband ten pounds to pay his debts in the 'country; for with all his peevishness he was a good and 'a generous man, and had indeed so many valuable 'qualities, that I lamented his temper, after I knew him 'thoroughly, as much on his account as on my own.

'We now quitted the inn, and went to our lodgings, 'where my husband having placed me in safety, as he 'said, he went about the business of the legacy, with 'good assurance of success.

'My husband returned elated with his success, the 'person to whom he applied having undertaken to 'advance the legacy, which he fulfilled as soon as the 'proper enquiries could be made, and proper instru-'ments prepared for that purpose.

'This, however, took up so much time, that, as our 'fund was so very low, we were reduced to some

'distress, and obliged to live extremely penurious; nor 'would all do, without my taking a most disagreeable 'way of procuring money, by pawning one of my 'gowns.

'Mr. Bennet was now settled in a curacy in town, 'greatly to his satisfaction, and our affairs seemed to 'have a prosperous aspect, when he came home to 'me one morning in much apparent disorder, looking 'as pale as death, and begged me by some means or 'other to get him a dram; for that he was taken with a 'sudden faintness and lowness of spirits.

'Frightened as I was, I immediately ran down stairs, 'and procured some rum of the mistress of the house; 'the first time, indeed, I ever knew him drink any. 'When he came to himself, he begged me not to be 'alarmed; for it was no distemper, but something, 'that had vexed him, which had caused his disorder, 'which he had now perfectly recovered.

'He then told me the whole affair. He had hitherto 'deferred paying a visit to the lord whom I mentioned 'to have been formerly his fellow collegiate, and was 'now his neighbour, till he could put himself in decent 'rigging. He had now purchased a new cassock, hat, 'and wig, and went to pay his respects to his old 'acquaintance, who had received from him many 'civilities and assistances in his learning at the univer- 'sity, and had promised to return them fourfold here- 'after.

'It was not without some difficulty that Mr. Bennet 'got into the ante-chamber. Here he waited, or, as 'the phrase is, cooled his heels for above an hour 'before he saw his lordship, nor had he seen him 'then, but by an accident: for my lord was going out 'when he casually intercepted him in his passage to 'his chariot. He approached to salute him with some

'familiarity, though with respect, depending on his 'former intimacy, when my lord, stopping short, very 'gravely told him, he had not the pleasure of knowing 'him. "How, my lord," said he, "can you have so '"soon forgot your old acquaintance Tom Bennet?" '"O, Mr. Bennet!" cries his lordship, with much re- 'serve, "is it you? you will pardon my memory. I am '"glad to see you, Mr. Bennet, but you must excuse me '"at present; for I am in very great haste." He then 'broke from him, and without more ceremony, or any 'further invitation, went directly into his chariot.

'This cold reception from a person for whom my 'husband had a real friendship, and from whom he had 'great reason to expect a very warm return of affection, 'so affected the poor man, that it caused all those symp- 'toms which I have mentioned before.

'Though this incident produced no material conse- 'quence, I could not pass it over in silence, as of all 'the misfortunes which ever befel him, it affected my 'husband the most. I need not, however, to a woman 'of your delicacy, make any comments on a behaviour, 'which, though I believe it is very common, is never- 'theless cruel and base beyond description; and is 'diametrically opposite to true honour, as well as to 'goodness.

'To relieve the uneasiness which my husband felt on 'account of his false friend, I prevailed with him to go 'every night, almost for a fortnight together, to the play; 'a diversion of which he was greatly fond, and from 'which he did not think his being a clergyman excluded 'him; indeed, it is very well if those austere persons, 'who would be inclined to censure him on this head, 'have themselves no greater sins to answer for.

'From this time, during three months, we passed our 'time very agreeably, a little too agreeably perhaps for

'our circumstances; for, however innocent diversions 'may be in other respects, they must be owned to be 'expensive. When you consider then, Madam, that our 'income from the curacy was less than forty pounds a 'year, and that after payment of the debt to the rector, 'and another to my aunt, with the costs in law which 'she had occasioned by suing for it, my legacy was re-'duced to less than seventy pounds, you will not wonder 'that in diversions, clothes, and the common expenses of 'life, we had almost consumed our whole stock.

'The inconsiderate manner in which we had lived for 'some time, will, I doubt not, appear to you to want 'some excuse; but I have none to make for it. Two 'things, however, now happened, which occasioned much 'serious reflection to Mr. Bennet; the one was, that I 'grew near my time; the other, that he now received a 'letter from Oxford, demanding the debt of forty pounds, 'which I mentioned to you before. The former of these 'he made a pretence of obtaining a delay for the pay-'ment of the latter, promising in two months to pay off 'half the debt, by which means he obtained a forbear-'ance during that time.

'I was now delivered of a son, a matter which should 'in reality have increased our concern; but on the con-'trary, it gave us great pleasure; greater, indeed, could 'not have been conceived at the birth of an heir to the 'most plentiful estate; so entirely thoughtless were we, 'and so little forecast had we of those many evils and 'distresses to which we had rendered a human creature, 'and one so dear to us, liable. The day of a christening 'is in all families, I believe, a day of jubilee and rejoic-'ing; and yet, if we consider the interest of that little 'wretch who is the occasion, how very little reason would 'the most sanguine persons have for their joy!

'But, though our eyes were too weak to look forward

'for the sake of our child, we could not be blinded to 'those dangers that immediately threatened ourselves. 'Mr. Bennet, at the expiration of the two months, 'received a second letter from Oxford, in a very per- 'emptory style, and threatening a suit without any 'farther delay. This alarmed us in the strongest 'manner; and my husband, to secure his liberty, was 'advised for a while to shelter himself in the verge of 'the court.

'And now, Madam, I am entering on that scene which 'directly leads to all my misery.'——Here she stopped, and wiped her eyes;—and then, begging Amelia to excuse her for a few minutes, ran hastily out of the room, leaving Amelia by herself, while she refreshed her spirits with a cordial, to enable her to relate what follows in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VI.

Farther continued.

Mrs. Bennet, returning into the room, made a short apology for her absence, and then proceeded in these following words:

'We now left our lodging, and took a second floor in 'that very house where you now are; to which we 'were recommended by the woman where we had before 'lodged, for the mistresses of both houses were ac- 'quainted; and, indeed, we had been all at the play 'together. To this new lodging then (such was our 'wretched destiny) we immediately repaired, and were 'received by Mrs. Ellison (how can I bear the sound of 'that detested name) with much civility; she took care,

'however, during the first fortnight of our residence, to 'wait upon us every Monday morning for her rent; such 'being, it seems, the custom of this place, which, as it 'was inhabited chiefly by persons in debt, is not the 'region of credit.

'My husband, by the singular goodness of the rector, 'who greatly compassionated his case, was enabled to 'continue in his curacy, though he could only do the 'duty on Sundays. He was, however, sometimes obliged 'to furnish a person to officiate at his expense; so that 'our income was very scanty, and the poor little re-'mainder of the legacy being almost spent, we were 'reduced to some difficulties, and, what was worse, saw 'still a prospect of greater before our eyes.

'Under these circumstances, how agreeable to poor 'Mr. Bennet must have been the behaviour of Mrs. 'Ellison, who, when he carried her her rent on the 'usual day, told him, with a benevolent smile, that he 'needed not to give himself the trouble of such exact 'punctuality. She added, that, if it was at any time 'inconvenient to him, he might pay her when he pleased. '"To say the truth," says she, "I never was so much '"pleased with any lodgers in my life,—I am convinced '"Mr. Bennet, you are a very worthy man, and you are '"a very happy one too; for you have the prettiest wife, '"and the prettiest child I ever saw."—These, dear 'Madam, were the words she was pleased to make use 'of; and I am sure she behaved to me with such an 'appearance of friendship and affection, that, as I could 'not perceive any possible views of interest which she 'could have in her professions, I easily believed them 'real.

'There lodged in the same house—O, Mrs. Booth! the 'blood runs cold to my heart, and should run cold to 'yours when I name him:—There lodged in the same

'house a lord—the lord, indeed, whom I have since seen 'in your company. This lord, Mrs. Ellison told me, had 'taken a great fancy to my little Charly; fool that I was, 'and blinded by my own passion, which made me con- 'ceive that an infant, not three months old, could be 'really the object of affection to any besides a parent; 'and more especially to a gay young fellow! But if I 'was silly in being deceived, how wicked was the wretch 'who deceived me; who used such art, and employed 'such pains, such incredible pains to deceive me! he 'acted the part of a nurse to my little infant; he danced 'it, he lulled it, he kissed it; declared it was the very 'picture of a nephew of his, his favourite sister's child; 'and said so many kind and fond things of its beauty, 'that I myself, though, I believe, one of the tenderest 'and fondest of mothers, scarce carried my own ideas of 'my little darling's perfection beyond the compliments 'which he paid it.

'My lord, however, perhaps from modesty before my 'face, fell far short of what Mrs. Ellison reported from 'him. And now, when she found the impression which 'was made on me by these means, she took every oppor- 'tunity of insinuating to me his lordship's many virtues; 'his great goodness to his sister's children in particular; 'nor did she fail to drop some hints, which gave me the 'most simple and groundless hopes of strange conse- 'quences from his fondness to my Charly.

'When by these means, which, simple as they may 'appear, were, perhaps, the most artful, my lord had 'gained something more, I think, than my esteem, he 'took the surest method to confirm himself in my affec- 'tion. This was, by professing the highest friendship 'for my husband; for, as to myself, I do assure you, he 'never shewed me more than common respect; and I 'hope you will believe I should have immediately startled

'and flown off if he had. Poor I accounted for all the 'friendship which he expressed for my husband, and all 'the fondness which he shewed to my boy, from the 'great prettiness of the one, and the great merit of the 'other; foolishly conceiving, that others saw with my 'eyes, and felt with my heart. Little did I dream, that 'my own unfortunate person was the fountain of all this 'lord's goodness, and was the intended price of it.

'One evening, as I was drinking tea with Mrs. Ellison 'by my lord's fire (a liberty which she never scrupled 'taking when he was gone out), my little Charly, now 'about half a year old, sitting in her lap, my lord, 'accidentally, no doubt, indeed I then thought it so, 'came in. I was confounded, and offered to go; but 'my lord declared, if he disturbed Mrs. Ellison's com-'pany, as he phrased it, he would himself leave the room. 'When I was thus prevailed on to keep my seat, my lord 'immediately took my little baby into his lap, and gave 'it some tea there, not a little at the expense of his 'embroidery; for he was very richly dressed: indeed, he 'was as fine a figure as perhaps ever was seen. His 'behaviour on this occasion gave me many ideas in his 'favour. I thought he discovered good sense, good 'nature, condescension, and other good qualities, by the 'fondness he shewed to my child, and the contempt he 'seemed to express for his finery, which so greatly 'became him; for I cannot deny but that he was the 'handsomest and genteelest person in the world; though 'such considerations advanced him not a step in my 'favour.

'My husband now returned from church (for this 'happened on a Sunday), and was, by my lord's par-'ticular desire, ushered into the room. My lord received 'him with the utmost politeness, and with many pro-'fessions of esteem; which, he said, he had conceived

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'from Mrs. Ellison's representations of his merit. He 'then proceeded to mention the living which was de- 'tained from my husband, of which Mrs. Ellison had 'likewise informed him; and said, he thought it would 'be no difficult matter to obtain a restoration of it by 'the authority of the bishop, who was his particular 'friend, and to whom he would take an immediate op- 'portunity of mentioning it. This, at last, he determined 'to do the very next day; when he invited us both to 'dinner, where we were to be acquainted with his lord- 'ship's success.

'My lord now insisted on my husband's staying supper 'with him, without taking any notice of me; but Mrs. 'Ellison declared, he should not part man and wife; and 'that she herself would stay with me. The motion was 'too agreeable to me to be rejected; and, except the 'little time I retired to put my child to bed, we spent 'together the most agreeable evening imaginable; nor 'was it, I believe, easy to decide, whether Mr. Bennet or 'myself were most delighted with his lordship and Mrs. 'Ellison; but this I assure you, the generosity of the one, 'and the extreme civility and kindness of the other, were 'the subjects of our conversation all the ensuing night, 'during which we neither of us closed our eyes.

'The next day, at dinner, my lord acquainted us that 'he had prevailed with the bishop to write to the clergy- 'man in the country; indeed, he told us that he had 'engaged the bishop to be very warm in our interest, and 'had not the least doubt of success. This threw us both 'into a flow of spirits; and in the afternoon, Mr. Bennet, 'at Mrs. Ellison's request, which was seconded by his 'lordship, related the history of our lives, from our first 'acquaintance. My lord seemed much affected with 'some tender scenes, which, as no man could better feel, 'so none could better describe than my husband. When

'he had finished, my lord begged pardon for mentioning 'an occurrence which gave him such a particular concern, 'as it had disturbed that delicious state of happiness in 'which we had lived at our former lodging. "It would '"be ungenerous," said he, "to rejoice at an accident, '"which, though it brought me fortunately acquainted '"with two of the most agreeable people in the world, '"was yet at the expense of your mutual felicity. This '"circumstance I mean, is your debt at Oxford; pray '"how does that stand? I am resolved it shall never '"disturb your happiness hereafter." At these words 'the tears burst from my husband's eyes; and, in an 'ecstacy of gratitude, he cried out, "Your lordship over- '"comes me with generosity. If you go on in this '"manner, both my wife's gratitude and mine must be '"bankrupt." He then acquainted my lord with the 'exact state of the case, and received assurances from 'him, that the debt should never trouble him. My hus- 'band was again breaking out into the warmest ex- 'pressions of gratitude; but my lord stopped him short, 'saying, "If you have any obligation, it is to my little '"Charly here, from whose little innocent smiles I have '"received more than the value of this trifling debt in '"pleasure." I forgot to tell you, that when I offered 'to leave the room after dinner upon my child's account, 'my lord would not suffer me, but ordered the child to 'be brought to me. He now took it out of my arms, 'placed it upon his own knee, and fed it with some fruit 'from the dessert. In short, it would be more tedious to 'you than to myself, to relate the thousand little tender- 'nesses he shewed to the child. He gave it many 'baubles; amongst the rest was a coral, worth at least 'three pounds; and when my husband was confined near 'a fortnight to his chamber with a cold, he visited the 'child every day (for to this infant's account were all the

'visits placed); and seldom failed of accompanying his 'visit with a present to the little thing.

'Here, Mrs. Booth, I cannot help mentioning a doubt 'which hath often arisen in my mind, since I have been 'enough mistress of myself to reflect on this horrid train 'which was laid to blow up my innocence. Wicked and 'barbarous it was to the highest degree, without any 'question; but my doubt is, whether the art or folly of 'it be the more conspicuous; for however delicate and 'refined the art must be allowed to have been, the folly, 'I think, must upon a fair examination appear no less 'astonishing; for to lay all considerations of cruelty and 'crime out of the case, what a foolish bargain doth the 'man make for himself, who purchases so poor a pleasure 'at so high a price!

'We had lived near three weeks with as much freedom 'as if we had been all of the same family; when, one 'afternoon, my lord proposed to my husband to ride down 'himself to solicit the surrender; for, he said, the bishop 'had received an unsatisfactory answer from the parson, 'and had writ a second letter more pressing; which his 'lordship now promised us to strengthen by one of his 'own that my husband was to carry with him. Mr. 'Bennet agreed to this proposal with great thankfulness; 'and the next day was appointed for his journey. The 'distance was near seventy miles.

'My husband set out on his journey; and he had 'scarce left me before Mrs. Ellison came into my room, 'and endeavoured to comfort me in his absence; to say 'the truth, though he was to be from me but a few days, 'and the purpose of his going was to fix our happiness 'on a sound foundation for all our future days, I could 'scarce support my spirits under this first separation. 'But though I then thought Mrs. Ellison's intentions to 'be most kind and friendly, yet the means she used were

'utterly ineffectual, and appeared to me injudicious. 'Instead of soothing my uneasiness, which is always the 'first physic to be given to grief, she rallied me upon it, 'and began to talk in a very unusual style of gaiety, in 'which she treated conjugal love with much ridicule.

'I gave her to understand, that she displeased me by 'this discourse; but she soon found means to give such 'a turn to it, as made merit of all she had said. And 'now, when she had worked me into a good humour, 'she made a proposal to me, which I at first rejected; 'but at last fatally,—too fatally suffered myself to be 'over persuaded. This was to go to a masquerade at 'Ranelagh, for which my lord had furnished her with 'tickets.'

At these words, Amelia turned pale as death, and hastily begged her friend to give her a glass of water, some air, or any thing. Mrs. Bennet having thrown open the window, and procured the water, which prevented Amelia from fainting, looked at her with much tenderness, and cried, 'I do not wonder, my dear Madam, that 'you are affected with my mentioning that fatal mas-'querade; since I firmly believe the same ruin was 'intended for you at the same place. The apprehension 'of which occasioned the letter I sent you this morning, 'and all the trial of your patience which I have made 'since.'

Amelia gave her a tender embrace, with many expressions of the warmest gratitude; assured her, she had pretty well recovered her spirits, and begged her to continue her story; which Mrs. Bennet then did. However, as our readers may likewise be glad to recover their spirits also, we shall here put an end to this chapter.

CHAPTER VII.

The story farther continued.

Mrs. Bennet proceeded thus:

'I was at length prevailed on to accompany Mrs. 'Ellison to the masquerade. Here, I must confess, the 'pleasantness of the place, the variety of the dresses, 'and the novelty of the thing, gave me much delight, 'and raised my fancy to the highest pitch. As I was 'entirely void of all suspicion, my mind threw off all 'reserve, and pleasure only filled my thoughts. Inno-'cence, it is true, possessed my heart; but it was 'innocence unguarded, intoxicated with foolish desires, 'and liable to every temptation. During the first two 'hours, we had many trifling adventures not worth 'remembering. At length my lord joined us, and con-'tinued with me all the evening; and we danced several 'dances together.

'I need not, I believe, tell you, Madam, how engaging 'his conversation is. I wish I could with truth say I 'was not pleased with it, or, at least, that I had a right 'to be pleased with it. But I will disguise nothing from 'you; I now began to discover that he had some affec-'tion for me; but he had already too firm a footing in 'my esteem to make the discovery shocking. I will— 'I will own the truth; I was delighted with perceiving a 'passion in him, which I was not unwilling to think he 'had had from the beginning, and to derive his having 'concealed it so long from his awe of my virtue, and his 'respect to my understanding. I assure you, Madam, at 'the same time, my intentions were never to exceed the 'bounds of innocence. I was charmed with the delicacy

'of his passion; and in the foolish, thoughtless turn of 'mind in which I then was, I fancied I might give some 'very distant encouragement to such a passion in such 'a man, with the utmost safety; that I might indulge my 'vanity and interest at once, without being guilty of the 'least injury.

'I know Mrs. Booth will condemn all these thoughts, 'and I condemn them no less myself; for it is now my 'stedfast opinion, that the woman who gives up the least 'outwork of her virtue, doth, in that very moment, betray 'the citadel.

'About two o'clock we returned home, and found a 'very handsome collation provided for us. I was asked 'to partake of it; and I did not, I could not refuse. I 'was not, however, entirely void of all suspicion, and I 'made many resolutions; one of which was, not to drink 'a drop more than my usual stint. This was, at the 'utmost, little more than half a pint of small punch.

'I adhered strictly to my quantity; but in the quality, 'I am convinced, I was deceived; for, before I left the 'room, I found my head giddy. What the villain gave 'me, I know not; but, besides being intoxicated, I per-'ceived effects from it which are not to be described.

'Here, Madam, I must draw a curtain over the residue 'of that fatal night. Let it suffice, that it involved me 'in the most dreadful ruin; a ruin, to which, I can 'truly say, I never consented; and of which I was 'scarce conscious, when the villainous man avowed it 'to my face in the morning.

'Thus I have deduced my story to the most horrid 'period; happy had I been, had this been the period 'of my life; but I was reserved for greater miseries; 'but before I enter on them, I will mention something 'very remarkable, with which I was now acquainted, 'and that will shew there was nothing of accident which

'had befallen me; but that all was the effect of a long, 'regular, premeditated design.

'You may remember, Madam, I told you that we 'were recommended to Mrs. Ellison by the woman at 'whose house we had before lodged. This woman, it 'seems, was one of my lord's pimps, and had before 'introduced me to his lordship's notice.

'You are to know then, Madam, that this villain, this 'lord, now confessed to me, that he had first seen me 'in the gallery at the oratorio; whither I had gone with 'tickets, with which the woman where I first lodged, 'had presented me, and which were, it seems, purchased 'by my lord. Here I first met the vile betrayer, who 'was disguised in a rug coat, and a patch upon his face.'

At these words, Amelia cried, 'O, gracious Heavens!' and fell back in her chair. Mrs. Bennet, with proper applications, brought her back to life; and then Amelia acquainted her, that she herself had first seen the same person in the same place, and in the same disguise. 'O 'Mrs. Bennet!' cried she, 'how am I indebted to you! 'what words, what thanks, what actions can demonstrate 'the gratitude of my sentiments! I look upon you, and 'always shall look upon you, as my preserver from the 'brink of a precipice, from which I was falling into the 'same ruin which you have so generously, so kindly, 'and so nobly disclosed for my sake.'

Here the two ladies compared notes; and it appeared, that his lordship's behaviour at the oratorio had been alike to both; that he had made use of the very same words, the very same actions to Amelia, which he had practised over before on poor unfortunate Mrs. Bennet. It may, perhaps, be thought strange, that neither of them could afterwards recollect him; but so it was. And, indeed, if we consider the force of disguise, the very short time that either of them was with him at this first

interview, and the very little curiosity that must have been supposed in the minds of the ladies, together with the amusement in which they were then engaged, all wonder will, I apprehend, cease. Amelia, however, now declared, she remembered his voice and features perfectly well; and was thoroughly satisfied he was the same person. She then accounted for his not having visited in the afternoon, according to his promise, from her declared resolutions to Mrs. Ellison not to see him. She now burst forth into some very satirical invectives against that lady, and declared she had the art, as well as the wickedness, of the devil himself.

Many congratulations now passed from Mrs. Bennet to Amelia, which were returned with the most hearty acknowledgments from that lady. But, instead of filling our paper with these, we shall pursue Mrs. Bennet's story; which she resumed, as we shall find in the next chapter.

CHAPTER VIII.

Farther continuation.

'No sooner,' said Mrs. Bennet, continuing her story, 'was my lord departed, than Mrs. Ellison came to me. 'She behaved in such a manner, when she became 'acquainted with what had passed, that, though I was 'at first satisfied of her guilt, she began to stagger my 'opinion: and, at length, prevailed upon me entirely 'to acquit her. She raved like a mad woman against 'my lord, swore he should not stay a moment in her 'house, and that she would never speak to him more. 'In short, had she been the most innocent woman in 'the world, she could not have spoke, nor acted any

'otherwise: nor could she have vented more wrath and 'indignation against the betrayer.

'That part of her denunciation of vengeance which 'concerned my lord's leaving the house, she vowed 'should be executed immediately; but then, seeming to 'recollect herself, she said, "Consider, my dear child, '"it is for your sake alone I speak; will not such a '"proceeding give some suspicion to your husband?" 'I answered, That I valued not that; that I was re-'solved to inform my husband of all, the moment I 'saw him; with many expressions of detestations of 'myself, and an indifference for life, and for every 'thing else.

'Mrs. Ellison, however, found means to soothe me, 'and to satisfy me with my own innocence; a point, 'in which, I believe, we are all easily convinced. In 'short, I was persuaded to acquit both myself and her, 'to lay the whole guilt upon my lord, and to resolve to 'conceal it from my husband.

'The whole day I confined myself to my chamber, 'and saw no person but Mrs. Ellison. I was, indeed, 'ashamed to look any one in the face. Happily for me, 'my lord went into the country without attempting to 'come near me; for I believe his sight would have 'driven me to madness.

'The next day, I told Mrs. Ellison, that I was resolved 'to leave her lodgings the moment my lord came to 'town; not on her account (for I really inclined to 'think her innocent), but on my lord's, whose face I 'was resolved, if possible, never more to behold. She 'told me, I had no reason to quit her house on that 'score; for that my lord himself had left her lodgings 'that morning, in resentment, she believed, of the abuses 'which she had cast on him the day before.

'This confirmed me in the opinion of her innocence:

'nor hath she from that day to this, till my acquaintance 'with you, Madam, done any thing to forfeit my opinion. 'On the contrary, I owe her many good offices; amongst 'the rest, I have an annuity of one hundred and fifty 'pounds a year from my lord, which I know was owing 'to her solicitations; for she is not void of generosity 'or good-nature; though, by what I have lately seen, 'I am convinced she was the cause of my ruin, and hath 'endeavoured to lay the same snares for you.

'But to return to my melancholy story. My husband 'returned at the appointed time; and I met him with 'an agitation of mind not to be described. Perhaps 'the fatigue which he had undergone in his journey, and 'his dissatisfaction at his ill success, prevented his taking 'notice of what I feared was too visible. All his hopes 'were entirely frustrated; the clergyman had not re-'ceived the bishop's letter; and as to my lord's, he 'treated it with derision and contempt. Tired as he 'was, Mr. Bennet would not sit down till he had en-'quired for my lord, intending to go and pay his com-'pliments. Poor man! he little suspected that he had 'deceived him, as I have since known concerning the 'bishop; much less did he suspect any other injury. 'But the lord—the villain was gone out of town, so that 'he was forced to postpone all his gratitude.

'Mr. Bennet returned to town late on the Saturday 'night, nevertheless he performed his duty at church the 'next day; but I refused to go with him. This, I think, 'was the first refusal I was guilty of since our marriage; 'but I was become so miserable, that his presence, which 'had been the source of all my happiness, was become 'my bane. I will not say I hated to see him; but I can 'say I was ashamed, indeed afraid to look him in the 'face. I was conscious of I knew not what——Guilt, I 'hope, it cannot be called.'

'I hope not, nay, I think not,' cries Amelia.

'My husband,' continued Mrs. Bennet, 'perceived my 'dissatisfaction, and imputed it to his ill success in the 'country. I was pleased with this self-delusion; and 'yet, when I fairly compute the agonies I suffered at his 'endeavours to comfort me on that head, I paid most 'severely for it. O, my dear Mrs. Booth! happy is the 'deceived party between true lovers, and wretched indeed 'is the author of the deceit.

'In this wretched condition I passed a whole week, the 'most miserable, I think, of my whole life, endeavouring 'to humour my husband's delusion, and to conceal my 'own tortures; but I had reason to fear I could not 'succeed long; for on the Saturday night I perceived a 'visible alteration in his behaviour to me. He went to 'bed in an apparent ill-humour, turned sullenly from me; 'and, if I offered at any endearments, he gave me only 'peevish answers.

'After a restless turbulent night, he rose early on 'Sunday morning and walked down stairs. I expected 'his return to breakfast, but was soon informed by the 'maid that he was gone forth; and that it was no more 'than seven o'clock. All this, you may believe, Madam, 'alarmed me. I saw plainly he had discovered the fatal 'secret, though by what means I could not divine. The 'state of my mind was very little short of madness. 'Sometimes I thought of running away from my injured 'husband, and sometimes of putting an end to my life.

'In the midst of such perturbations, I spent the day. 'My husband returned in the evening.——O, Heavens! 'can I describe what followed?——It is impossible; I 'shall sink under the relation.——He entered the room, 'with a face as white as a sheet, his lips trembling, and 'his eyes red as coals of fire, and starting as it were from 'his head.——"Molly," cries he, throwing himself into

‘ his chair, “are you well?”—“ Good Heavens!” says I,
‘ “ what's the matter?—Indeed, I cannot say I am well.”
‘ “No!” says he,——starting from his chair, “false
‘ “ monster, you have betrayed me, destroyed me, you
‘ “ have ruined your husband!” Then looking like a
‘ fury, he snatched off a large book from the table, and,
‘ with the malice of a madman, threw it at my head, and
‘ knocked me down backwards. He then caught me up
‘ in his arms, and kissed me with most extravagant tender-
‘ ness; then looking me stedfastly in the face for several
‘ moments, the tears gushed in a torrent from his eyes,
‘ and with his utmost violence he threw me again on the
‘ floor;—kicked me, stamped upon me. I believe, indeed,
‘ his intent was to kill me, and I believe he thought he
‘ had accomplished it.

‘ I lay on the ground for some minutes, I believed, de-
‘ prived of my senses. When I recovered myself, I found
‘ my husband lying by my side on his face, and the
‘ blood running from him. It seems when he thought
‘ he had dispatched me, he ran his head with all his
‘ force against a chest of drawers which stood in the
‘ room, and gave himself a dreadful wound in his head.

‘ I can truly say, I felt not the least resentment for the
‘ usage I had received; I thought I deserved it all;
‘ though, indeed, I little guessed what he had suffered
‘ from me. I now used the most earnest intreaties to him
‘ to compose himself; and endeavoured with my feeble
‘ arms, to raise him from the ground. At length, he
‘ broke from me, and springing from the ground, flung
‘ himself into a chair, when, looking wildly at me, he
‘ cried,—“ Go from me, Molly. I beseech you, leave me,
‘ “ I would not kill you.”—He then discovered to me—O
‘ Mrs. Booth! can you guess it?—I was indeed polluted
‘ by the villain—I had infected my husband.—O Heavens!
‘ why do I live to relate any thing so horrid—I will not,

'I cannot yet survive it. I cannot forgive myself. Heaven 'cannot forgive me!'——

Here she became inarticulate with the violence of her grief, and fell presently into such agonies, that the affrighted Amelia began to call aloud for some assistance. Upon this, a maid-servant came up, who seeing her mistress in a violent convulsion fit, presently screamed out she was dead. Upon which one of the other sex made his appearance; and who should this be but the honest serjeant? whose countenance soon made it evident, that, though a soldier, and a brave one too, he was not the least concerned of all the company on this occasion.

The reader, if he hath been acquainted with scenes of this kind, very well knows that Mrs. Bennet, in the usual time, returned again to the possession of her voice; the first use of which she made was to express her astonishment at the presence of the serjeant, and, with a frantic air, to inquire who he was.

The maid concluding that her mistress was not yet returned to her senses, answered, 'Why 'tis my master, 'Madam. Heaven preserve your senses, Madam—Lord, 'Sir, my mistress must be very bad not to know you.'

What Atkinson thought at this instant, I will not say: but certain it is he looked not over wise. He attempted twice to take hold of Mrs. Bennet's hand; but she withdrew it hastily, and presently after, rising up from her chair, she declared herself pretty well again, and desired Atkinson and the maid to withdraw. Both of whom presently obeyed; the serjeant appearing by his countenance to want comfort almost as much as the lady did to whose assistance he had been summoned.

It is a good maxim to trust a person entirely or not at all; for a secret is often innocently blabbed out by those who know but half of it. Certain it is, that the maid's

speech communicated a suspicion to the mind of Amelia, which the behaviour of the serjeant did not tend to remove; what that is, the sagacious reader may likewise probably suggest to themselves; if not, they must wait our time for disclosing it. We shall now resume the history of Mrs. Bennet, who, after many apologies, proceeded to the matters in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX.

The conclusion of Mrs. Bennet's history.

'When I became sensible,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'of the 'injury I had done my husband, I threw myself at his 'feet, and embracing his knees, while I bathed them with 'my tears, I begged a patient hearing, declaring, if he 'was not satisfied with what I should say, I would 'become a willing victim of his resentment. I said, 'and I said truly, that if I owed my death that instant 'to his hands, I should have no other terror, but of the 'fatal consequence which it might produce to himself.

'He seemed a little pacified, and bid me say whatever 'I pleased.

'I then gave him a faithful relation of all that had 'happened. He heard me with great attention, and at 'the conclusion cried, with a deep sigh, "O Molly, I '"believe it all.——You must have been betrayed as '"you tell me; you could not be guilty of such base-'"ness, such cruelty, such ingratitude."——He then—— 'O! it is impossible to describe his behaviour——he ex-'pressed such kindness, such tenderness, such concern for 'the manner in which he had used me——I cannot dwell

'on this scene——I shall relapse——you must excuse 'me.'

Amelia begged her to omit any thing which so affected her; and she proceeded thus:

'My husband, who was more convinced than I was of 'Mrs. Ellison's guilt, declared he would not sleep that 'night in her house. He then went out to see for a 'lodging; he gave me all the money he had, and left 'me to pay her bill, and put up the clothes, telling me, if 'I had not money enough, I might leave the clothes as a 'pledge; but he vowed he could not answer for himself, 'if he saw the face of Mrs. Ellison.

'Words cannot scarce express the behaviour of that art-'ful woman, it was so kind and so generous. She said, 'she did not blame my husband's resentment, nor could 'she expect any other but that he and all the world should 'censure her——That she hated her house almost as 'much as we did, and detested her cousin, if possible, 'more. In fine, she said, I might leave my clothes there 'that evening; but that she would send them to us the 'next morning. That she scorned the thought of detain-'ing them; and as for the paltry debt, we might pay her 'whenever we pleased; for to do her justice, with all her 'vices, she hath some good in her.'

'Some good in her, indeed!' cried Amelia, with great indignation.

'We were scarce settled in our new lodgings,' continued Mrs. Bennet, 'when my husband began to com-'plain of a pain in his inside. He told me, he feared 'he had done himself some injury in his rage, and had 'burst something within him. As to the odious—I can-'not bear the thought, the great skill of the surgeon soon 'entirely cured him; but his other complaint, instead of 'yielding to any application, grew still worse and worse, 'nor ever ended till it brought him to his grave.

'O Mrs. Booth! could I have been certain that I had 'occasioned this, however innocently I had occasioned it, 'I could never have survived it; but the surgeon who 'opened him after his death, assured me, that he died 'of what they called a polypus in his heart, and that 'nothing which had happened on account of me was in 'the least the occasion of it.

'I have, however, related the affair truly to you. The 'first complaint I ever heard of the kind, was within a 'day or two after we left Mrs. Ellison's; and this com- 'plaint remained till his death, which might induce him 'perhaps to attribute his death to another cause; but the 'surgeon, who is a man of the highest eminence, hath 'always declared the contrary to me, with the most 'positive certainty; and this opinion hath been my 'only comfort.

'When my husband died, which was about ten weeks 'after we quitted Mrs. Ellison's, of whom I had then a 'different opinion from what I have now, I was left 'in the most wretched condition imaginable. I believe, 'Madam, she shewed you my letter. Indeed, she did 'every thing for me at that time which I could have 'expected from the best of friends. She supplied me 'with money from her own pocket, by which means I 'was preserved from a distress in which I must have 'otherwise inevitably perished.

'Her kindness to me in this season of distress pre- 'vailed on me to return again to her house. Why, 'indeed, should I have refused an offer so very con- 'venient for me to accept, and which seemed so generous 'in her to make? Here I lived a very retired life, with 'my little babe, seeing no company but Mrs. Ellison her- 'self for a full quarter of a year. At last Mrs. Ellison 'brought me a parchment from my lord, in which he had 'settled upon me, at her instance, as she told me, and as

'I believe it was, an annuity of one hundred and fifty 'pounds a year. This was, I think, the very first time 'she had mentioned his hateful name to me since my 'return to her house. And she now prevailed upon me, 'though I assure you not without much difficulty, to 'suffer him to execute the deed in my presence.

'I will not describe our interview,—I am not able to 'describe it, and I have often wondered how I found 'spirits to support it. This I will say for him, that, if 'he was not a real penitent, no man alive could act the 'part better.

'Besides resentment, I had another motive of my 'backwardness to agree to such a meeting; and this 'was—fear. I apprehended, and surely not without 'reason, that the annuity was rather meant as a bribe 'than a recompence, and that farther designs were laid 'against my innocence; but in this I found myself hap-'pily deceived; for neither then, nor at any time since, 'have I ever had the least solicitation of that kind. Nor 'indeed, have I seen the least occasion to think my lord 'had any such desires.

'Good Heavens! what are these men! what is this 'appetite which must have novelty and resistance for its 'provocatives; and which is delighted with us no longer 'than while we may be considered in the light of 'enemies!'

'I thank you, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'for relieving me 'from my fears on your account; I trembled at the con-'sequence of this second acquaintance with such a man, 'and in such a situation.'

'I assure you, Madam, I was in no danger,' returned Mrs. Bennet: 'for, besides that I think I could have 'pretty well relied on my own resolution, I have heard 'since, at St. Edmundsbury, from an intimate acquaint-'ance of my lord's, who was an entire stranger to my

'affairs, that the highest degree of inconstancy is his 'character; and that few of his numberless mistresses 'have ever received a second visit from him.

'Well, Madam,' continued she, 'I think I have little 'more to trouble you with; unless I should relate to you 'my long ill state of health; from which I am lately, I 'thank Heaven, recovered; or, unless I should mention 'to you the most grievous accident that ever befel me, 'the loss of my poor dear Charly.'—Here she made a full stop, and the tears ran down into her bosom.

Amelia was silent a few minutes, while she gave the lady time to vent her passion; after which she began to pour forth a vast profusion of acknowledgments for the trouble she had taken in relating her history; but chiefly, for the motive which had induced her to it, and for the kind warning which she had given her by the little note which Mrs. Bennet had sent her that morning.

'Yes, Madam,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'I am convinced by 'what I have lately seen, that you are the destined sacri- 'fice to this wicked lord; and that Mrs. Ellison, whom I 'no longer doubt to have been the instrument of my ruin, 'intended to betray you in the same manner. The day I 'met my lord in your apartment, I began to entertain 'some suspicions, and I took Mrs. Ellison very roundly 'to task upon them; her behaviour, notwithstanding 'many asseverations to the contrary, convinced me I 'was right; and I intended, more than once, to speak 'to you, but could not; till last night the mention of 'the masquerade determined me to delay it no longer. 'I therefore sent you that note this morning, and am 'glad you so luckily discovered the writer, as it hath 'given me this opportunity of easing my mind, and of 'honestly shewing you, how unworthy I am of your 'friendship, at the same time that I so earnestly desire it.

CHAPTER X.

Being the last chapter of the Seventh Book.

Amelia did not fail to make proper compliments to Mrs. Bennet, on the conclusion of her speech in the last chapter. She told her that from the first moment of her acquaintance, she had the strongest inclination to her friendship; and that her desires of that kind were much increased by hearing her story. 'Indeed, Madam,' says she, 'you are much too severe a judge on yourself; for 'they must have very little candour, in my opinion, who 'look upon your case with any severe eye. To me, I 'assure you, you appear highly the object of compas-'sion; and I shall always esteem you as an innocent 'and an unfortunate woman.'

Amelia would then have taken her leave; but Mrs. Bennet so strongly pressed her to stay to breakfast, that at length she complied; indeed, she had fasted so long, and her gentle spirits had been so agitated with variety of passions, that nature very strongly seconded Mrs. Bennet's motion.

Whilst the maid was preparing the tea-equipage, Amelia, with a little slyness in her countenance, asked Mrs. Bennet, if serjeant Atkinson did not lodge in the same house with her? The other reddened so extremely at the question, repeated the serjeant's name with such hesitation, and behaved so awkwardly, that Amelia wanted no farther confirmation of her suspicions. She would not, however, declare them abruptly to the other; but began a dissertation on the serjeant's virtues; and, after observing the great concern which he had manifested, when Mrs. Bennet was in her fit, concluded with

saying she believed the serjeant would make the best husband in the world: for that he had great tenderness of heart, and a gentleness of manners, not often to be found in any man, and much seldomer in persons of his rank.

'And why not in his rank?' said Mrs. Bennet: 'Indeed, Mrs. Booth, we rob the lower order of mankind 'of their due. I do not deny the force and power of 'education; but, when we consider how very injudicious 'is the education of the better sort in general, how little 'they are instructed in the practice of virtue, we shall 'not expect to find the heart much improved by it. And 'even as to the head, how very slightly do we commonly 'find it improved by what is called a genteel education? 'I have myself, I think, seen instances of as great good-'ness, and as great understanding too, among the lower 'sort of people, as among the higher. Let us compare 'your serjeant, now, with the lord who hath been the 'subject of conversation; on which side would an im-'partial judge decide the balance to incline?'

'How monstrous then,' cries Amelia, 'is the opinion 'of those, who consider our matching ourselves the least 'below us in degree, as a kind of contamination!'

'A most absurd and preposterous sentiment,' answered Mrs. Bennet, warmly; 'how abhorrent from justice, from 'common sense, and from humanity—but how extremely 'incongruous with a religion which professes to know no 'difference of degree, but ranks all mankind on the foot-'ing of brethren! Of all kinds of pride, there is none 'so unchristian as that of station; in reality, there is 'none so contemptible. Contempt, indeed, may be said 'to be its own object; for my own part, I know none so 'despicable as those who despise others.'

'I do assure you,' said Amelia, 'you speak my own 'sentiments. I give you my word, I should not be

'ashamed of being the wife of an honest man in any 'station.—Nor, if I had been much higher than I was, 'should I have thought myself degraded by calling our 'honest serjeant my husband.'

'Since you have made this declaration,' cries Mrs. Bennet, 'I am sure you will not be offended at a secret 'I am going to mention to you.'

'Indeed, my dear,' answered Amelia, smiling, 'I won-'der rather you have concealed it so long; especially 'after the many hints I have given you.'

'Nay, pardon me, Madam,' replied the other, 'I do 'not remember any such hints; and, perhaps, you do 'not even guess what I am going to say. My secret is 'this; that no woman ever had so sincere, so passionate 'a lover, as you have had in the serjeant.'

'I a lover in the serjeant!—I!' cries Amelia, a little surprised.

'Have patience,' answered the other;—'I say you, 'my dear. As much surprised as you appear, I tell you 'no more than the truth; and yet it is a truth you could 'hardly expect to hear from me, especially with so much 'good-humour; since I will honestly confess to you— 'But what need have I to confess what I know you 'guess already?—Tell me now sincerely, Don't you 'guess?'

'I guess, indeed, and hope,' said she, 'that he is your 'husband.'

'He is, indeed, my husband,' cries the other; 'and 'I am most happy in your approbation. In honest 'truth, you ought to approve my choice; since you 'was every way the occasion of my making it. What 'you said of him, very greatly recommended him to my 'opinion; but he endeared himself to me most by what 'he said of you. In short, I have discovered, he hath 'always loved you with such a faithful, honest, noble,

'generous passion, that I was consequently convinced 'his mind must possess all the ingredients of such a 'passion; and what are these, but true honour, good-'ness, modesty, bravery, tenderness, and, in a word, 'every human virtue.—Forgive me, my dear; but I 'was uneasy till I became myself the object of such a 'passion.'

'And do you really think,' said Amelia, smiling, 'that 'I shall forgive you robbing me of such a lover? or, 'supposing what you banter me with was true, do you 'really imagine you could change such a passion?'

'No, my dear,' answered the other; 'I only hope I 'have changed the object; for be assured, there is no 'greater vulgar error, than that it is impossible for a 'man who loves one woman ever to love another. On 'the contrary, it is certain, that a man who can love one 'woman so well at a distance, will love another better 'that is nearer to him. Indeed, I have heard one of the 'best husbands in the world declare, in the presence of 'his wife, that he had always loved a princess with 'adoration. These passions, which reside only in very 'amorous and very delicate minds, feed only on the 'delicacies there growing; and leave all the substantial 'food, and enough of the delicacy too, for the wife.'

The tea being now ready, Mrs. Bennet, or, if you please, for the future, Mrs. Atkinson, proposed to call in her husband; but Amelia objected. She said, she should be glad to see him any other time; but was then in the utmost hurry, as she had been three hours absent from all she most loved. However, she had scarce drank a dish of tea before she changed her mind; and, saying she would not part man and wife, desired Mr. Atkinson might appear.

The maid answered, that her master was not at home; which words she had scarce spoken, when he knocked

hastily at the door; and immediately came running into the room, all pale and breathless, and addressing himself to Amelia, cried out, 'I am sorry, my dear lady, to bring 'you ill news; but captain Booth'—'What! what!' cries Amelia, dropping the tea-cup from her hand, 'is any thing 'the matter with him!'—'Don't be frightened, my dear 'lady,' said the serjeant—'He is in very good health; 'but a misfortune hath happened.'—'Are my children 'well?' said Amelia.—'O, very well,' answered the serjeant—'Pray, Madam, don't be frightened; I hope 'it will signify nothing—he is arrested—but I hope to 'get him out of their damned hands immediately.' 'Where is he?' cries Amelia, 'I will go to him this 'instant!' 'He begs you will not,' answered the serjeant. 'I have sent his lawyer to him, and am going 'back with Mrs. Ellison this moment; but I beg your 'ladyship, for his sake, and for your own sake, not to 'go.' 'Mrs. Ellison! what is Mrs. Ellison to do?' cries Amelia,—'I must and will go.' Mrs. Atkinson then interposed, and begged that she would not hurry her spirits, but compose herself, and go home to her children, whither she would attend her. She comforted her with the thoughts, that the captain was in no immediate danger, that she could go to him when she would; and desired her to let the serjeant return with Mrs. Ellison; saying, she might be of service; and that there was much wisdom, and no kind of shame, in making use of bad people on certain occasions.

'And who,' cries Amelia, a little come to herself, 'hath done this barbarous action?'

'One I am ashamed to name,' cries the serjeant; 'in-'deed I had always a very different opinion of him; I 'could not have believed any thing but my own ears and 'eyes; but Dr. Harrison is the man who hath done the 'deed.'

'Dr. Harrison!' cries Amelia.—'Well then, there is 'an end of all goodness in the world. I will never have 'a good opinion of any human being more.'

The serjeant begged that he might not be detained from the captain; and that if Amelia pleased to go home, he would wait upon her. But she did not choose to see Mrs. Ellison at this time; and, after a little consideration, she resolved to stay where she was; and Mrs. Atkinson agreed to go and fetch her children to her, it being not many doors distant.

The serjeant then departed; Amelia, in her confusion, never having once thought of wishing him joy on his marriage.

AMELIA.

BOOK VIII.

CHAPTER I.

Being the First Chapter of the Eighth Book.

The history must now look a little backwards to those circumstances which led to the catastrophe mentioned at the end of the last book.

When Amelia went out in the morning she left her children to the care of her husband. In this amiable office he had been engaged near an hour; and was at that very time lying along on the floor, and his little things crawling and playing about him, when a most violent knock was heard at the door; and immediately a footman, running up stairs, acquainted him, that his lady was taken violently ill, and carried into Mrs. Chenevix's toy-shop.

Booth no sooner heard this account, which was delivered with great appearance of haste and earnestness, than he leaped suddenly from the floor; and leaving his children roaring at the news of their mother's illness in strict charge with his maid, he ran as fast as his legs could carry him to the place; or towards the place rather: for, before he arrived at the shop, a gentleman stopped him full butt, crying, 'Captain, whither so fast?' ——Booth answered eagerly, 'Whoever you are, friend, 'don't ask me any questions now.'—'You must pardon

'me! captain,' answered the gentleman; 'but I have a 'little business with your honour—In short, captain, I 'have a small warrant here in my pocket against your 'honour, at the suit of one Dr. Harrison.' 'You are a 'bailiff then,' says Booth. 'I am an officer, Sir,' answered the other.—'Well, Sir, it is in vain to con-'tend,' cries Booth, 'but let me beg you will permit 'me only to step to Mrs. Chenevix's—I will attend 'you, upon my honour, wherever you please; but my 'wife lies violently ill there.' 'Oh, for that matter,' answered the bailiff, 'you may set your heart at ease. 'Your lady, I hope, is very well. I assure you, she is 'not there; you will excuse me, captain, these are only 'stratagems of war. *Bolus and virtus, quis in a hostess 'equirit?*'—'Sir, I honour your learning,' cries Booth, 'and could almost kiss you for what you tell me. I 'assure you, I would forgive you five hundred arrests 'for such a piece of news. Well, Sir, and whither am 'I to go with you?' 'O, any where: where your 'honour pleases,' cries the bailiff. 'Then suppose we 'go to Brown's coffee-house,' said the prisoner. 'No,' answered the bailiff, 'that will not do; that's in the 'verge of the court.' 'Why, then, to the nearest 'tavern,' said Booth. 'No, not to a tavern,' cries the other, 'that is not a place of security; and you know, 'captain, your honour is a shy cock; I have been after 'your honour these three months—Come, Sir, you must 'go to my house, if you please.' 'With all my heart,' answered Booth, 'if it be any where hereabouts.' 'Oh, 'it is but a little ways off,' replied the bailiff; 'it is 'only in Gray's-inn-lane, just by almost.' He then called a coach, and desired his prisoner to walk in.

Booth entered the coach without any resistance, which, had he been inclined to make, he must have plainly perceived would have been ineffectual, as the bailiff appeared

to have several followers at hand, two of whom, beside the commander in chief, mounted with him into the coach. As Booth was a sweet-tempered man, as well as somewhat of a philosopher, he behaved with all the good-humour imaginable, and, indeed, with more than his companions; who, however, shewed him what they call civility, that is, they neither struck him nor spit in his face.

Notwithstanding the pleasantry which Booth endeavoured to preserve, he in reality envied every labourer whom he saw pass by him in his way. The charms of liberty against his will rushed on his mind; and he could not avoid suggesting to himself, how much more happy was the poorest wretch, who, without controul, could repair to his homely habitation, and to his family; compared to him, who was thus violently, and yet lawfully, torn away from the company of his wife and children. And their condition, especially that of his Amelia, gave his heart many a severe and bitter pang.

At length he arrived at the bailiff's mansion, and was ushered into a room, in which were several persons. Booth desired to be alone; upon which the bailiff waited on him up stairs, into an apartment, the windows of which were well fortified with iron-bars; but the walls had not the least outwork raised before them; they were, indeed, what is generally called, naked; the bricks having been only covered with a thin plaster, which in many places was mouldered away.

The first demand made upon Booth was for coach-hire, which amounted to two shillings, according to the bailiff's account; that being just double the legal fare. He was then asked, if he did not choose a bowl of punch? to which he having answered in the negative, the bailiff replied, 'Nay, Sir, just as you please. I 'don't ask you to drink, if you don't choose it; but

'certainly you know the custom; the house is full of 'prisoners, and I can't afford gentlemen a room to them-'selves for nothing.'

Booth presently took this hint, indeed it was a pretty broad one, and told the bailiff he should not scruple to pay him his price; but in fact he never drank unless at his meals. 'As to that, Sir,' cries the bailiff, 'it is 'just as your honour pleases. I scorn to impose upon 'any gentleman in misfortunes: I wish you well out of 'them, for my part. Your honour can take nothing amiss 'of me; I only does my duty, what I am bound to do; 'and, as you says you don't care to drink any thing, 'what will you be pleased to have for dinner?'

Booth then complied in bespeaking a dish of meat, and told the bailiff, he would drink a bottle with him after dinner. He then desired the favour of pen, ink, and paper, and a messenger; all which were immediately procured him, the bailiff telling him he might send wherever he pleased, and repeating his concern for Booth's misfortunes, and a hearty desire to see the end of them.

The messenger was just dispatched with the letter, when who should arrive but honest Atkinson! A soldier of the guards, belonging to the same company with the serjeant, and who had known Booth at Gibraltar, had seen the arrest, and heard the orders given to the coachman. This fellow accidentally meeting Atkinson, had acquainted him with the whole affair.

At the appearance of Atkinson, joy immediately overspread the countenance of Booth. The ceremonials which passed between them are unnecessary to be repeated. Atkinson was soon dispatched to the attorney and to Mrs. Ellison, as the reader hath before heard from his own mouth.

Booth now greatly lamented that he had writ to his

wife. He thought she might have been acquainted with the affair better by the serjeant. Booth begged him, however, to do everything in his power to comfort her; to assure her that he was in perfect health and good spirits, and to lessen as much as possible the concern which he knew she would have at reading his letter.

The serjeant, however, as the reader hath seen, brought himself the first account of the arrest. Indeed, the other messenger did not arrive till a full hour afterwards. This was not owing to any slowness of his, but to many previous errands which he was to execute before the delivery of the letter; for, notwithstanding the earnest desire which the bailiff had declared to see Booth out of his troubles, he had ordered the porter, who was his follower, to call upon two or three other bailiffs, and as many attorneys, to try to load his prisoner with as many actions as possible.

Here the reader may be apt to conclude, that the bailiff, instead of being a friend, was really an enemy to poor Booth; but, in fact, he was not so. His desire was no more than to accumulate bail bonds; for the bailiff was reckoned an honest and good sort of man in his way, and had no more malice against the bodies in his custody than a butcher hath to those in his; and as the latter, when he takes his knife in hand, hath no idea but of the joints into which he is to cut the carcase; so the former, when he handles his writ, hath no other design but to cut out the body into as many bail bonds as possible. As to the life of the animal, or the liberty of the man, they are thoughts which never obtrude themselves on either.

CHAPTER II.

Containing an account of Mr. Booth's fellow-sufferers.

Before we return to Amelia, we must detain our reader a little longer with Mr. Booth, in the custody of Mr. Bondum the bailiff, who now informed his prisoner that he was welcome to the liberty of the house with the other gentlemen.

Booth asked who those gentlemen were. 'One of them, 'Sir,' says Mr. Bondum, 'is a very great writer or author, 'as they call him—He hath been here these five weeks, 'at the suit of a bookseller, for eleven pound odd money; 'but he expects to be discharged in a day or two; for he 'hath writ out the debt. He is now writing for five or 'six booksellers, and he will get you sometimes, when he 'sits to it, a matter of fifteen shillings a day. For he is 'a very good pen, they say; but is apt to be idle. Some 'days he don't write above five hours; but at other times 'I have known him at it above sixteen.'—'Ay!' cries Booth, 'Pray, what are his productions?—What doth he 'write?'—'Why, sometimes,' answered Bondum, 'he 'writes your history books for your numbers, and some-'times your verses, your poems, what do you call them? 'and then again he writes news for your newspapers.'—'Ay, indeed! he is a most extraordinary man, truly—'How doth he get his news here?' 'Why he makes it, as 'he doth your parliament speeches for your Magazines. He 'reads them to us sometimes over a bowl of punch. To be 'sure it is all one as if one was in the parliament house—It 'is about liberty and freedom, and about the constitution of 'England. I says nothing for my part: for I will keep my 'neck out of a halter: but, faith, he makes it out plainly to

'me that all matters are not as they should be. I am all 'for liberty, for my part.' 'Is that so consistent with 'your calling?' cries Booth. 'I thought, my friend, you 'had lived by depriving men of their liberty.' 'That's 'another matter,' cries the bailiff, 'that's all according to 'law, and in the way of business. To be sure, men must 'be obliged to pay their debts, or else there would be an 'end of every thing.' Booth desired the bailiff to give him his opinion of liberty. Upon which, he hesitated a moment, and then cried out, 'O it is a fine thing, it is a 'very fine thing, and the constitution of England.' Booth told him, that, by the old constitution of England, he had heard that men could not be arrested for debt; to which the bailiff answered that must have been in very bad times; 'because as why,' says he, 'would it not be the 'hardest thing in the world if a man could not arrest 'another for a just and lawful debt? besides, Sir, you 'must be mistaken; for, how could that ever be! is not 'liberty the constitution of England? well, and is not the 'constitution, as a man may say,—whereby the constitu-'tion, that is the law and liberty, and all that——'

Booth had a little mercy upon the poor bailiff, when he found him rounding in this manner, and told him he had made the matter very clear. Booth then proceeded to inquire after the other gentlemen, his fellows in affliction; upon which Bondum acquainted him, that one of the prisoners was a poor fellow. 'He calls himself a gentle-'man,' said Bondum; 'but I am sure I never saw any 'thing genteel by him. In a week, that he hath been in 'my house, he hath drank only part of one bottle of wine. 'I intend to carry him to Newgate within a day or two, if 'he cannot find bail, which, I suppose, he will not be able 'to do; for every body says he is an undone man. He 'hath run out all he hath by losses in business, and one 'way or other; and he hath a wife and seven children.

'Here was the whole family here the other day, all 'howling together. I never saw such a beggarly crew; 'I was almost ashamed to see them in my house. I 'thought they seemed fitter for Bridewell than any other 'place. To be sure, I do not reckon him as proper com-'pany for such as you, Sir; but there is another prisoner 'in the house that I dare say you will like very much. 'He is, indeed, very much of a gentleman, and spends 'his money like one. I have had him only three days, 'and I am afraid he won't stay much longer. They say, 'indeed, he is a gamester; but what is that to me or any 'one, as long as a man appears as a gentleman? I always 'love to speak by people as I find. And, in my opinion, 'he is fit company for the greatest lord in the land; for 'he hath very good clothes, and money enough. He 'is not here for debt, but upon a judge's warrant for an 'assault and battery; for the tipstaff locks up here.'

The bailiff was thus haranguing, when he was interrupted by the arrival of the attorney whom the trusty serjeant had, with the utmost expedition, found out, and dispatched to the relief of his distressed friend. But before we proceed any farther with the captain, we will return to poor Amelia, for whom, considering the situation in which we left her, the good-natured reader may be, perhaps, in no small degree solicitous.

CHAPTER III.

Containing some extraordinary behaviour in Mrs. Ellison.

The serjeant being departed to convey Mrs. Ellison to the captain, his wife went to fetch Amelia's children to their mother.

Amelia's concern for the distresses of her husband was aggravated at the sight of her children. 'Good Heavens!' she cried, 'what will, what can become of these poor 'little wretches! why have I produced these little crea-'tures only to give them a share of poverty and misery!' At which words she embraced them eagerly in her arms, and bedewed them both with her tears.

The children's eyes soon overflowed as fast as their mother's, though neither of them knew the cause of her affliction. The little boy, who was the elder, and much the sharper of the two, imputed the agonies of his mother to her illness, according to the account brought to his father in his presence.

When Amelia became acquainted with the child's apprehensions, she soon satisfied him that she was in a perfect state of health; at which the little thing expressed great satisfaction, and said, he was glad she was well again.—Amelia told him, she had not been in the least disordered.—Upon which, the innocent cried out, 'La! 'how can people tell such fibs! a great tall man told my 'papa you was taken very ill at Mrs. somebody's shop, 'and my poor papa presently ran down stairs—I was 'afraid he would have broke his neck to come to you.'

'O the villains!' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'what a strata-'gem was here to take away your husband!'

'Take away!' answered the child—'What hath any 'body taken away papa?—Sure that naughty fibbing 'man hath not taken away papa?'

Amelia begged Mrs. Atkinson to say something to her children; for that her spirits were overpowered. She then threw herself into a chair, and gave a full vent to a passion almost too strong for her delicate constitution.

The scene that followed, during some minutes, is beyond my power of description; I must beg the readers' hearts to suggest it to themselves. The children hung on

the mother, whom they endeavoured in vain to comfort; as Mrs. Atkinson did in vain attempt to pacify them, telling them all would be well, and they would soon see their papa again.

At length, partly by the persuasion of Mrs. Atkinson, partly from consideration of her little ones, and more, perhaps, from the relief which she had acquired by her tears, Amelia became a little composed.

Nothing worth notice passed in this miserable company from this time, till the return of Mrs. Ellison from the bailiff's house; and to draw out scenes of wretchedness to too great a length, is a task very uneasy to the writer, and for which none but readers of a most gloomy complexion will think themselves ever obliged to his labours.

At length Mrs. Ellison arrived, and entered the room with an air of gaiety, rather misbecoming the occasion. When she had seated herself in a chair, she told Amelia that the captain was very well, and in good spirits; and that he earnestly desired her to keep up hers. 'Come, 'Madam,' said she, 'don't be disconsolate; I hope we 'shall soon be able to get him out of his troubles. The 'debts, indeed, amount to more than I expected; how-'ever, ways may be found to redeem him. He must 'own himself guilty of some rashness in going out of the 'verge, when he knew to what he was liable; but that 'is now not to be remedied. If he had followed my 'advice, this had not happened; but men will be head-'strong.'

'I cannot bear this,' cries Amelia; 'shall I hear 'that best of creatures blamed for his tenderness to 'me?'

'Well, I will not blame him,' answered Mrs. Ellison; 'I am sure I propose nothing but to serve him; and if 'you will do as much to serve him yourself, he will not 'be long a prisoner.'

'I do!' cries Amelia; 'O Heavens! is there a thing 'upon earth—'

'Yes, there is a thing upon earth,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'and a very easy thing too; and yet, I will venture my 'life, you start when I propose it. And yet, when I con- 'sider that you are a woman of understanding, I know 'not why I should think so; for sure you must have too 'much good sense to imagine that you can cry your hus- 'band out of prison. If this would have done, I see you 'have almost cried your eyes out already. And yet you 'may do the business by a much pleasanter way than by 'crying and bawling.'

'What do you mean, Madam?' cries Amelia.—'For 'my part, I cannot guess your meaning.'

'Before I tell you, Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellison, 'I 'must inform you, if you do not already know it, that 'the captain is charged with actions to the amount of 'near five hundred pounds. I am sure I would willingly 'be his bail; but I know my bail would not be taken for 'that sum. You must consider, therefore, Madam, what 'chance you have of redeeming him; unless you choose, 'as perhaps some wives would, that he should lie all his 'life in prison.'

At these words Amelia discharged a shower of tears, and gave every mark of the most frantic grief.

'Why there now,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'while you will 'indulge these extravagant passions, how can you be 'capable of listening to the voice of reason? I know I 'am a fool in concerning myself thus with the affairs of 'others. I know the thankless office I undertake; and 'yet I love you so, my dear Mrs. Booth, that I cannot 'bear to see you afflicted, and I would comfort you, if 'you would suffer me. Let me beg you to make your 'mind easy; and within these two days, I will engage to 'set your husband at liberty.

'Harkye, child, only behave like a woman of spirit 'this evening, and keep your appointment, notwith-'standing what hath happened; and I am convinced 'there is one, who hath the power and the will to serve 'you.'

Mrs. Ellison spoke the latter part of her speech in a whisper; so that Mrs. Atkinson, who was then engaged with the children, might not hear her; but Amelia answered aloud, and said, 'What appointment would you 'have me keep this evening?'

'Nay, nay, if you have forgot,' cries Mrs. Ellison, 'I 'will tell you more another time; but come, will you go 'home? my dinner is ready by this time, and you shall 'dine with me.'

'Talk not to me of dinners,' cries Amelia; 'my stomach 'is too full already.'

'Nay, but, dear Madam,' answered Mrs. Ellison,—'let 'me beseech you to go home with me. I do not care,' says she, whispering, 'to speak before some folks.'

'I have no secret, Madam, in the world,' replied Amelia aloud, 'which I would not communicate to this lady; for 'I shall always acknowledge the highest obligations to 'her for the secrets she hath imparted to me.'

'Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'I do not interfere with 'obligations. I am glad the lady hath obliged you so 'much; and I wish all people were equally mindful of 'obligations. I hope, I have omitted no opportunity of 'endeavouring to oblige Mrs. Booth, as well as I have 'some other folks.'

'If by other folks, Madam, you mean me,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'I confess I sincerely believe you intended the 'same obligation to us both; and I have the pleasure 'to think it is owing to me that this lady is not as much 'obliged to you as I am.'

'I protest, Madam, I can hardly guess your meaning,'

said Mrs. Ellison.—'Do you really intend to affront me, 'Madam?'

'I intend to preserve innocence and virtue, if it be in 'my power, Madam,' answered the other. 'And sure 'nothing but the most eager resolution to destroy it, 'could induce you to mention such an appointment at 'such a time.'

'I did not expect this treatment from you, Madam,' cries Mrs. Ellison; 'such ingratitude I could not have 'believed, had it been reported to me by any other.'

'Such impudence,' answered Mrs. Atkinson, 'must 'exceed, I think, all belief; but, when women once 'abandon that modesty which is the characteristic 'of their sex, they seldom set any bounds to their 'assurance.'

'I could not have believed this to have been in human 'nature,' cries Mrs. Ellison. 'Is this the woman whom 'I have fed, have cloathed, have supported; who owes 'to my charity, and my intercessions, that she is not 'at this day destitute of all the necessaries of life?'

'I own it all,' answered Mrs. Atkinson.—'And I 'add the favour of a masquerade ticket to the number. 'Could I have thought, Madam, that you would, before 'my face, have asked another lady to go to the same 'place with the same man!—But I ask your pardon, I 'impute rather more assurance to you than you are mis-'tress of—You have endeavoured to keep the assignation 'a secret from me; and it was by mere accident only 'that I discovered it; unless there are some guardian 'angels, that in general protect innocence and virtue; 'though, I may say, I have not always found them so 'watchful.'

'Indeed, Madam,' said Mrs. Ellison, 'you are not 'worth my answer, nor will I stay a moment longer 'with such a person.—So, Mrs. Booth, you have your

'choice, Madam, whether you will go with me, or remain 'in the company of this lady.'

'If so, Madam,' answered Mrs. Booth, 'I shall not be 'long in determining to stay where I am.'

Mrs. Ellison then, casting a look of great indignation at both the ladies, made a short speech full of invectives against Mrs. Atkinson, and not without oblique hints of ingratitude against poor Amelia; after which she burst out of the room, and out of the house; and made haste to her own home, in a condition of mind, to which fortune, without guilt, cannot, I believe, reduce any one.

Indeed, how much the superiority of misery is on the side of wickedness, may appear to every reader who will compare the present situation of Amelia, with that of Mrs. Ellison. Fortune had attacked the former with almost the highest degree of her malice. She was involved in a scene of most exquisite distress; and her husband, her principal comfort, torn violently from her arms; yet her sorrow, however exquisite, was all soft and tender; nor was she without many consolations. Her case, however hard, was not absolutely desperate; for scarce any condition of fortune can be so. Art and industry, chance and friends, have often relieved the most distressed circumstances, and converted them into opulence. In all these she had hopes on this side the grave, and perfect virtue and innocence gave her the strongest assurances on the other. Whereas, in the bosom of Mrs. Ellison, all was storm and tempest; anger, revenge, fear, and pride, like so many raging furies, possessed her mind, and tortured her with disappointment and shame. Loss of reputation, which is generally irreparable, was to be her lot; loss of friends is of this the certain consequence; all on this side the grave appeared dreary and comfortless; and endless misery on the other, closed the gloomy prospect.

Hence, my worthy reader, console thyself, that however few of the other good things of life are thy lot; the best of all things, which is innocence, is always within thy own power; and though fortune may make thee often unhappy, she can never make thee completely and irreparably miserable without thy own consent.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing, among many matters, the exemplary behaviour of colonel James.

When Mrs. Ellison was departed, Mrs. Atkinson began to apply all her art to sooth and comfort Amelia; but was presently prevented by her; 'I am ashamed, dear 'Madam,' said Amelia, 'of having indulged my affliction 'so much at your expense. The suddenness of the occa- 'sion is my only excuse; for had I had time to summon 'my resolution to my assistance, I hope I am mistress of 'more patience than you have hitherto seen me exert. I 'know, Madam, in my unwarrantable excesses, I have 'been guilty of many transgressions. First, against that 'divine will and pleasure without whose permission, at 'least, no human accident can happen; in the next place, 'Madam, if any thing can aggravate such a fault, I have 'transgressed the laws of friendship as well as decency, 'in throwing upon you some part of the load of my 'grief; and again, I have sinned against common sense, 'which should teach me, instead of weakly and heavily 'lamenting my misfortunes, to rouse all my spirits to 'remove them. In this light, I am shocked at my own 'folly, and am resolved to leave my children under your

'care, and go directly to my husband. I may comfort 'him. I may assist him. I may relieve him. There is 'nothing now too difficult for me to undertake.'

Mrs. Atkinson greatly approved and complimented her friend on all the former part of her speech, except what related to herself, on which she spoke very civilly, and I believe with great truth; but as to her determination of going to her husband she endeavoured to dissuade her, at least she begged her to defer it for the present, and till the serjeant returned home. She then reminded Amelia that it was now past five in the afternoon, and that she had not taken any refreshment but a dish of tea the whole day, and desired she would give her leave to procure her a chick, or any thing she liked better, for her dinner.

Amelia thanked her friend, and said, she would sit down with her to whatever she pleased; 'but if I do 'not eat,' said she, 'I would not have you impute it to 'any thing but want of appetite; for I assure you, all 'things are equally indifferent to me. I am more soli-'citous about these poor little things, who have not been 'used to fast so long. Heaven knows what may here-'after be their fate!'

Mrs. Atkinson bid her hope the best, and then recommended her children to the care of her maid.

And now arrived a servant from Mrs. James, with an invitation to captain Booth and to his lady, to dine with the colonel the day after the next. This a little perplexed Amelia; but after a short consideration she dispatched an answer to Mrs. James, in which she concisely informed her of what had happened.

The honest serjeant, who had been on his legs almost the whole day, now returned, and brought Amelia a short letter from her husband; in which he gave her the most solemn assurances of his health and spirits,

and begged her, with great earnestness, to take care to preserve her own; which, if she did, he said, he had no doubt but that they should shortly be happy. He added something of hopes from my lord, with which Mrs. Ellison had amused him; and which served only to destroy the comfort that Amelia received from the rest of his letter.

Whilst Amelia, the serjeant, and his lady, were engaged in a cold collation, for which purpose a cold chick was procured from the tavern for the ladies, and two pound of cold beef for the serjeant; a violent knocking was heard at the door, and presently afterwards colonel James entered the room. After proper compliments had passed, the colonel told Amelia, that her letter was brought to Mrs. James while they were at table, and that, on her showing it him, he had immediately rose up, made an apology to his company, and took a chair to her. He spoke to her with great tenderness on the occasion, and desired her to make herself easy; assuring her, that he would leave nothing in his power undone to serve her husband. He then gave her an invitation, in his wife's name, to his own house, in the most pressing manner.

Amelia returned him very hearty thanks for all his kind offers; but begged to decline that of an apartment in his house. She said, as she could not leave her children, so neither could she think of bringing such a trouble with her into his family; and though the colonel gave her many assurances that her children, as well as herself, would be very welcome to Mrs. James, and even betook himself to intreaties, she still persisted obstinately in her refusal.

In real truth, Amelia had taken a vast affection for Mrs. Atkinson, of the comfort of whose company she could not bear to be deprived in her distress; nor to

exchange it for that of Mrs. James, to whom she had lately conceived no little dislike.

The colonel, when he found he could not prevail with Amelia to accept his invitation, desisted from any farther solicitations. He then took a bank-bill of fifty pounds from his pocket-book, and said—'You will 'pardon me, dear Madam, if I choose to impute your 'refusal of my house rather to a dislike of my wife, 'who I will not pretend to be the most agreeable of 'women (all men,' said he, sighing, 'have not captain 'Booth's fortune) than to any aversion or anger to me. 'I must insist upon it, therefore, to make your present 'habitation as easy to you as possible—I hope, Madam, 'you will not deny me this happiness; I beg you will 'honour me with the acceptance of this trifle. He then 'put the note into her hand, and declared that the 'honour of touching it was worth a hundred times 'that sum.'

'I protest, colonel James,' cried Amelia, blushing, 'I 'know not what to do or say, your goodness so greatly 'confounds me. Can I, who am so well acquainted 'with the many great obligations Mr. Booth already 'hath to your generosity, consent that you should add 'more to a debt we never can pay?'

The colonel stopped her short, protesting that she misplaced the obligation; for, that if to confer the highest happiness was to oblige, he was obliged to her acceptance. 'And I do assure you, Madam,' said he, 'if this 'trifling sum, or a much larger, can contribute to your 'ease, I shall consider myself as the happiest man upon 'earth in being able to supply it; and you, Madam, my 'greatest benefactor in receiving it.'

Amelia then put the note in her pocket; and they entered into a conversation, in which many civil things were said on both sides; but what was chiefly worth

remark was, that Amelia had almost her husband constantly in her mouth, and the colonel never mentioned him; the former seemed desirous to lay all obligations, as much as possible, to the account of her husband; and the latter endeavoured, with the utmost delicacy, to insinuate that her happiness was the main and indeed only point which he had in view.

Amelia had made no doubt, at the colonel's first appearance, but that he intended to go directly to her husband. When he dropped therefore a hint of his intention to visit him next morning, she appeared visibly shocked at the delay. The colonel perceiving this said, 'However inconvenient it may be, yet, Madam, if it will 'oblige you, or if you desire it, I will even go to-night.' Amelia answered, 'My husband will be far from desiring 'to derive any good from your inconvenience; but if 'you put it to me, I must be excused for saying, I desire 'nothing more in the world than to send him so great 'a comfort as I know he will receive from the presence 'of such a friend.' 'Then to show you, Madam,' cries the colonel, 'that I desire nothing more in the world 'than to give you pleasure, I will go to him imme-'diately.'

Amelia then bethought herself of the serjeant, and told the colonel, his old acquaintance Atkinson, whom he had known at Gibraltar, was then in the house, and would conduct him to the place. The serjeant was immediately called in, paid his respects to the colonel, and was acknowledged by him. They both immediately set forward, Amelia to the utmost of her power pressing their departure.

Mrs. Atkinson now returned to Amelia, and was by her acquainted with the colonel's late generosity; for her heart so boiled over with gratitude, that she could not conceal the ebullition. Amelia likewise gave her friend

a full narrative of the colonel's former behaviour and friendship to her husband, as well abroad as in England; and ended with declaring, that she believed him to be the most generous man upon earth.

Mrs. Atkinson agreed with Amelia's conclusion, and said she was glad to hear there was any such man. They then proceeded with the children to the tea-table, where panegyric, and not scandal, was the topic of their conversation; and of this panegyric the colonel was the subject; both the ladies seeming to vie with each other in celebrating the praises of his goodness.

CHAPTER V.

Comments upon Authors.

Having left Amelia in as comfortable a situation as could possibly be expected, her immediate distresses relieved, and her heart filled with great hopes from the friendship of the colonel; we will now return to Booth, who, when the attorney and serjeant had left him, received a visit from that great author, of whom honourable mention is made in our second chapter.

Booth, as the reader may be pleased to remember, was a pretty good master of the classics; for his father, though he designed his son for the army, did not think it necessary to breed him up a blockhead. He did not, perhaps, imagine, that a competent share of Latin and Greek would make his son either a pedant or a coward. He considered likewise, probably, that the life of a soldier is in general a life of idleness; and might think that the spare hours of an officer in country quarters would be as well employed with a book, as in sauntering about the

street, loitering in a coffee-house, sotting in a tavern, or in laying schemes to debauch and ruin a set of harmless ignorant country girls.

As Booth was therefore what might well be called, in this age at least, a man of learning, he began to discourse our author on subjects of literature. 'I think, Sir,' says he, 'that Dr. Swift hath been generally allowed, by the 'critics in this kingdom, to be the greatest master of 'humour that ever wrote. Indeed, I allow him to have 'possessed most admirable talents of this kind; and if 'Rabelais was his master, I think he proves the truth of 'the common Greek proverb—That the scholar is often 'superior to the master. As to Cervantes, I do not think 'we can make any just comparison; for though Mr. Pope 'compliments him with sometimes taking Cervantes' 'serious air—'—'I remember the passage,' cries the author;

> 'O thou, whatever title please thine ear,
> 'Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff, or Gulliver;
> 'Whether you take Cervantes' serious air,
> 'Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair—'

'You are right, Sir,' said Booth; 'but though I should 'agree that the doctor hath sometimes condescended to 'imitate Rabelais, I do not remember to have seen in his 'works the least attempt in the manner of Cervantes. 'But there is one in his own way, and whom I am con-'vinced he studied above all others—you guess, I believe, 'I am going to name Lucian. This author, I say, I am 'convinced he followed; but I think he followed him at a 'distance; as, to say the truth, every other writer of this 'kind hath done in my opinion; for none, I think, hath 'yet equalled him. I agree, indeed, entirely with Mr. 'Moile, in his Discourse on the age of the Philopatris, 'when he gives him the epithet of the incomparable

'Lucian; and incomparable, I believe, he will remain as 'long as the language in which he wrote shall endure. 'What an inimitable piece of humour is his Cock.' 'I 'remember it very well,' cries the author, 'his story of a 'Cock and a Bull is excellent.' Booth stared at this, and asked the author what he meant by the Bull? 'Nay,' answered he, 'I don't know very well, upon my soul. 'It is a long time since I read him. I learnt him all 'over at school, I have not read him much since. And 'pray, Sir,' said he, 'how do you like his Pharsalia? 'don't you think Mr. Rowe's translation a very fine 'one?' Booth replied, 'I believe we are talking of dif- 'ferent authors. The Pharsalia, which Mr. Rowe trans- 'lated, was written by Lucan; but I have been speaking 'of Lucian, a Greek writer, and, in my opinion, the 'greatest in the humorous way that ever the world 'produced.' 'Ay,' cries the author, 'he was indeed so, 'a very excellent writer indeed. I fancy a translation of 'him would sell very well.' 'I do not know, indeed,' cries Booth. 'A good translation of him would be a 'valuable book. I have seen a wretched one published 'by Mr. Dryden, but translated by others, who in many 'places have misunderstood Lucian's meaning, and have 'no where preserved the spirit of the original.' 'That is 'great pity,' says the author. 'Pray, Sir, is he well 'translated into French?' Booth answered, he could not tell; but that he doubted it very much, having never seen a good version into that language out of the Greek. 'To confess the truth, I believe,' said he, 'the French 'translators have generally consulted the Latin only; 'which, in some of the few Greek writers I have read 'is intolerably bad. And as the English translators, for 'the most part, pursue the French, we may easily guess, 'what spirit those copies of bad copies must preserve of 'the original.'

'Egad you are a shrewd guesser,' cries the author. 'I 'am glad the booksellers have not your sagacity. But 'how should it be otherwise, considering the price they 'pay by the sheet? The Greek, you will allow, is a 'hard language; and there are few gentlemen that write 'who can read it without a good lexicon. Now, Sir, if 'we were to afford time to find out the true meaning of 'words, a gentleman would not get bread and cheese by 'his work. If one was to be paid, indeed, as Mr. Pope 'was for his Homer—Pray, Sir, don't you think that the 'best translation in the world?'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Booth, 'I think, though it is cer- 'tainly a noble paraphrase, and of itself a fine poem, yet 'in some places it is no translation at all. In the very 'beginning, for instance, he hath not rendered the true 'force of the author. Homer invokes his Muse in the 'five first lines of the Iliad; and, at the end of the fifth, 'he gives his reason:

'Διὸς δ' ἐτελείετο βουλή.

'For all these things,' says he, 'were brought about by 'the decree of Jupiter; and, therefore, he supposes their 'true sources are known only to the deities. Now, the 'translation takes no more notice of the ΔΕ, than if no 'such word had been there.'

'Very possibly,' answered the author; 'it is a long 'time since I read the original. Perhaps, then, he fol- 'lowed the French translations. I observe, indeed, he 'talks much in the notes of Madam Dacier and Monsieur 'Eustathius.'

Booth had now received conviction enough of his friend's knowledge of the Greek language; without attempting, therefore, to set him right, he made a sudden transition to the Latin. 'Pray, Sir,' said he, 'as you have mentioned Rowe's translation of the Phar-

'salia, do you remember how he hath rendered that pas-
'sage in the character of Cato?

——Venerisque huic maximus usus
Progenies; urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus.

'For I apprehend that passage is generally misunder-
'stood.'

'I really do not remember,' answered the author.—'Pray, Sir, what do you take to be the meaning?'

'I apprehend, Sir,' replied Booth, 'that by these 'words, *Urbi Pater est, urbique Maritus*, Cato is repre-
'sented as the father and husband to the city of Rome.'

'Very true, Sir,' cries the author; 'very fine, indeed. 'Not only the father of his country, but the husband too; 'very noble, truly!'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries Booth, 'I do not conceive that 'to have been Lucan's meaning. If you please to observe 'the context; Lucan having commended the temperance 'of Cato, in the instances of diet and clothes, proceeds to 'venereal pleasures; of which, says the poet, his prin-
'cipal use was procreation; then he adds, *Urbi pater est*, '*Urbique Maritus;* that he became a father and a hus-
'band, for the sake only of the city.'

'Upon my word that's true,' cries the author; 'I did 'not think of it. It is much finer than the other.—*Urbis* '*pater est*—what is the other;—ay—*Urbis Maritus.*—It 'is certainly as you say, Sir.'

Booth was by this pretty well satisfied of the author's profound learning; however, he was willing to try him a little farther. He asked him, therefore, what was his opinion of Lucan in general, and in what class of writers he ranked him?

The author stared a little at this question; and, after some hesitation, answered, 'Certainly, Sir, I think he is a 'fine writer, and a very great poet.'

'I am very much of the same opinion,' cries Booth; 'but where do you class him, next to what poet do you 'place him?'

'Let me see,' cries the author, 'where do I class him! 'next to whom do I place him!—Ay!—why!—why, 'pray, where do you yourself place him?'

'Why, surely,' cries Booth, 'if he is not to be placed 'in the first rank with Homer, and Virgil, and Milton, 'I think clearly, he is at the head of the second; before 'either Statius or Silius Italicus.—Though I allow to 'each of these their merits; but, perhaps, an epic poem 'was beyond the genius of either. I own, I have often 'thought, if Statius had ventured no farther than Ovid 'or Claudian, he would have succeeded better; for his 'Sylvæ are, in my opinion, much better than his 'Thebaïs.'

'I believe I was of the same opinion formerly,' said the author.

'And for what reason have you altered it?' cries Booth.

'I have not altered it,' answered the author; 'but to 'tell you the truth, I have not any opinion at all about 'these matters at present. I do not trouble my head 'much with poetry; for there is no encouragement to 'such studies in this age. It is true, indeed, I have 'now and then wrote a poem or two for the Magazines, 'but I never intend to write any more; for a gentleman 'is not paid for his time. A sheet is a sheet with the 'booksellers; and, whether it be in prose or verse, they 'make no difference; though certainly there is as much 'difference to a gentleman in the work, as there is to a 'tailor between making a plain and a laced suit. Rhimes 'are difficult things; they are stubborn things, Sir. I 'have been sometimes longer in tagging a couplet, than 'I have been in writing a speech on the side of the oppo-

'sition, which hath been read with great applause all 'over the kingdom.'

'I am glad you are pleased to confirm that,' cries Booth; 'for I protest it was an entire secret to me till 'this day. I was so perfectly ignorant, that I thought 'the speeches published in the Magazines were really 'made by the members themselves.'

'Some of them, and I believe I may, without vanity, 'say the best,' cries the author, 'are all the productions 'of my own pen; but, I believe, I shall leave it off soon, 'unless a sheet of speech will fetch more than it does 'at present. In truth, the romance-writing is the only 'branch of our business now that is worth following. 'Goods of that sort have had so much success lately in 'the market, that a bookseller scarce cares what he bids 'for them. And it is certainly the easiest work in the 'world; you may write it almost as fast as you can set 'pen to paper; and if you interlard it with a little 'scandal, a little abuse on some living characters of 'note, you cannot fail of success.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Booth, 'you have greatly 'instructed me, I could not have imagined there had 'been so much regularity in the trade of writing as 'you are pleased to mention; by what I can perceive, 'the pen and ink is likely to become the staple com-'modity of the kingdom.'

'Alas! Sir,' answered the author, 'it is overstocked. 'The market is overstocked. There is no encourage-'ment to merit, no patrons. I have been these five 'years soliciting a subscription for my new translation 'of Ovid's Metamorphoses, with notes explanatory, 'historical, and critical; and I have scarce collected 'five hundred names yet.'

The mention of this translation a little surprised Booth; not only as the author had just declared his

intentions to forsake the tuneful Muses; but for some other reasons, which he had collected from his conversation with our author, he little expected to hear of a proposal to translate any of the Latin poets. He proceeded, therefore, to catechise him a little farther; and by his answers was fully satisfied, that he had the very same acquaintance with Ovid, that he had appeared to have with Lucan.

The author then pulled out a bundle of papers, containing proposals for his subscription, and receipts; and addressing himself to Booth, said, 'Though the place in 'which we meet, Sir, is an improper place to solicit 'favours of this kind; yet, perhaps, it may be in your 'power to serve me, if you will charge your pockets 'with some of these.' Booth was just offering at an excuse, when the bailiff introduced colonel James and the serjeant.

The unexpected visit of a beloved friend to a man in affliction, especially in Mr. Booth's situation, is a comfort which can scarce be equalled; not barely from the hopes of relief or redress, by his assistance; but as it is an evidence of sincere friendship, which scarce admits of any doubt or suspicion. Such an instance doth indeed make a man amends for all ordinary troubles and distresses; and we ought to think ourselves gainers, by having had such an opportunity of discovering, that we are possessed of one of the most valuable of all human possessions.

Booth was so transported at the sight of the colonel that he dropped the proposals which the author had put into his hands, and burst forth into the highest professions of gratitude to his friend; who behaved very properly on his side, and said every thing which became the mouth of a friend on the occasion.

It is true, indeed, he seemed not moved equally, either

with Booth or the serjeant; both whose eyes watered at the scene. In truth, the colonel, though a very generous man, had not the least grain of tenderness in his disposition. His mind was formed of those firm materials, of which nature formerly hammered out the Stoic, and upon which the sorrows of no man living could make an impression. A man of this temper, who doth not much value danger, will fight for the person he calls his friend; and the man that hath but little value for his money will give it him; but such friendship is never to be absolutely depended on; for whenever the favourite passion interposes with it, it is sure to subside and vanish into air. Whereas the man whose tender disposition really feels the miseries of another, will endeavour to relieve them for his own sake; and in such a mind, friendship will often get the superiority over every other passion.

But from whatever motive it sprung, the colonel's behaviour to Booth seemed truly amiable; and so it appeared to the author, who took the first occasion to applaud it in a very florid oration; which the reader, when he recollects that he was a speech-maker by profession, will not be surprised at; nor, perhaps, will be much more surprised, that he soon after took an occasion of clapping a proposal into the colonel's hands; holding at the same time a receipt very visible in his own.

The colonel received both, and gave the author a guinea in exchange, which was double the sum mentioned in the receipt; for which the author made a low bow, and very politely took his leave, saying, 'I 'suppose, gentlemen, you may have some private busi- 'ness together; I heartily wish a speedy end to your 'confinement; and I congratulate you on the possessing 'so great, so noble, and so generous a friend.'

CHAPTER VI.

Which inclines rather to Satire than Panegyric.

The colonel had the curiosity to ask Booth the name of the gentleman, who, in the vulgar language, had struck, or taken him in for a guinea, with so much ease and dexterity. Booth answered, he did not know his name; all that he knew of him was, that he was the most impudent and illiterate fellow he had ever seen; and that, by his own account, he was the author of most of the wonderful productions of the age. 'Perhaps,' said he, 'it may look uncharitable in me to blame you for your 'generosity; but I am convinced the fellow hath not 'the least merit or capacity; and you have subscribed to 'the most horrid trash that ever was published.'

'I care not a farthing what he publishes,' cries the colonel. 'Heaven forbid, I should be obliged to read 'half the nonsense I have subscribed to.'

'But don't you think,' said Booth, 'that by such in-'discriminate encouragement of authors, you do a real 'mischief to the society? by propagating the subscrip-'tions of such fellows, people are tired out, and withhold 'their contributions to men of real merit; and, at the 'same time, you are contributing to fill the world, not 'only with nonsense, but with all the scurrility, inde-'cency, and profaneness with which the age abounds; 'and with which all bad writers supply the defect of 'genius.'

'Pugh!' cries the colonel, 'I never consider these 'matters. Good or bad, it is all one to me; but there's 'an acquaintance of mine, and a man of great wit too, 'that thinks the worst the best, as they are the surest 'to make him laugh.'

'I ask pardon, Sir,' says the serjeant; 'but I wish your 'honour would consider your own affairs a little; for 'it grows late in the evening.'

'The serjeant says true,' answered the colonel. 'What 'is it you intend to do?'

'Faith, colonel, I know not what I shall do. My 'affairs seem so irreparable, that I have been driving 'them as much as possibly I could from my mind. If 'I was to suffer alone, I think I could bear them with 'some philosophy; but when I consider who are to be 'the sharers in my fortune—the dearest of children, and 'the best, the worthiest, and the noblest of women— 'Pardon me, my dear friend; these sensations are above 'me, they convert me into a woman; they drive me to 'despair, to madness.'

The colonel advised him to command himself; and told him, this was not the way to retrieve his fortune. 'As to me, my dear Booth,' said he, 'you know you 'may command me as far as is really within my power.'

Booth answered eagerly, that he was so far from expecting any more favours from the colonel, that he had resolved not to let him know anything of his misfortune. 'No, my dear friend,' cries he, 'I am too much obliged 'to you already;' and then burst into many fervent expressions of gratitude; till the colonel himself stopped him, and begged him to give an account of the debt or debts for which he was detained in that horrid place.

Booth answered, he could not be very exact; but he feared it was upwards of four hundred pounds.

'It is but three hundred pounds, indeed, Sir,' cries the serjeant; 'if you can raise three hundred pounds, 'you are a free man this moment.'

Booth, who did not apprehend the generous meaning of the serjeant, as well as, I believe, the reader will, answered, he was mistaken; that he had computed his

debt, and they amounted to upward of four hundred pounds; nay, that the bailiff had shewn him writs for above that sum.

'Whether your debts are three or four hundred,' cries the colonel, 'the present business is to give bail only; 'and then you will have some time to try your friends. 'I think you might get a company abroad; and then I 'would advance the money on the security of half your 'pay; and, in the mean time, I will be one of your bail 'with all my heart.'

Whilst Booth poured forth his gratitude for all this kindness, the serjeant ran down stairs for the bailiff; and shortly after returned with him into the room.

The bailiff, being informed that the colonel offered to be bail for his prisoner, answered a little surly, 'Well, 'Sir, and who will be the other? you know, I suppose, 'there must be two; and I must have time to inquire 'after them.'

The colonel replied, 'I believe, Sir, I am well known 'to be responsible for a much larger sum than you 'demand on this gentleman; but if your forms require 'two, I suppose, the serjeant here will do for the 'other.'

'I don't know the serjeant or you either, Sir,' cries Bondum; 'and if you propose yourselves bail for the 'gentleman, I must have time to inquire after you.'

'You need very little time to inquire after me,' says the colonel; 'for I can send for several of the law, 'whom I suppose you know, to satisfy you; but consider 'it is very late.'

'Yes, Sir,' answered Bondum, 'I do consider it is too 'late for the captain to be bailed to night.'

'What do you mean by too late?' cries the colonel.

'I mean, Sir, that I must search the office, and that is 'now shut up; for if my lord mayor and the court of

'aldermen would be bound for him, I would not discharge 'him till I had searched the office.'

'How, Sir,' cries the colonel, 'hath the law of Eng-'land no more regard for the liberty of the subject than 'to suffer such fellows as you to detain a man in custody 'for debt, when he can give undeniable security?'

'Don't fellow me,' said the bailiff, 'I am as good a 'fellow as yourself, I believe, though you have that 'riband in your hat there.'

'Do you know whom you are speaking to?' said the serjeant. 'Do you know you are talking to a colonel 'of the army?'

'What's a colonel of the army to me!' cries the bailiff. 'I have had as good as he in my custody before now.'

'And a member of parliament?' cries the serjeant.

'Is the gentleman a member of parliament?—Well, 'and what harm have I said—I am sure I meant no 'harm, and if his honour is offended, I ask his pardon; 'to be sure his honour must know that the sheriff is 'answerable for all the writs in the office, though they 'were never so many, and I am answerable to the sheriff. 'I am sure the captain can't say that I have shewn him 'any manner of incivility since he hath been here.—And 'I hope, honourable Sir,' cries he, turning to the colonel, 'you don't take any thing amiss that I said, or meant by 'way of disrespect, or any such matter. I did not, 'indeed, as the gentleman here says, know who I was 'speaking to; but I did not say any thing uncivil as I 'know of, and I hope no offence.'

The colonel was more easily pacified than might have been expected, and told the bailiff that, if it was against the rules of law to discharge Mr. Booth that evening, he must be contented. He then addressed himself to his friend, and began to prescribe comfort and patience to him; saying, he must rest satisfied with his confinement

that night; and the next morning he promised to visit him again.

Booth answered, that as for himself, the lying one night in any place was very little worth his regard. 'You and 'I, my dear friend, have both spent our evening in a 'worse situation than I shall in this house. All my con-'cern is for my poor Amelia, whose sufferings on account 'of my absence I know, and I feel with unspeakable 'tenderness. Could I be assured she was tolerably easy, 'I could be contented in chains or in a dungeon.'

'Give yourself no concern on her account,' said the colonel, 'I will wait on her myself, though I break an 'engagement for that purpose, and will give her such 'assurances as I am convinced will make her perfectly 'easy.'

Booth embraced his friend, and, weeping over him, paid his acknowledgment with tears for all his goodness. In words, indeed, he was not able to thank him; for gratitude joining with his other passions, almost choaked him, and stopped his utterance.

After a short scene, in which nothing passed worth recounting, the colonel bid his friend good-night; and leaving the serjeant with him, made the best of his way back to Amelia.

CHAPTER VII.

Worthy a very serious perusal.

The colonel found Amelia sitting very disconsolate with Mrs. Atkinson. He entered the room with an air of great gaiety, assured Amelia that her husband was per-

fectly well, and that he hoped the next day he would again be with her.

Amelia was a little comforted at this account; and vented many grateful expressions to the colonel for his unparalleled friendship, as she was pleased to call it. She could not, however, help giving way soon after to a sigh at the thoughts of her husband's bondage; and declared that night would be the longest she had ever known.

'This lady, Madam,' cries the colonel, 'must endea-'vour to make it shorter. And if you will give me leave, 'I will join in the same endeavour.' Then after some more consolatory speeches, the colonel attempted to give a gay turn to the discourse, and said, 'I was engaged to 'have spent this evening disagreeably at Ranelagh, with 'a set of company I did not like. How vastly am I 'obliged to you, dear Mrs. Booth, that I pass it so infi-'nitely more to my satisfaction!'

'Indeed, colonel,' said Amelia, 'I am convinced that 'to a mind so rightly turned as yours, there must be a 'much sweeter relish in the highest offices of friendship, 'than in any pleasures which the gayest public places 'can afford.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' said the colonel, 'you now 'do me more than justice. I have, and always had, the 'utmost indifference for such pleasures. Indeed, I hardly 'allow them worthy of that name, or if they are so at 'all, it is in a very low degree. In my opinion, the 'highest friendship must always lead us to the highest 'pleasure.'

Here Amelia entered into a long dissertation on friendship, in which she pointed several times directly at the colonel as the hero of her tale.

The colonel highly applauded all her sentiments; and when he could not avoid taking the compliment to him-

self, he received it with a most respectful bow. He then tried his hand likewise at description, in which he found means to repay all Amelia's panegyric in kind. This, though he did with all possible delicacy, yet a curious observer might have been apt to suspect that it was chiefly on her account that the colonel had avoided the masquerade.

In discourses of this kind they passed the evening, till it was very late, the colonel never offering to stir from his chair before the clock had struck one; when he thought, perhaps, that decency obliged him to take his leave.

As soon as he was gone, Mrs. Atkinson said to Mrs. Booth, 'I think, Madam, you told me this afternoon that 'the colonel was married.'

Amelia answered, she did so.

'I think likewise, Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'you 'was acquainted with the colonel's lady.'

Amelia answered, that she had been extremely intimate with her abroad.

'Is she young and handsome?' said Mrs. Atkinson. 'In short, pray, was it a match of love or convenience?'

Amelia answered, entirely of love, she believed, on his side; for that the lady had little or no fortune.

'I am very glad to hear it,' said Mrs. Atkinson: 'for I 'am sure the colonel is in love with somebody. I think 'I never saw a more luscious picture of love drawn than 'that which he was pleased to give us as the portraiture 'of friendship. I have read, indeed, of Pylades and 'Orestes, Damon and Pythias, and other great friends of 'old; nay, I sometimes flatter myself, that I am capable 'of being a friend myself; but as for that fine, soft, 'tender, delicate passion, which he was pleased to de-'scribe, I am convinced there must go a he and a she to 'the composition.'

'Upon my word, my dear, you are mistaken,' cries Amelia. 'If you had known the friendship which hath 'always subsisted between the colonel and my husband, 'you would not imagine it possible for any description to 'exceed it. Nay, I think his behaviour this very day is 'sufficient to convince you.'

'I own what he hath done to-day hath great merit,' said Mrs. Atkinson; 'and yet from what he hath said to-'night—You will pardon me, dear Madam: perhaps I 'am too quick-sighted in my observations, nay, I am 'afraid I am even impertinent.'

'Fie! upon it,' cries Amelia, 'how can you talk in 'that strain? Do you imagine I expect ceremony?—Pray 'speak what you think with the utmost freedom.'

'Did he not then,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'repeat the 'words, *the finest woman in the world*, more than once? 'did he not make use of an expression which might have 'become the mouth of Oroöndates himself?—If I re-'member, the words were these, "that, had he been '"Alexander the Great, he should have thought it more '"glory to have wiped off a tear from the bright eyes of '"Statira than to have conquered fifty worlds."'

'Did he say so?' cries Amelia—'I think he did say 'something like it; but my thoughts were so full of my 'husband that I took little notice. But what would you 'infer from what he said? I hope you don't think he is 'in love with me!'

'I hope he doth not think so himself,' answered Mrs. Atkinson; 'though when he mentioned the bright eyes 'of Statira, he fixed his own eyes on yours with the most 'languishing air I ever beheld.'

Amelia was going to answer, when the serjeant arrived, and then she immediately fell to inquiring after her husband; and received such satisfactory answers to all her many questions concerning him, that she expressed great

pleasure. These ideas so possessed her mind, that without once casting her thoughts on any other matters, she took her leave of the serjeant and his lady, and repaired to bed to her children, in a room which Mrs. Atkinson had provided her in the same house; where we will at present wish her a good night.

CHAPTER VIII.

Consisting of grave matters.

While innocence and cheerful hope, in spite of the malice of fortune, closed the eyes of the gentle Amelia, on her homely bed, and she enjoyed a sweet and profound sleep, the colonel lay restless all night on his down; his mind was affected with a kind of ague fit; sometimes scorched up with flaming desires, and again chilled with the coldest despair.

There is a time, I think, according to one of our poets, *When lust and envy sleep.* This, I suppose, is when they are well gorged with the food they most delight in; but while either of these are hungry,

> Nor poppy, nor Mandragora,
> Nor all the drowsy syrups of the East
> Will ever medicine them to slumber.

The colonel was at present unhappily tormented by both these fiends. His last evening's conversation with Amelia had done his business effectually. The many kind words she had spoken to him, the many kind looks she had given him, as being, she conceived, the friend and preserver of her husband, had made an entire conquest of his heart. Thus, the very love which she bore him, as the person to whom her little family

were to owe their preservation and happiness, inspired him with thoughts of sinking them all in the lowest abyss of ruin and misery; and while she smiled with all her sweetness on the supposed friend of her husband, she was converting that friend into his most bitter enemy.

> Friendship, take heed; if woman interfere,
> Be sure the hour of thy destruction's near.

These are the lines of Vanbrugh; and the sentiment is better than the poetry. To say the truth, as a handsome wife is the cause and cement of many false friendships, she is often too liable to destroy the real ones.

Thus the object of the colonel's lust very plainly appears; but the object of his envy may be more difficult to discover. Nature and Fortune had seemed to strive with a kind of rivalship which should bestow most on the colonel. The former had given him person, parts, and constitution, in all which he was superior almost to every other man. The latter had given him rank in life, and riches, both in a very eminent degree. Whom then should this happy man envy? Here, lest ambition should mislead the reader to search the palaces of the great, we will direct him at once to Gray's-inn-lane; where in a miserable bed, in a miserable room, he will see a miserable broken lieutenant, in a miserable condition, with several heavy debts on his back, and without a penny in his pocket. This, and no other, was the object of the colonel's envy. And why? because this wretch was possessed of the affections of a poor little lamb; which all the vast flocks that were within the power and reach of the colonel could not prevent that glutton's longing for. And sure this image of the lamb is not improperly adduced on this occasion; for what was the colonel's desire but to lead this poor lamb, as it were, to the slaughter, in order to purchase a feast of a few days by

her final destruction, and to tear her away from the arms of one where she was sure of being fondled and caressed all the days of her life.

While the colonel was agitated with these thoughts, his greatest comfort was that Amelia and Booth were now separated; and his greatest terror was of their coming again together. From wishes, therefore, he began to meditate designs; and, so far was he from any intention of procuring the liberty of his friend, that he began to form schemes of prolonging his confinement, till he could procure some means of sending him away far from her; in which case he doubted not but of succeeding in all he desired.

He was forming this plan in his mind when a servant informed him that one serjeant Atkinson desired to speak with his honour. The serjeant was immediately admitted, and acquainted the colonel that, if he pleased to go and become bail for Mr. Booth, another unexceptional housekeeper would be there to join with him. This person the serjeant had procured that morning, and had, by leave of his wife, given him a bond of indemnification for the purpose.

The colonel did not seem so elated with this news as Atkinson expected. On the contrary, instead of making a direct answer to what Atkinson said, the colonel began thus: 'I think, serjeant, Mr. Booth hath told me that 'you was foster-brother to his lady. She is really a 'charming woman, and it is a thousand pities she should 'ever have been placed in the dreadful situation she is 'now in. There is nothing so silly as for subaltern 'officers of the army to marry, unless where they meet 'with women of very great fortunes indeed. What can 'be the event of their marrying otherwise, but entailing 'misery and beggary on their wives and their posterity?'

'Ah! Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'it is too late to think of

'those matters now. To be sure my lady might have 'married one of the top gentlemen in the country; for she 'is certainly one of the best, as well as one of the hand-'somest women in the kingdom; and, if she had been 'fairly dealt by, would have had a very great fortune 'into the bargain. Indeed, she is worthy of the greatest 'prince in the world; and, if I had been the greatest 'prince in the world, I should have thought myself 'happy with such a wife; but she was pleased to like the 'lieutenant, and certainly there can be no happiness in 'marriage without liking.'

'Lookye, serjeant,' said the colonel, 'you know very 'well that I am the lieutenant's friend. I think I have 'shown myself so.'

'Indeed, your honour hath,' quoth the serjeant, 'more 'than once to my knowledge.'

'But I am angry with him for his imprudence, greatly 'angry with him for his imprudence; and the more so 'as it affects a lady of so much worth.'

'She is, indeed, a lady of the highest worth,' cries the serjeant. 'Poor dear lady, I knew her, an't please 'your honour, from her infancy; and the sweetest-'tempered, best-natured lady she is that ever trod on 'English ground. I have always loved her as if she was 'my own sister. Nay, she hath very often called me 'brother; and I have taken it to be a greater honour 'than if I was to be called a general officer.'

'What a pity it is,' said the colonel, 'that this worthy 'creature should be exposed to so much misery by the 'thoughtless behaviour of a man, who, though I am his 'friend, I cannot help saying, hath been guilty of im-'prudence at least. Why could he not live upon his 'half-pay? What had he to do to run himself into debt 'in this outrageous manner?'

'I wish indeed,' cries the serjeant, 'he had been a

'little more considerative; but, I hope, this will be a 'warning to him.'

'How am I sure of that,' answered the colonel; 'or 'what reason is there to expect it? extravagance is a vice 'of which men are not so easily cured. I have thought 'a great deal of this matter, Mr. Serjeant; and, upon 'the most mature deliberation, I am of opinion that it 'will be better both for him and his poor lady that he 'should smart a little more.'

'Your honour, Sir, to be sure, is in the right,' replied the serjeant; 'but yet, Sir, if you will pardon me for 'speaking, I hope you will be pleased to consider my 'poor lady's case. She suffers, all this while, as much or 'more than the lieutenant; for I know her so well, that I 'am certain she will never have a moment's ease till her 'husband is out of confinement.'

'I know women better than you, serjeant,' cries the colonel; 'they sometimes place their affections on a 'husband as children do on their nurse; but they are 'both to be weaned. I know you, serjeant, to be a 'fellow of sense as well as spirit, or I should not speak so 'freely to you; but I took a fancy to you a long time 'ago, and I intend to serve you; but first I ask you this 'question,—Is your attachment to Mr. Booth or his 'lady?'

'Certainly, Sir,' said the serjeant, 'I must love my lady 'best. Not but I have a great affection for the lieutenant 'too, because I know my lady hath the same; and, in-'deed, he hath been always very good to me as far as 'was in his power. A lieutenant, your honour knows, 'can't do a great deal; but I have always found him my 'friend upon all occasions.'

'You say true,' cries the colonel; 'a lieutenant can do 'but little; but I can do much to serve you and will 'too—But let me ask you one question—Who was the

'lady whom I saw last night with Mrs. Booth at her 'lodgings?'

Here the serjeant blushed, and repeated, 'The lady, 'Sir!'

'Ay, a lady, a woman,' cries the colonel, 'who supped 'with us last night. She looked rather too much like a 'gentlewoman for the mistress of a lodging-house.'

The serjeant's cheeks glowed at this compliment to his wife; and he was just going to own her when the colonel proceeded: 'I think I never saw in my life so ill-looking, 'sly, demure a b——; I would give something, methinks, 'to know who she was.'

'I don't know, indeed,' cries the serjeant, in great confusion; 'I know nothing about her.'

'I wish you would inquire,' said the colonel, 'and let 'me know her name, and likewise what she is; I have a 'strange curiosity to know; and let me see you again 'this evening exactly at seven.'

'And will not your honour then go to the lieutenant 'this morning?' said Atkinson.

'It is not in my power,' answered the colonel; 'I am 'engaged another way. Besides, there is no haste in 'this affair. If men will be imprudent, they must suffer 'the consequences. Come to me at seven, and bring me 'all the particulars you can concerning that ill-looking 'jade I mentioned to you; for I am resolved to know 'who she is. And so good-morrow to you, serjeant; be 'assured I will take an opportunity to do something for 'you.'

Though some readers may, perhaps, think the serjeant not unworthy of the freedom with which the colonel treated him; yet that haughty officer would have been very backward to have condescended to such familiarity with one of his rank, had he not proposed some design from it. In truth, he began to conceive hopes of making

the serjeant instrumental to his design on Amelia; in other words, to convert him into a pimp; an office in which the colonel had been served by Atkinson's betters; and which, as he knew it was in his power very well to reward him, he had no apprehension that the serjeant would decline; an opinion which the serjeant might have pardoned, though he had never given the least grounds for it, since the colonel borrowed it from the knowledge of his own heart. This dictated to him, that he, from a bad motive, was capable of desiring to debauch his friend's wife; and the same heart inspired him to hope that another, from another bad motive, might be guilty of the same breach of friendship in assisting him. Few men, I believe, think better of others than of themselves; nor do they easily allow the existence of any virtue of which they perceive no traces in their own minds; for which reason I have observed that it is extremely difficult to persuade a rogue that you are an honest man; nor would you ever succeed in the attempt by the strongest evidence, was it not for the comfortable conclusion which the rogue draws, that he, who proves himself to be honest, proves himself to be a fool at the same time.

CHAPTER IX.

A curious chapter, from which a curious reader may draw sundry observations.

THE serjeant retired from the colonel in a very dejected state of mind; in which, however, we must leave him awhile, and return to Amelia; who, as soon as she was up, had dispatched Mrs. Atkinson to pay off her former lodgings, and to bring off all clothes and other moveables.

The trusty messenger returned without performing her errand; for Mrs. Ellison had locked up all her rooms, and was gone out very early that morning; and the servant knew not whither she was gone.

The two ladies now sat down to breakfast, together with Amelia's two children; after which, Amelia declared she would take a coach and visit her husband. To this motion Mrs. Atkinson soon agreed, and offered to be her companion. To say truth, I think it was reasonable enough; and the great abhorrence which Booth had of seeing his wife in a bailiff's house, was, perhaps, rather too nice and delicate.

When the ladies were both dressed, and just going to send for their vehicle, a great knocking was heard at the door, and presently Mrs. James was ushered into the room.

The visit was disagreeable enough to Amelia, as it detained her from the sight of her husband, for which she so eagerly longed. However, as she had no doubt but that the visit would be reasonably short, she resolved to receive the lady with all the complaisance in her power.

Mrs. James now behaved herself so very unlike the person that she lately appeared, that it might have surprised any one who doth not know, that, besides that of a fine lady, which is all mere art and mummery, every such woman hath some real character at the bottom, in which, whenever nature gets the better of her, she acts. Thus the finest ladies in the world will sometimes love, and sometimes scratch, according to their different natural dispositions, with great fury and violence, though both of these are equally inconsistent with a fine lady's artificial character.

Mrs. James then was at the bottom a very good-natured woman; and the moment she heard of Amelia's

misfortune, was sincerely grieved at it. She had acquiesced on the very first motion with the colonel's design of inviting her to her house; and this morning at breakfast, when he had acquainted her that Amelia made some difficulty in accepting the offer, very readily undertook to go herself and persuade her friend to accept the invitation.

She now pressed this matter with such earnestness, that Amelia, who was not extremely versed in the art of denying, was hardly able to refuse her importunity; nothing, indeed, but her affection to Mrs. Atkinson could have prevailed on her to refuse; that point, however, she would not give up, and Mrs. James, at last, was contented with a promise, that as soon as their affairs were settled, Amelia, with her husband and family, would make her a visit, and stay some time with her in the country, whither she was soon to retire.

Having obtained this promise, Mrs. James, after many very friendly professions, took her leave, and stepping into her coach, reassumed the fine lady, and drove away to join her company at an auction.

The moment she was gone, Mrs. Atkinson, who had left the room upon the approach of Mrs. James, returned into it, and was informed by Amelia of all that had passed.

'Pray, Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'do this colonel 'and his lady live, as it is called, well together?'

'If you mean to ask,' cries Amelia, 'whether they are 'a very fond couple, I must answer, that I believe they 'are not.'

'I have been told,' says Mrs. Atkinson, 'that there 'have been instances of women who have become bawds 'to their own husbands, and the husbands pimps for 'them.'

'Fie upon it!' cries Amelia. 'I hope there are no

'such people. Indeed, my dear, this is being a little 'too censorious.'

'Call it what you please,' answered Mrs. Atkinson: 'it arises from my love to you, and my fears for your 'danger. You know the proverb of a burnt child; and, 'if such a one hath any good nature, it will dread the 'fire on the account of others as well as on its own. 'And, if I may speak my sentiments freely, I cannot 'think you will be in safety at this colonel's house.'

'I cannot but believe your apprehensions to be sin-'cere,' replied Amelia; 'and I must think myself obliged 'to you for them: but I am convinced you are entirely 'in an error. I look on colonel James as the most 'generous and best of men. He was a friend, and an 'excellent friend too, to my husband, long before I was 'acquainted with him, and he hath done him a thousand 'good offices. What do you say of his behaviour 'yesterday?'

'I wish,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'that this behaviour 'to-day had been equal. What I am now going to 'undertake is the most disagreeable office of friendship, 'but it is a necessary one. I must tell you therefore 'what passed this morning between the colonel and Mr. 'Atkinson; for, though it will hurt you, you ought, on 'many accounts, to know it.' Here she related the whole, which we have recorded in the preceding chapter, and with which the serjeant had acquainted her, while Mrs. James was paying her visit to Amelia. And as the serjeant had painted the matter rather in stronger colours than the colonel, so Mrs. Atkinson again a little improved on the serjeant. Neither of these good people, perhaps, intended to aggravate any circumstance; but such is, I believe, the unavoidable consequence of all reports. Mrs. Atkinson, indeed, may be supposed not to see what related to James in the most favourable light,

as the serjeant, with more honesty than prudence, had suggested to his wife, that the colonel had not the kindest opinion of her, and had called her a sly and demure——; it is true he omitted ill-looking b——; two words which are, perhaps, superior to the patience of any Job in petticoats that ever lived. He made amends, however, by substituting some other phrases in their stead, not extremely agreeable to a female ear.

It appeared to Amelia, from Mrs. Atkinson's relation, that the colonel had grossly abused Booth to the serjeant, and had absolutely refused to become his bail. Poor Amelia became a pale and motionless statue at this account. At length she cried, 'If this be true, I and 'mine are all, indeed, undone. We have no comfort, 'no hope, no friend left.—I cannot disbelieve you.—I 'know you would not deceive me.—Why should you, 'indeed, deceive me?—But what can have caused this 'alteration since last night?—Did I say or do any thing 'to offend him?'

'You said, and did rather, I believe, a great deal too 'much to please him,' answered Mrs. Atkinson. 'Be-'sides he is not in the least offended with you. On the 'contrary, he said many kind things.'

'What can my poor love have done?' said Amelia. 'He hath not seen the colonel since last night. Some 'villain hath set him against my husband; he was once 'before suspicious of such a person. Some cruel mon-'ster hath belied his innocence!'

'Pardon me, dear Madam,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'I 'believe the person, who hath injured the captain with 'this friend of his, is one of the worthiest and best of 'creatures—Nay, do not be surprised; the person I mean 'is even your fair self; sure you would not be so dull 'in any other case; but in this, gratitude, humility, 'modesty, every virtue shuts your eyes.

'*Mortales hebetant visus,*

'as Virgil says. What in the world can be more con-
'sistent than his desire to have you at his own house,
'and to keep your husband confined in another? All
'that he said, and all that he did yesterday, and, what
'is more convincing to me than both, all that he looked
'last night, are very consistent with both these designs.'

'O Heavens!' cries Amelia, 'you chill my blood with
'horror! the idea freezes me to death; I cannot, must
'not, will not think it. Nothing but conviction—Heaven
'forbid, I should ever have more conviction! and did
'he abuse my husband! what! did he abuse a poor,
'unhappy, distressed creature; oppressed, ruined, torn
'from his children, torn away from his wretched wife;
'the honestest, worthiest, noblest, tenderest, fondest,
'best—' Here she burst into an agony of grief, which exceeds the power of description.

In this situation Mrs. Atkinson was doing her utmost to support her, when a most violent knocking was heard at the door, and immediately the serjeant ran hastily into the room; bringing with him a cordial, which presently relieved Amelia. What this cordial was, we shall inform the reader in due time. In the mean while, he must suspend his curiosity; and the gentlemen at White's may lay wagers, whether it was Ward's pill, or Doctor James's powder.

But before we close this chapter, and return back to the bailiff's house, we must do our best to rescue the character of our heroine from the dulness of apprehension, which several of our quick-sighted readers may lay more heavily to her charge than was done by her friend Mrs. Atkinson.

I must inform, therefore, all such readers, that it is not because innocence is more blind than guilt that the former

often overlooks and tumbles into the pit which the latter foresees and avoids. The truth is, that it is almost impossible guilt should miss the discovering of all the snares in its way; as it is constantly prying closely into every corner, in order to lay snares for others. Whereas innocence, having no such purpose, walks fearlessly and carelessly through life; and is consequently liable to tread on the gins which cunning hath laid to entrap it. To speak plainly, and without allegory or figure, it is not want of sense, but want of suspicion, by which innocence is often betrayed. Again, we often admire at the folly of the dupe, when we should transfer our whole surprise to the astonishing guilt of the betrayer. In a word, many an innocent person hath owed his ruin to this circumstance alone, that the degree of villany was such as must have exceeded the faith of every man who was not himself a villain.

CHAPTER X.

In which are many profound secrets of philosophy.

Booth, having had enough of the author's company the preceding day, chose now another companion. Indeed, the author was not very solicitous of a second interview; for, as he could have no hope from Booth's pocket, so he was not likely to receive much increase to his vanity from Booth's conversation; for low as this wretch was in virtue, sense, learning, birth, and fortune, he was by no means low in his vanity. This passion, indeed, was so high in him, and at the same time so blinded him to his own demerits, that he hated every man, who did not either flatter him or give him money. In short, he claimed a

strange kind of right; either to cheat all his acquaintance of their praise, or to pick their pockets of their pence; in which latter case, he himself repaid very liberally with panegyric.

A very little specimen of such a fellow must have satisfied a man of Mr. Booth's temper. He chose, therefore, now to associate himself with that gentleman of whom Bondum had given so shabby a character. In short, Mr. Booth's opinion of the bailiff was such, that he recommended a man most where he least intended it. Nay, the bailiff, in the present instance, though he had drawn a malicious conclusion, honestly avowed that this was drawn only from the poverty of the person; which is never, I believe, any forcible disrecommendation to a good mind; but he must have had a very bad mind, indeed, who, in Mr. Booth's circumstances, could have disliked or despised another man, because that other man was poor.

Some previous conversation having passed between this gentleman and Booth, in which they had both opened their several situations to each other; the former, casting an affectionate look on the latter, expressed great compassion for his circumstances; for which Booth thanking him, said, 'You must have a 'great deal of compassion, and be a very good man, 'in such a terrible situation as you describe yourself, 'to have any pity to spare for other people.'

'My affairs, Sir,' answered the gentleman, 'are very 'bad, it is true; and yet there is one circumstance, which 'makes you appear to me more the object of pity than I 'am to myself; and it is this, that you must from your 'years be a novice in affliction; whereas I have served a 'long apprenticeship to misery, and ought, by this time, 'to be a pretty good master of my trade. To say the 'truth, I believe, habit teaches men to bear the burthens

'of the mind, as it inures them to bear heavy burthens 'on their shoulders. Without use and experience, the 'strongest minds and bodies both will stagger under a 'weight which habit might render easy, and even con-'temptible.'

'There is great justice,' cries Booth, 'in the compari-'son; and, I think, I have myself experienced the truth 'of it; for I am not that Tyro in affliction which you 'seem to apprehend me. And, perhaps it is from the 'very habit you mention that I am able to support my 'present misfortunes a little like a man.'

The gentleman smiled at this, and cried, 'Indeed, cap-'tain, you are a young philosopher.'

'I think,' cries Booth, 'I have some pretensions to 'that philosophy which is taught by misfortunes; and 'you seem to be of opinion, Sir, that is one of the best 'schools of philosophy.'

'I mean no more, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'than that 'in the days of our affliction we are inclined to think 'more seriously than in those seasons of life when we are 'engaged in the hurrying pursuits of business or pleasure, 'when we have neither leisure nor inclination to sift and 'examine things to the bottom. Now there are two 'considerations, which, from my having long fixed my 'thoughts upon them, have greatly supported me under 'all my afflictions. The one is the brevity of life, even 'at its longest duration, which the wisest of men hath 'compared to the short dimensions of a span. One of 'the Roman poets compares it to the duration of a race: 'and another, to the much shorter transition of a wave.

'The second consideration is the uncertainty of it. 'Short as its utmost limits are, it is far from being as-'sured of reaching those limits. The next day, the next 'hour, the next moment may be the end of our course. 'Now of what value is so uncertain, so precarious a

'station? This consideration, indeed, however lightly it 'is passed over in our conception, doth, in a great mea- 'sure, level all fortunes and conditions; and gives no 'man a right to triumph in the happiest state, or any 'reason to repine in the most miserable. Would the 'most worldly men see this in the light in which they 'examine all other matters, they would soon feel and 'acknowledge the force of this way of reasoning; for 'which of them would give any price for an estate from 'which they were liable to be immediately ejected? or, 'would they not laugh at him as a madman who ac- 'counted himself rich from such an uncertain possession? 'This is the fountain, Sir, from which I have drawn my 'philosophy. Hence it is, that I have learnt to look on 'all those things, which are esteemed the blessings of 'life, and those which are dreaded as its evils, with such 'a degree of indifference, that as I should not be elated 'with possessing the former, so neither am I greatly 'dejected and depressed by suffering the latter. Is the 'actor esteemed happier to whose lot it falls to play the 'principal part, than he who plays the lowest? and yet 'the drama may run twenty nights together, and by con- 'sequence, may outlast our lives; but, at the best, life is 'only a little longer drama; and the business of the 'great stage is consequently a little more serious than 'that which is performed at the Theatre-royal. But, 'even here, the catastrophes and calamities which are 'represented are capable of affecting us. The wisest 'men can deceive themselves into feeling the distresses 'of a tragedy, though they know them to be merely 'imaginary; and the children will often lament them 'as realities: what wonder then, if these tragical scenes, 'which I allow to be a little more serious, should a little 'more affect us? where then is the remedy but in the 'philosophy I have mentioned; which, when once by a

'long course of meditation it is reduced to a habit, 'teaches us to set a just value on every thing; and cures 'at once all eager wishes and abject fears, all violent joy 'and grief concerning objects which cannot endure long, 'and may not exist a moment.'

'You have expressed yourself extremely well,' cries Booth; 'and I entirely agree with the justice of your 'sentiments; but, however true all this may be in 'theory, I still doubt its efficacy in practice. And 'the cause of the difference between these two is this; 'that we reason from our heads, but act from our hearts:

——*Video meliora, proboque;*
Deteriora sequor.

'Nothing can differ more widely than wise men and 'fools in their estimation of things; but, as both act 'from their uppermost passion, they both often act alike. 'What comfort then can your philosophy give to an 'avaricious man who is deprived of his riches; or, to 'an ambitious man who is stripped of his power? to 'the fond lover who is torn from his mistress: or, to 'the tender husband who is dragged from his wife? Do 'you really think, that any meditations on the shortness 'of life will soothe them in their afflictions? Is not 'this very shortness itself one of their afflictions? and 'if the evil they suffer be a temporary deprivation of 'what they love, will they not think their fate the 'harder, and lament the more, that they are to lose any 'part of an enjoyment to which there is so short and 'so uncertain a period?'

'I beg leave, Sir,' said the gentleman, 'to distinguish 'here. By philosophy, I do not mean the bare knowledge 'of right and wrong; but an energy, a habit, as Aristotle 'calls it; and this I do firmly believe, with him and 'with the Stoics, is superior to all the attacks of fortune.'

He was proceeding, when the bailiff came in, and in a surly tone bade them both good-morrow; after which, he asked the philosopher, if he was prepared to go to Newgate: for that he must carry him thither that afternoon.

The poor man seemed very much shocked with this news. 'I hope,' cries he, 'you will give a little longer 'time, if not till the return of the writ. But I beg you 'particularly not to carry me thither to-day; for I 'expect my wife and children here in the evening.'

'I have nothing to do with wives and children,' cried the bailiff; 'I never desire to see any wives and children 'here. I like no such company.'

'I intreat you,' said the prisoner, 'give me another 'day. I shall take it as a great obligation; and you 'will disappoint me in the cruelest manner in the world, 'if you refuse me.'

'I can't help people's disappointments,' cries the bailiff; 'I must consider myself and my own family. 'I know not where I shall be paid the money that's 'due already. I can't afford to keep prisoners at my 'own expense.'

'I don't intend it shall be at your expense,' cries the philosopher; 'my wife is gone to raise money this 'morning; and I hope to pay you all I owe you at 'her arrival. But we intend to sup together to-night 'at your house; and, if you should remove me now, it 'would be the most barbarous disappointment to us 'both, and will make me the most miserable man alive.'

'Nay, for my part,' said the bailiff, 'I don't desire 'to do anything barbarous. I know how to treat gentle-'men with civility as well as another. And when people 'pay as they go, and spend their money like gentlemen, 'I am sure nobody can accuse me of any incivility 'since I have been in the office. And if you intend to

'be merry to-night, I am not the man that will prevent 'it. Though I say it, you may have as good a supper 'dressed here as at any tavern in town.'

'Since Mr. Bondum is so kind, captain,' said the philosopher, 'I hope for the favour of your company. I assure 'you, if it ever be my fortune to go abroad into the 'world, I shall be proud of the honour of your ac-'quaintance.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries Booth, 'it is an honour I shall be 'very ready to accept; but as for this evening, I cannot 'help saying, I hope to be engaged in another place.'

'I promise you, Sir,' answered the other, 'I shall rejoice 'at your liberty, though I am a loser by it.'

'Why, as to that matter,' cries Bondum with a sneer, 'I fancy, captain, you may engage yourself to the gen-'tleman without any fear of breaking your word; for I 'am very much mistaken if we part to-day.'

'Pardon me, my good friend,' said Booth, 'but I 'expect my bail every minute.'

'Lookye, Sir,' cries Bondum, 'I don't love to see 'gentlemen in an error. I shall not take the serjeant's 'bail; but as for the colonel, I have been with him 'myself this morning (for to be sure I love to do all I 'can for gentlemen); and he told me, he could not pos-'sibly be here to-day; besides, why should I mince the 'matter; there is more stuff in the office.'

'What do you mean by stuff?' cries Booth.

'I mean that there is another writ,' answered the bailiff, 'at the suit of Mrs. Ellison, the gentlewoman that was 'here yesterday; and the attorney that was with her 'is concerned against you. Some officers would not tell 'you all this; but I loves to shew civility to gentlemen, 'while they behave themselves as such. And I loves 'the gentlemen of the army in particular. I had like 'to have been in the army myself once; but I liked the

'commission I have better. Come, captain, let not your 'noble courage be cast down; what say you to a glass 'of white wine, or a tiff of punch by way of whet?'

'I have told you, Sir, I never drink in the morning,' cries Booth a little peevishly.

'No offence, I hope, Sir,' said the bailiff; 'I hope I 'have not treated you with any incivility. I don't ask 'any gentleman to call for liquor in my house, if he doth 'not choose it; nor I don't desire any body to stay here 'longer than they have a mind to.—Newgate, to be 'sure, is the place for all debtors that can't find bail. 'I knows what civility is, and I scorn to behave myself 'unbecoming a gentleman; but I'd have you consider 'that the twenty-four hours appointed by act of par-'liament are almost out; and so it is time to think of 'removing. As to bail, I would not have you flatter 'yourself; for I knows very well there are other things 'coming against you. Besides, the sum you are already 'charged with is very large; and I must see you in a 'place of safety. My house is no prison, though I lock 'up for a little time in it. Indeed, when gentlemen are 'gentlemen, and likely to find bail, I don't stand for a 'day or two; but I have a good nose at a bit of carrion, 'captain; I have not carried so much carrion to New-'gate, without knowing the smell of it.'

'I understand not your cant,' cries Booth; 'but I did 'not think to have offended you so much by refusing to 'drink in a morning.'

'Offended me, Sir!' cries the bailiff. 'Who told you 'so? Do you think, Sir, if I want a glass of wine, I 'am under any necessity of asking my prisoners for it? 'Damn it, Sir, I'll shew you, I scorn your words. I 'can afford to treat you with a glass of the best wine 'in England, if you comes to that'——He then pulled out a handful of guineas, saying, 'There Sir, they are

'all my own; I owe nobody a shilling. I am no beggar, 'nor no debtor. I am the King's officer, as well as 'you, and I will spend guinea for guinea as long as you 'please.'

'Harkye, rascal,' cries Booth, laying hold of the bailiff's collar. 'How dare you treat me with this 'insolence? doth the law give you any authority to 'insult me in my misfortunes?' At which words he gave the bailiff a good shove, and threw him from him.

'Very well, Sir,' cries the bailiff; 'I will swear both 'an assault and an attempt to a rescue. If officers are 'to be used in this manner, there is an end of all law 'and justice. But though I am not a match for you 'myself, I have those below that are.' He then ran to the door, and called up two ill-looking fellows, his followers, whom, as soon as they entered the room, he ordered to seize on Booth, declaring he would immediately carry him to Newgate; at the same time pouring out a vast quantity of abuse, below the dignity of history to record.

Booth desired the two dirty fellows to stand off, and declared he would make no resistance; at the same time bidding the bailiff carry him wherever he durst.

'I'll shew you what I dare,' cries the bailiff; and again ordered the followers to lay hold of their prisoner, saying, 'He has assaulted me already, and endeavoured 'a rescue. I shan't trust such a fellow to walk at liberty. 'A gentleman, indeed! ay, ay, Newgate is the properest 'place for such gentry; as arrant carrion as ever was 'carried thither.'

The fellows then both laid violent hands on Booth, and the bailiff stepped to the door to order a coach; when, on a sudden, the whole scene was changed in an instant; for now the serjeant came running out of breath into the room; and seeing his friend the captain roughly

handled by two ill-looking fellows, without asking any questions stepped briskly up to his assistance, and instantly gave one of the assailants so violent a salute with his fist, that he directly measured his length on the floor.

Booth, having by this means his right arm at liberty, was unwilling to be idle, or entirely to owe his rescue from both the ruffians to the serjeant; he therefore imitated the example which his friend had set him, and with a lusty blow levelled the other follower with his companion on the ground.

The bailiff roared out, 'A rescue, a rescue!' to which the serjeant answered, there was no rescue intended. 'The captain,' said he, 'wants no rescue. Here are 'some friends coming who will deliver him in a better 'manner.'

The bailiff swore heartily he would carry him to Newgate in spite of all the friends in the world.

'You carry him to Newgate!' cried the serjeant, with the highest indignation. 'Offer but to lay your hands on 'him, and I will knock your teeth down your ugly 'jaws.'——Then turning to Booth, he cried,—'They will 'be all here within a minute, Sir; we had much ado to 'keep my lady from coming herself; but she is at home 'in good health, longing to see your honour; and I hope 'you will be with her within this half-hour.'

And now three gentlemen entered the room; these were an attorney, the person whom the serjeant had procured in the morning to be his bail with colonel James, and lastly, doctor Harrison himself.

The bailiff no sooner saw the attorney, with whom he was well acquainted (for the others he knew not), than he began, as the phrase is, to pull in his horns, and ordered the two followers, who were now got again on their legs, to walk down stairs.

'So, captain,' says the doctor, 'when last we parted, 'I believe we neither of us expected to meet in such 'a place as this.'

'Indeed, doctor,' cries Booth, 'I did not expect to 'have been sent hither by the gentleman who did me 'that favour.'

'How so, Sir?' said the doctor, 'you was sent hither 'by some person, I suppose, to whom you was indebted. 'This is the usual place, I apprehend, for creditors to 'send their debtors to. But you ought to be more sur-'prised that the gentleman who sent you thither is come 'to release you.—Mr. Murphy, you will perform all the 'necessary ceremonials.'

The attorney then asked the bailiff with how many actions Booth was charged; and was informed there were five besides the doctor's, which was much the heaviest of all. Proper bonds were presently provided, and the doctor and the serjeant's friend signed them; the bailiff, at the instance of the attorney, making no objection to the bail.

Booth, we may be assured, made a handsome speech to the doctor for such extraordinary friendship, with which, however, we do not think proper to trouble the reader; and now every thing being ended, and the company ready to depart, the bailiff stepped up to Booth, and told him he hoped he would remember civility-money.

'I believe,' cries Booth, 'you mean incivility-money; 'if there are any fees due for rudeness, I must own you 'have a very just claim.'

'I am sure, Sir,' cries the bailiff, 'I have treated 'your honour with all the respect in the world; no man, 'I am sure, can charge me with using a gentleman 'rudely. I knows what belongs to a gentleman better; 'but you can't deny that two of my men have been

'knocked down; and I doubt not but, as you are a gen-
'tleman, you will give them something to drink.'

Booth was about to answer with some passion, when the attorney interfered, and whispered in his ear, that it was usual to make a compliment to the officer, and that he had better comply with the custom.

'If the fellow had treated me civilly,' answered Booth, 'I should have no objection to comply with a 'bad custom in his favour; but I am resolved, I will 'never reward a man for using me ill; and I will not 'agree to give him a single farthing.'

''Tis very well, Sir,' said the bailiff; 'I am rightly 'served for my good-nature; but if it had been to do 'again, I would have taken care you should not have 'been bailed this day.'

Doctor Harrison, to whom Booth referred the cause, after giving him a succinct account of what had passed, declared the captain to be in the right. He said it was a most horrid imposition, that such fellows were ever suffered to prey on the necessitous; but that the example would be much worse to reward them where they had behaved themselves ill. 'And I think,' says he, 'the 'bailiff is worthy of great rebuke for what he hath just 'now said; in which I hope he hath boasted of more 'power than is in him. We do, indeed, with great justice 'and propriety value ourselves on our freedom, if the 'liberty of the subject depends on the pleasure of such 'fellows as these!'

'It is not so neither altogether,' cries the lawyer; 'but 'custom hath established a present or fee to them at the 'delivery of a prisoner, which they call civility-money, 'and expect as in a manner their due, though in reality 'they have no right.'

'But will any man,' cries doctor Harrison, 'after what 'the captain hath told us, say that the bailiff hath be-

'haved himself as he ought; and if he had, is he to 'be rewarded for not acting in an unchristian and 'inhuman manner? it is pity, that, instead of a 'custom of feeing them out of the pocket of the poor 'and wretched, when they do not behave themselves 'ill, there was not both a law and a practice to punish 'them severely when they do. In the present case, I 'am so far from agreeing to give the bailiff a shilling, 'that, if there be any method of punishing him for 'his rudeness, I shall be heartily glad to see it put 'into execution; for there are none whose conduct 'should be so strictly watched as that of these neces-'sary evils in society, as their office concerns, for the 'most part, those poor creatures who cannot do them-'selves justice, and as they are generally the worst of 'men who undertake it.'

The bailiff then quitted the room, muttering that he should know better what to do another time; and shortly after Booth and his friends left the house; but, as they were going out, the author took doctor Harrison aside, and slipped a receipt into his hand, which the doctor returned, saying he never subscribed when he neither knew the work nor the author; but that, if he would call at his lodgings, he would be very willing to give all the encouragement to merit which was in his power.

The author took down the doctor's name and direction, and made him as many bows as he would have done had he carried off the half guinea for which he had been fishing.

Mr. Booth then took his leave of the philosopher, and departed with the rest of his friends.

AMELIA.

BOOK IX.

CHAPTER I.

In which the history looks backwards.

Before we proceed farther with our history, it may be proper to look back a little, in order to account for the late conduct of doctor Harrison; which, however inconsistent it may have hitherto appeared, when examined to the bottom, will be found, I apprehend, to be truly congruous with all the rules of the most perfect prudence, as well as with the most consummate goodness.

We have already partly seen in what light Booth had been represented to the doctor abroad. Indeed, the accounts which were sent of the captain, as well by the curate as by a gentleman of the neighbourhood, were much grosser and more to his disadvantage than the doctor was pleased to set them forth in his letter to the person accused. What sense he had of Booth's conduct, was, however, manifest by that letter. Nevertheless he resolved to suspend his final judgment till his return; and, though he censured him, would not absolutely condemn him without ocular demonstration.

The doctor, on his return to his parish, found all the accusations which had been transmitted to him confirmed by many witnesses, of which the curate's wife, who had been formerly a friend to Amelia, and still preserved the

outward appearance of friendship, was the strongest. She introduced all with, 'I am sorry to say it, and it 'is friendship bids me speak; and it is for their good 'it should be told you;' after which beginnings she never concluded a single speech without some horrid slander and bitter invective.

Besides the malicious turn which was given to these affairs in the country, which were owing a good deal to misfortune, and some little perhaps to imprudence, the whole neighbourhood rung with several gross and scandalous lies, which were merely the inventions of his enemies, and of which the scene was laid in London since his absence.

Poisoned with all this malice, the doctor came to town; and, learning where Booth lodged, went to make him a visit. Indeed, it was the doctor, and no other, who had been at his lodgings that evening when Booth and Amelia were walking in the Park; and concerning which the reader may be pleased to remember so many strange and odd conjectures.

Here the doctor saw the little gold watch, and all those fine trinkets with which the noble lord had presented the children; and which, from the answers given him by the poor ignorant, innocent girl, he could have no doubt had been purchased within a few days by Amelia.

This account tallied so well with the ideas he had imbibed of Booth's extravagance in the country, that he firmly believed both the husband and wife to be the vainest, silliest, and most unjust people alive. It was, indeed, almost incredible, that two rational beings should be guilty of such absurdity; but, monstrous and absurd as it was, ocular demonstration appeared to be the evidence against them.

The doctor departed from their lodgings enraged at

this supposed discovery, and, unhappily for Booth, was engaged to supper that very evening with the country gentleman of whom Booth had rented a farm. As the poor captain happened to be the subject of conversation, and occasioned their comparing notes, the account which the doctor gave of what he had seen that evening so incensed the gentleman, to whom Booth was likewise a debtor, that he vowed he would take a writ out against him the next morning, and have his body alive or dead. And the doctor was at last persuaded to do the same. Mr. Murphy was thereupon immediately sent for; and the doctor in his presence repeated again what he had seen at his lodgings as the foundation of his suing him, which the attorney, as we have before seen, had blabbed to Atkinson.

But no sooner did the doctor hear that Booth was arrested than the wretched condition of his wife and family began to affect his mind. The children, who were to be utterly undone with their father, were entirely innocent; and as for Amelia herself, though he thought he had most convincing proofs of very blameable levity, yet his former friendship and affection to her were busy to invent every excuse, till, by very heartily loading the husband, they lightened the suspicion against the wife.

In this temper of mind, he resolved to pay Amelia a second visit; and was on his way to Mrs. Ellison, when the serjeant met him, and made himself known to him. The doctor took his old servant into a coffee-house, where he received from him such an account of Booth and his family, that he desired the serjeant to shew him presently to Amelia; and this was the cordial which we mentioned at the end of the ninth chapter of the preceding book.

The doctor became soon satisfied concerning the trinkets which had given him so much uneasiness, and which had brought so much mischief on the head of poor

Booth. Amelia likewise gave the doctor some satisfaction as to what he had heard of her husband's behaviour in the country; and assured him, upon her honour, that Booth could so well answer every complaint against his conduct, that she had no doubt but that a man of the doctor's justice and candour would entirely acquit him, and would consider him as an innocent unfortunate man, who was the object of a good man's compassion, not of his anger or resentment.

This worthy clergyman, who was not desirous of finding proofs to condemn the captain, or to justify his own vindictive proceedings, but, on the contrary, rejoiced heartily in every piece of evidence which tended to clear up the character of his friend, gave a ready ear to all which Amelia said. To this, indeed, he was induced by the love he always had for that lady, by the good opinion he entertained of her, as well as by pity for her present condition, than which nothing appeared more miserable; for he found her in the highest agonies of grief and despair, with her two little children crying over their wretched mother. These are, indeed, to a well-disposed mind, the most tragical sights that human nature can furnish, and afford a juster motive to grief and tears in the beholder, than it would be to see all the heroes who have ever infested the earth, hanged all together in a string.

The doctor felt this sight as he ought. He immediately endeavoured to comfort the afflicted; in which he so well succeeded, that he restored to Amelia sufficient spirits to give him the satisfaction we have mentioned; after which, he declared he would go and release her husband; which he accordingly did, in the manner we have above related.

CHAPTER II.

In which the history goes forward.

We now return to that period of our history, to which we had brought it at the end of our last book.

Booth and his friends arrived, from the bailiff's, at the serjeant's lodgings; where Booth immediately ran up stairs to his Amelia; between whom I shall not attempt to describe the meeting. Nothing certainly was ever more tender or more joyful. This, however, I will observe, that a very few of these exquisite moments, of which the best minds only are capable, do in reality overbalance the longest enjoyments which can ever fall to the lot of the worst.

Whilst Booth and his wife were feasting their souls with the most delicious mutual endearments, the doctor was fallen to play with the two little children below stairs. While he was thus engaged, the little boy did somewhat amiss; upon which the doctor said, 'If you 'do so any more, I will take your papa away from you 'again.'—'Again! Sir,' said the child, 'why, was it you 'then that took away my papa before?' 'Suppose it 'was,' said the doctor, 'would not you forgive me?' 'Yes,' cries the child, 'I would forgive you; because a 'Christian must forgive every body; but I should hate 'you as long as I live.'

The doctor was so pleased with the boy's answer, that he caught him in his arms and kissed him; at which time, Booth and his wife returned. The doctor asked, which of them was their son's instructor in his religion; Booth answered, that he must confess Amelia had all the merit of that kind. 'I should have rather thought he had 'learnt of his father,' cries the doctor; 'for he seems a

'good soldier-like Christian, and professes to hate his 'enemies with a very good grace.'

'How, Billy!' cries Amelia. 'I am sure I did not 'teach you so.'

'I did not say I would hate my enemies, Madam,' cries the boy. 'I only said I would hate papa's enemies; 'sure, Mamma, there is no harm in that; nay, I am sure 'there is no harm in it; for I have heard you say the 'same thing a thousand times.'

The doctor smiled on the child, and chucking him under the chin, told him, he must hate nobody; and now Mrs. Atkinson, who had provided a dinner for them all, desired them to walk up, and partake of it.

And now it was that Booth was first made acquainted with the serjeant's marriage, as was Dr. Harrison; both of whom greatly felicitated him upon it.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was, perhaps, a little more confounded than she would have been had she married a colonel, said, 'If I have done wrong, Mrs. Booth is to 'answer for it; for she made the match; indeed, Mr. 'Atkinson, you are greatly obliged to the character 'which this lady gives of you.' 'I hope he will deserve 'it,' said the doctor; 'and if the army hath not cor-'rupted a good boy, I believe I may answer for him.'

While our little company were enjoying that happiness which never fails to attend conversation where all present are pleased with each other, a visitant arrived, who was, perhaps, not very welcome to any of them. This was no other than colonel James, who, entering the room with much gaiety, went directly up to Booth, embraced him, and expressed great satisfaction at finding him there; he then made an apology for not attending him in the morning, which he said had been impossible; and that he had, with the utmost difficulty, put off some business of great consequence in order to serve him this afternoon; 'but I

'am glad on your account,' cried he to Booth, 'that my 'presence was not necessary.'

Booth himself was extremely satisfied with this declaration, and failed not to return him as many thanks as he would have deserved had he performed his promise; but the two ladies were not quite so well satisfied. As for the serjeant, he had slipped out of the room when the colonel entered, not entirely out of that bashfulness which we have remarked him to be tainted with; but indeed, from what had passed in the morning, he hated the sight of the colonel, as well on the account of his wife as on that of his friend.

The doctor, on the contrary, on what he had formerly heard from both Amelia and her husband of the colonel's generosity and friendship, had built so good an opinion of him, that he was very much pleased with seeing him, and took the first opportunity of telling him so. 'Colonel,' said the doctor, 'I have not the happiness of being known 'to you; but I have long been desirous of an acquaint- 'ance with a gentleman in whose commendation I have 'heard so much from some present.' The colonel made a proper answer to this compliment, and they soon entered into a familiar conversation together; for the doctor was not difficult of access; indeed, he held the strange reserve, which is usually practised in this nation between people who are in any degree strangers to each other, to be very unbecoming the Christian character.

The two ladies soon left the room; and the remainder of the visit, which was not very long, passed in discourse on various common subjects, not worth recording. In the conclusion, the colonel invited Booth and his lady, and the doctor, to dine with him the next day.

To give colonel James his due commendation, he had shewn a great command of himself, and great presence of mind on this occasion; for, to speak the plain truth, the

visit was intended to Amelia alone; nor did he expect, or, perhaps, desire, any thing less than to find the captain at home. The great joy which he suddenly conveyed into his countenance at the unexpected sight of his friend, is to be attributed to that noble art which is taught in those excellent schools called the several courts of Europe. By this, men are enabled to dress out their countenances as much at their own pleasure as they do their bodies; and to put on friendship with as much ease as they can a laced coat.

When the colonel and doctor were gone, Booth acquainted Amelia with the invitation he had received. She was so struck with the news, and betrayed such visible marks of confusion and uneasiness, that they could not have escaped Booth's observation, had suspicion given him the least hint to remark; but this, indeed, is the great optic glass helping us to discern plainly almost all that passes in the minds of others, without some use of which nothing is more purblind than human nature.

Amelia, having recovered from her first perturbation, answered, 'My dear, I will dine with you wherever you 'please to lay your commands on me.'—'I am obliged 'to you, my dear soul,' cries Booth; 'your obedience 'shall be very easy; for my command will be, that you 'shall always follow your own inclinations.' 'My incli-'nations,' answered she, 'would, I am afraid, be too 'unreasonable a confinement to you; for they would 'always lead me to be with you and your children, 'with at most a single friend or two, now and then.' 'O my dear!' replied he, 'large companies give us a 'greater relish for our own society when we return to 'it; and we shall be extremely merry, for doctor Har-'rison dines with us.' 'I hope you will, my dear,' cries she; 'but I own I should have been better pleased to

'have enjoyed a few days with yourself and the children, 'with no other person but Mrs. Atkinson, for whom I 'have conceived a violent affection, and who would have 'given us but little interruption. However, if you have 'promised, I must undergo the penance.' 'Nay, child,' cried he, 'I am sure I would have refused, could I have 'guessed it had been in the least disagreeable to you; 'though I know your objection.'—'Objection!' cries Amelia, eagerly, 'I have no objection.' 'Nay, nay,' said he, 'come, be honest, I know your objection, 'though you are unwilling to own it.' 'Good Heavens!' cried Amelia, frightened, 'what do you mean? what 'objection?' 'Why,' answered he, 'to the company of 'Mrs. James; and I must confess she hath not behaved 'to you lately as you might have expected; but you 'ought to pass all that by for the sake of her husband, 'to whom we have both so many obligations; who is 'the worthiest, honest, and most generous fellow in the 'universe, and the best friend to me that ever man had.'

Amelia who had far other suspicions, and began to fear that her husband had discovered them, was highly pleased, when she saw him taking a wrong scent. She gave, therefore, a little into the deceit, and acknowledged the truth of what he had mentioned; but said that the pleasure she should have in complying with his desires, would highly recompense any dissatisfaction which might arise on any other account; and shortly after ended the conversation on this subject with her cheerfully promising to fulfil his promise.

In reality, poor Amelia had now a most unpleasant task to undertake; for she thought it absolutely necessary to conceal from her husband the opinion she had conceived of the colonel. For, as she knew the characters, as well of her husband as of his friend, or rather enemy (both being often synonymous in the language of

the world), she had the utmost reason to apprehend something very fatal might attend her husband's entertaining the same thought of James which filled and tormented her own breast.

And as she knew that nothing but these thoughts could justify the least unkind, or, indeed, the least reserved behaviour to James, who had, in all appearance, conferred the greatest obligations upon Booth and herself, she was reduced to a dilemma, the most dreadful that can attend a virtuous woman, as it often gives the highest triumph, and sometimes no little advantage, to the men of professed gallantry.

In short, to avoid giving any umbrage to her husband, Amelia was forced to act in a manner which she was conscious must give encouragement to the colonel; a situation which, perhaps, requires as great prudence and delicacy, as any in which the heroic part of the female character can be exerted.

CHAPTER III.

A conversation between doctor Harrison and others.

The next day, Booth and his lady, with the doctor, met at colonel James's, where colonel Bath likewise made one of the company.

Nothing very remarkable passed at dinner, or till the ladies withdrew. During this time, however, the behaviour of colonel James was such as gave some uneasiness to Amelia, who well understood his meaning, though the particulars were too refined and subtle to be observed by any other present.

When the ladies were gone, which was as soon as

Amelia could prevail on Mrs. James to depart, colonel Bath, who had been pretty brisk with champagne at dinner, soon began to display his magnanimity. 'My 'brother tells me, young gentleman,' said he to Booth, 'that you have been used very ill lately by some rascals; 'and I have no doubt but you will do yourself justice.'

Booth answered, that he did not know what he meant. 'Since I must mention it then,' cries the colonel, 'I 'hear you have been arrested; and I think you know 'what satisfaction is to be required by a man of honour.'

'I beg, Sir,' says the doctor, 'no more may be men-'tioned of that matter. I am convinced, no satisfaction 'will be required of the captain, till he is able to 'give it.'

'I do not understand what you mean by able,' cries the colonel.—To which the doctor answered, that it was of too tender a nature to speak more of.

'Give me your hand, doctor,' cries the colonel; 'I see 'you are a man of honour, though you wear a gown. 'It is, as you say, a matter of a tender nature. Nothing, 'indeed, is so tender as a man's honour. Curse my liver, 'if any man—I mean, that is, if any gentleman, was to 'arrest me—I would as surely cut his throat as—'

'How, Sir!' said the doctor, 'would you compensate 'one breach of the law by a much greater, and pay your 'debts by committing murder?'

'Why do you mention law between gentlemen?' says the colonel.—'A man of honour wears his law by his 'side; and can the resentment of an affront make a gen-'tleman guilty of murder? and what greater affront can 'one man cast upon another, than by arresting him? I 'am convinced, that he who would put up an arrest, 'would put up a slap in the face.'

Here the colonel looked extremely fierce, and the divine stared with astonishment at this doctrine; when

Booth, who well knew the impossibility of opposing the colonel's humour with success, began to play with it; and having first conveyed a private wink to the doctor, he said, there might be cases undoubtedly where such an affront ought to be resented; but that there were others, where any resentment was impracticable: 'As for in-'stance,' said he, 'where the man is arrested by a 'woman.'

'I could not be supposed to mean that case,' cries the colonel; 'and you are convinced I did not mean it.'

'To put an end to this discourse at once, Sir,' said the doctor, 'I was the plaintiff, at whose suit this gen-'tleman was arrested.'

'Was you so, Sir!' cries the colonel; 'then I have 'no more to say. Women and the clergy are upon the 'same footing. The long-robed gentry are exempted 'from the laws of honour.'

'I do not thank you for that exemption, Sir,' cries the doctor; 'and if honour and fighting are, as they seem to 'be, synonymous words with you, I believe there are 'some clergymen, who, in defence of their religion, or 'their country, or their friend, the only justifiable causes 'of fighting, except bare self-defence, would fight as 'bravely as yourself, colonel; and that without being 'paid for it.'

'Sir, you are privileged,' says the colonel, with great dignity; 'and you have my leave to say what you please. 'I respect your order, and you cannot offend me.'

'I will not offend you, colonel,' cries the doctor; 'and 'our order is very much obliged to you, since you profess 'so much respect to us, and pay none to our Master.'

'What master, Sir!' said the colonel.

'That Master,' answered the doctor, 'who hath ex-'pressly forbidden all that cutting of throats, to which 'you discover so much inclination.'

'O! your servant, Sir,' said the colonel; 'I see what 'you are driving at; but you shall not persuade me to 'think that religion forces me to be a coward.'

'I detest and despise the name as much as you can,' cries the doctor; 'but you have a wrong idea of the 'word, colonel. What were all the Greeks and 'Romans? were these cowards? and yet, did you ever 'hear of this butchery, which we call duelling, among 'them?'

'Yes, indeed, have I,' cries the colonel. 'What else 'is all Mr. Pope's Homer full of, but duels? Did not, 'what's his name, one of the Agamemnons fight with 'that paltry rascal Paris? and Diomede with, what d'ye 'call him there; and Hector with, I forget his name, he 'that was Achilles's bosom-friend; and afterwards with 'Achilles himself? Nay, and in Dryden's Virgil, is 'there any thing almost besides fighting?'

'You are a man of learning, colonel,' cries the doctor; 'but—'

'I thank you for that compliment,' said the colonel.— 'No, Sir, I do not pretend to learning; but I have some 'little reading, and I am not ashamed to own it.'

'But are you sure, colonel,' cries the doctor, 'that you 'have not made a small mistake? for I am apt to be- 'lieve, both Mr. Pope and Mr. Dryden (though I cannot 'say I ever read a word of either of them), speak of 'wars between nations, and not of private duels; for 'of the latter, I do not remember one single instance in 'all the Greek and Roman story. In short, it is a 'modern custom, introduced by barbarous nations since 'the times of Christianity; though it is a direct and 'audacious defiance of the Christian law, and is conse- 'quently much more sinful in us, than it would have been 'in the heathens.'

'Drink about, doctor,' cries the colonel; 'and let us

'call a new cause; for I perceive we shall never agree on 'this. You are a churchman, and I don't expect you to 'speak your mind.'

'We are both of the same church, I hope,' cries the doctor.

'I am of the Church of England,' Sir, answered the colonel; 'and will fight for it to the last drop of my 'blood.'

'It is very generous in you, colonel,' cries the doctor, 'to fight so zealously for a religion by which you are to 'be damned.'

'It is well for you, doctor,' cries the colonel, 'that you 'wear a gown; for by all the dignity of a man, if any 'other person had said the words you have just uttered, 'I would have made him eat them——Ay, d—n me, and 'my sword into the bargain.'

Booth began to be apprehensive that this dispute might grow too warm; in which case he feared that the colonel's honour, together with the champagne, might hurry him so far as to forget the respect due and which he professed to pay to the sacerdotal robe. Booth, therefore, interposed between the disputants, and said that the colonel had very rightly proposed to call a new subject; for that it was impossible to reconcile accepting a challenge with the Christian religion, or refusing it with the modern notion of honour. 'And you must allow it, doctor,' said he, 'to be 'a very hard injunction for a man to become infamous; 'and more especially for a soldier, who is to lose his bread 'into the bargain.'

'Ay, Sir,' says the colonel, with an air of triumph, 'What say you to that?'

'Why, I say,' cries the doctor, 'that it is much harder 'to be damned on the other side.'

'That may be,' said the colonel; 'but d—n me, if I 'would take an affront of any man breathing for all that.

'And yet I believe myself to be as good a Christian as 'wears a head. My maxim is, never to give an affront, 'nor ever to take one; and I say, that is the maxim of a 'good Christian; and no man shall ever persuade me to 'the contrary.'

'Well, Sir,' said the doctor, 'since that is your 'resolution, I hope no man will ever give you an 'affront.'

'I am obliged to you for your hope, doctor,' cries the colonel, with a sneer; 'and he that doth will be obliged 'to you for lending him your gown; for, by the dignity 'of a man, nothing out of petticoats, I believe, dares 'affront me.'

Colonel James had not hitherto joined in the discourse. In truth, his thoughts had been otherwise employed; nor is it very difficult for the reader to guess what had been the subject of them. Being waked, however, from his reverie, and having heard the two or three last speeches, he turned to his brother, and asked him, why he would introduce such a topic of conversation before a gentleman of Dr. Harrison's character?

'Brother,' cried Bath, 'I own it was wrong, and I ask 'the doctor's pardon; I know not how it happened to 'arise; for you know, brother, I am not used to talk of 'these matters. They are generally poltroons that do. 'I think I need not be beholden to my tongue to declare I 'am none. I have shewn myself in a line of battle. I be-'lieve there is no man will deny that; I believe I may 'say no man dares deny that I have done my duty.'

The colonel was thus proceeding to prove that his prowess was neither the subject of his discourse, nor the object of his vanity, when a servant entered and summoned the company to tea with the ladies; a summons which colonel James instantly obeyed, and was followed by all the rest.

But as the tea-table conversation, though extremely delightful to those who are engaged in it, may probably appear somewhat dull to the reader, we will here put an end to the chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

A dialogue between Booth and Amelia.

The next morning, early, Booth went by appointment, and waited on colonel James; whence he returned to Amelia in that kind of disposition which the great master of human passions would describe in Andromache, when he tells us she cried and smiled at the same instant.

Amelia plainly perceived the discomposure of his mind, in which the opposite affections of joy and grief were struggling for the superiority, and begged to know the occasion; upon which Booth spoke as follows:

'My dear,' said he, 'I had no intention to conceal 'from you what hath passed this morning between me 'and the colonel, who hath oppressed me, if I may use 'that expression, with obligations. Sure never man had 'such a friend; for never was there so noble, so generous 'a heart—I cannot help this ebullition of gratitude, I 'really cannot.'—Here he paused a moment, and wiped his eyes, and then proceeded: 'You know, my dear, 'how gloomy the prospect was yesterday before our 'eyes, how inevitably ruin stared me in the face; and 'the dreadful idea of having entailed beggary on 'my Amelia and her posterity, racked my mind; for, 'though by the goodness of the doctor I had regained 'my liberty, the debt yet remained; and if that worthy

'man had a design of forgiving me his share, this must 'have been my utmost hope; and the condition in which 'I must still have found myself need not to be expatiated 'on. In what light then shall I see, in what words 'shall I relate, the colonel's kindness! O my dear 'Amelia! he hath removed the whole gloom at once, 'hath driven all despair out of my mind, and hath filled 'it with the most sanguine, and, at the same time, the 'most reasonable hopes of making a comfortable pro- 'vision for yourself and my dear children. In the first 'place, then, he will advance me a sum of money to 'pay off all my debts; and this on a bond to be repaid 'only when I shall become colonel of a regiment, and 'not before. In the next place, he is gone this very 'morning to ask a company for me, which is now vacant 'in the West-Indies; and as he intends to push this 'with all his interest, neither he nor I have any doubt 'of his success. Now, my dear, comes the third, which, 'though perhaps it ought to give me the greatest joy, 'such is, I own, the weakness of my nature, it rends 'my very heartstrings asunder.—I cannot mention it, 'for I know it will give you equal pain—though I know 'on all proper occasions you can exert a manly reso- 'lution. You will not, I am convinced, oppose it, what- 'ever you must suffer in complying——O my dear 'Amelia! I must suffer likewise; yet I have resolved 'to bear it—You know not what my poor heart hath 'suffered since he made the proposal——It is love for 'you alone which could persuade me to submit to it—— 'Consider our situation; consider that of our children; 'reflect but on those poor babes whose future happiness 'is at stake, and it must arm your resolution. It is 'your interest and theirs that reconciled me to a pro- 'posal, which, when the colonel first made it, struck 'me with the utmost horror; he hath, indeed, from these

'motives, persuaded me into a resolution which I thought 'impossible for any one to have persuaded me into—— 'O my dear Amelia! let me intreat you to give me up 'to the good of your children; as I have promised the 'colonel to give you up to their interest and your own. 'If you refuse these terms we are still undone; for he 'insists absolutely upon them——Think then, my love, 'however hard they may be, necessity compels us to 'submit to them. I know in what light a woman, who 'loves like you, must consider such a proposal; and 'yet how many instances have you of women, who, from 'the same motives, have submitted to the same!'

'What can you mean, Mr. Booth?' cries Amelia, trembling.

'Need I explain my meaning to you more?' answered Booth.—'Did I not say, I must give up my Amelia?'

'Give me up!' said she.

'For a time only, I mean,' answered he: 'for a short 'time perhaps. The colonel himself will take care it 'shall not be long—for I know his heart; I shall scarce 'have more joy in receiving you back, than he will have 'in restoring you to my arms. In the mean time, he 'will not only be a father to my children, but a husband 'to you.'

'A husband to me!' said Amelia.

'Yes, my dear; a kind, a fond, a tender, an affectionate 'husband. If I had not the most certain assurances of 'this, doth my Amelia think I could be prevailed on to 'leave her?——No, my Amelia, he is the only man on 'earth who could have prevailed on me; but I know his 'house, his purse, his protection, will be at your com- 'mand.——And as for any dislike you have conceived to 'his wife, let not that be any objection; for I am con- 'vinced he will not suffer her to insult you; besides, she 'is extremely well-bred, and how much soever she may

'hate you in her heart, she will at least treat you with 'civility.

'Nay, the invitation is not his, but her's; and I am 'convinced they will both behave to you with the 'greatest friendship: his I am sure will be sincere, as to 'the wife of a friend entrusted to his care; and her's will, 'from good-breeding, have not only the appearances, but 'the effects of the truest friendship.'

'I understand you, my dear, at last,' said she, (indeed she had rambled into very strange conceits from some parts of his discourse) 'and I will give you my resolution 'in a word——I will do the duty of a wife; and that is, 'to attend her husband wherever he goes.'

Booth attempted to reason with her, but all to no purpose. She gave, indeed, a quiet hearing to all he said, and even to those parts which most displeased her ears; I mean those in which he exaggerated the great goodness and disinterested generosity of his friend; but her resolution remained inflexible, and resisted the force of all his arguments with a steadiness of opposition, which it would have been almost excusable in him to have construed into stubbornness.

The doctor arrived in the midst of the dispute; and, having heard the merits of the cause on both sides, delivered his opinion in the following words:

'I have always thought it, my dear children, a matter 'of the utmost nicety, to interfere in any differences 'between husband and wife; but, since you both desire 'me, with such earnestness, to give you my sentiments 'on the present contest between you, I will give you my 'thoughts as well as I am able. In the first place, then, 'can any thing be more reasonable than for a wife to 'desire to attend her husband? It is, as my favourite 'child observes, no more than a desire to do her duty; 'and I make no doubt but that is one great reason of her

'insisting on it. And how can you yourself oppose it? 'Can love be its own enemy; or can a husband, who is 'fond of his wife, content himself almost on any account 'with a long absence from her?

'You speak like an angel, my dear doctor Harrison,' answered Amelia; 'I am sure, if he loved as tenderly as 'I do, he could on no account submit to it.'

'Pardon me, child,' cries the doctor, 'there are some 'reasons which would not only justify his leaving you, 'but which must force him, if he hath any real love 'for you, joined with common sense, to make that elec- 'tion. If it was necessary, for instance, either to your 'good, or to the good of your children, he would not 'deserve the name of a man, I am sure not that of a 'husband, if he hesitated a moment. Nay, in that case, 'I am convinced, you yourself would be an advocate 'for what you now oppose. I fancy therefore I mistook 'him when I apprehended he said, that the colonel made 'his leaving you behind as the condition of getting him 'the commission; for I know my dear child hath too 'much goodness, and too much sense, and too much 'resolution, to prefer any temporary indulgence of her 'own passions to the solid advantages of her whole 'family.'

'There, my dear,' cries Booth, 'I knew what opinion 'the doctor would be of. Nay, I am certain, there is 'not a wise man in the kingdom who would say other- 'wise.'

'Don't abuse me, young gentleman,' said the doctor, 'with appellations I don't deserve.'

'I abuse you, my dear doctor!' cries Booth.

'Yes, my dear Sir,' answered the doctor; 'you in- 'sinuated slily that I was wise, which, as the world 'understands the phrase, I should be ashamed of; and 'my comfort is, that no one can accuse me justly of it;

'I have just given an instance of the contrary, by 'throwing away my advice.'

'I hope, Sir,' cries Booth, 'that will not be the case.'

'Yes, Sir,' answered the doctor. 'I know it will be 'the case in the present instance; for either you will not 'go at all, or my little turtle here will go with you.'

'You are in the right, doctor,' cries Amelia.

'I am sorry for it,' said the doctor; 'for then, I assure 'you, you are in the wrong.'

'Indeed,' cries Amelia, 'if you knew all my reasons, 'you would say they were very strong ones.'

'Very probably,' cries the doctor—'The knowledge 'that they are in the wrong is a very strong reason to 'some women to continue so.'

'Nay, doctor,' cries Amelia, 'you shall never persuade 'me of that. I will not believe that any human being 'ever did an action merely because they knew it to be 'wrong.'

'I am obliged to you, my dear child,' said the doctor, 'for declaring your resolution of not being persuaded. 'Your husband would never call me a wise man again, 'if, after that declaration, I should attempt to persuade 'you.'

'Well, I must be content,' cries Amelia, 'to let you think as you please.'

'That is very gracious, indeed,' said the doctor. 'Surely, in a country where the church suffers others 'to think as they please, it would be very hard if they 'had not themselves the same liberty. And yet, as 'unreasonable as the power of controlling men's 'thoughts is represented, I will shew you how you 'should control mine whenever you desire it.'

'How, pray!' cries Amelia. 'I should greatly esteem 'that power.'

'Why, whenever you act like a wise woman,' cries the

doctor, 'you will force me to think you so; and, when-
'ever you are pleased to act as you do now, I shall be
'obliged, whether I will or no, to think as I do now.'

'Nay, dear doctor,' cries Booth, 'I am convinced my
'Amelia will never do any thing to forfeit your good
'opinion. Consider but the cruel hardship of what she
'is to undergo, and you will make allowances for the
'difficulty she makes in complying. To say the truth,
'when I examine my own heart, I have more obliga-
'tions to her than appear at first sight; for, by obliging
'me to find arguments to persuade her, she hath assisted
'me in conquering myself. Indeed, if she had shewn
'more resolution, I should have shewn less.'

'So you think it necessary then,' said the doctor,
'that there should be one fool at least in every married
'couple. A mighty resolution truly! and well worth
'your valuing yourself upon, to part with your wife for
'a few months, in order to make the fortune of her and
'your children. When you are to leave her too in the
'care and protection of a friend that gives credit to the
'old stories of friendship, and doth an honour to human
'nature. What, in the name of goodness, do either of
'you think that you have made an union to endure for
'ever? How will either of you bear that separation
'which must some time or other, and perhaps very soon,
'be the lot of one of you? Have you forgot that you
'are both mortal?—As for Christianity, I see you have
'resigned all pretensions to it; for I make no doubt but
'that you have so set your hearts on the happiness you
'enjoy here together, that neither of you ever think a
'word of hereafter.'

Amelia now burst into tears; upon which Booth begged the doctor to proceed no farther. Indeed, he would not have wanted the caution; for, however blunt he appeared in his discourse, he had a tenderness of heart which is

rarely found among men; for which I know no other reason, than that true goodness is rarely found among them; for I am firmly persuaded, that the latter never possessed any human mind in any degree, without being attended by as large a portion of the former.

Thus ended the conversation on this subject; what followed is not worth relating, till the doctor carried off Booth with him to take a walk in the Park.

CHAPTER V.

A conversation between Amelia and doctor Harrison, with the result.

Amelia being left alone, began to consider seriously of her condition; she saw it would be very difficult to resist the importunities of her husband, backed by the authority of the doctor; especially as she well knew how unreasonable her declarations must appear to every one who was ignorant of her real motives to persevere in it. On the other hand, she was fully determined, whatever might be the consequence, to adhere firmly to her resolution of not accepting the colonel's invitation.

When she had turned the matter every way in her mind, and vexed and tormented herself with much uneasy reflection upon it, a thought at last occurred to her, which immediately brought her some comfort. This was, to make a confidant of the doctor, and to impart to him the whole truth. This method, indeed, appeared to her now to be so advisable, that she wondered she had not hit upon it sooner; but it is the nature of despair to blind us to all the means of safety, however easy and apparent they may be.

Having fixed her purpose in her mind, she wrote a short note to the doctor, in which she acquainted him that she had something of great moment to impart to him, which must be an entire secret from her husband, and begged that she might have an opportunity of communicating it as soon as possible.

Doctor Harrison received the letter that afternoon, and immediately complied with Amelia's request in visiting her. He found her drinking tea with her husband and Mrs. Atkinson, and sat down and joined the company.

Soon after the removal of the tea-table, Mrs. Atkinson left the room. The doctor then turning to Booth, said, 'I hope, captain, you have a true sense of the obedience 'due to the church, though our clergy do not often 'exact it. However, it is proper to exercise our power 'sometimes, in order to remind the laity of their duty. 'I must tell you, therefore, that I have some private 'business with your wife; and I expect your immediate 'absence.'

'Upon my word, doctor,' answered Booth, 'no Popish 'confessor, I firmly believe, ever pronounced his will 'and pleasure with more gravity and dignity; none 'therefore was ever more immediately obeyed than you 'shall be.' Booth then quitted the room, and desired the doctor to recall him when his business with the lady was over.

Doctor Harrison promised he would; and then turning to Amelia he said, 'Thus far, Madam, I have obeyed 'your commands, and am now ready to receive that 'important secret which you mention in your note.'

Amelia now informed her friend of all she knew, all she had seen and heard, and all that she suspected of the colonel. The good man seemed greatly shocked at the relation, and remained in a silent astonishment.—Upon which, Amelia said, 'Is villainy so rare a thing, Sir,

'that it should so much surprise you?' 'No child,' cries he; 'but I am shocked at seeing it so artfully dis-'guised under the appearance of so much virtue; and, 'to confess the truth, I believe my own vanity is a 'little hurt in having been so grossly imposed upon. 'Indeed, I had a very high regard for this man; for, 'besides the great character given him by your husband, 'and the many facts I have heard so much redounding to 'his honour, he hath the fairest and most promising 'appearance I have ever yet beheld—A good face, they 'say, is a letter of recommendation. O Nature, Nature, 'why art thou so dishonest, as ever to send men with 'these false recommendations into the world!'

'Indeed, my dear Sir, I begin to grow entirely sick 'of it,' cries Amelia: 'for sure all mankind almost 'are villains in their hearts.'

'Fie, child,' cries the doctor. 'Do not make a con-'clusion so much to the dishonour of the great Creator. 'The nature of man is far from being in itself evil; it 'abounds with benevolence, charity, and pity, covet-'ing praise and honour, and shunning shame and 'disgrace. Bad education, bad habits, and bad customs, 'debauch our nature, and drive it headlong as it were 'into vice. The governors of the world, and I am 'afraid the priesthood are answerable for the badness 'of it. Instead of discouraging wickedness to the 'utmost of their power, both are too apt to connive 'at it. In the great sin of adultery, for instance; 'hath the government provided any law to punish it? 'or, doth the priest take any care to correct it? on the 'contrary, is the most notorious practice of it any det-'riment to a man's fortune, or to his reputation in 'the world? doth it exclude him from any preferment 'in the state, I had almost said in the church? is it 'any blot in his escutcheon? any bar to his honour?

'is he not to be found every day in the assemblies of 'women of the highest quality? in the closets of the 'greatest men, and even at the tables of bishops? 'What wonder then, if the community in general treat 'this monstrous crime as matter of jest, and that men 'give way to the temptations of a violent appetite, 'when the indulgence of it is protected by law and 'countenanced by custom? I am convinced there are 'good stamina in the nature of this very man; for he 'hath done acts of friendship and generosity to your 'husband, before he could have any evil design on 'your chastity; and in a Christian society, which I no 'more esteem this nation to be, than I do any part of 'Turkey, I doubt not but this very colonel would have 'made a worthy and valuable member.'

'Indeed, my dear Sir,' cries Amelia, 'you are the 'wisest as well as best man in the world—'

'Not a word of my wisdom,' cries the doctor. 'I 'have not a grain—I am not the least versed in the 'Chrematistic* art, as an old friend of mine calls it. 'I know not how to get a shilling, nor how to keep it 'in my pocket, if I had it.'

'But you understand human nature to the bottom,' answered Amelia; 'and your mind is the treasury of all ancient and modern learning.'

'You are a little flatterer,' cries the doctor; 'but I 'dislike you not for it. And to shew you I don't, I will 'return your flattery; and tell you, you have acted with 'great prudence in concealing this affair from your 'husband; but you have drawn me into a scrape; for 'I have promised to dine with this fellow again to-'morrow; and you have made it impossible for me to 'keep my word.'

* The art of getting wealth is so called by Aristotle in his Politics.

'Nay but, dear Sir,' cries Amelia, 'for Heaven's sake 'take care. If you shew any kind of disrespect to the 'colonel, my husband may be led into some suspicion '—especially after our conference.'

'Fear nothing, child. I will give him no hint; and 'that I may be certain of not doing it I will stay away. 'You do not think, I hope, that I will join in a cheer-'ful conversation with such a man; that I will so far 'betray my character as to give any countenance to 'such flagitious proceedings. Besides my promise was 'only conditional; and I do not know whether I could 'otherwise have kept it; for I expect an old friend every 'day who comes to town twenty miles on foot to see me; 'whom I shall not part with on any account; for as he is 'very poor, he may imagine I treat him with disrespect.'

'Well, Sir,' cries Amelia, 'I must admire you, and 'love you for your goodness.'

'Must you love me?' cries the doctor. 'I could cure 'you now in a minute if I pleased.'

'Indeed, I defy you, Sir,' said Amelia.

'If I could but persuade you,' answered he, 'that I 'thought you not handsome, away would vanish all 'ideas of goodness in an instant. Confess honestly, 'would they not?'

'Perhaps I might blame the goodness of your eyes,' replied Amelia; 'and that is perhaps an honester con-'fession than you expected. But do, pray, Sir, be 'serious; and give me your advice what to do. Con-'sider the difficult game I have to play; for I am sure, 'after what I have told you, you would not even suffer 'me to remain under the roof of this colonel.'

'No, indeed, would I not,' said the doctor, 'whilst I 'have a house of my own to entertain you.'

'But how to dissuade my husband,' continued she, 'without giving him any suspicion of the real cause, the

'consequences of his guessing at which I tremble to 'think upon.'

'I will consult my pillow upon it,' said the doctor; 'and in the morning you shall see me again. In the 'mean time be comforted, and compose the perturbations 'of your mind.'

'Well, Sir,' said she, 'I put my whole trust in you.'

'I am sorry to hear it;' cries the doctor. 'Your inno- 'cence may give you a very confident trust in a much 'more powerful assistance. However, I will do all I can 'to serve you; and now, if you please, we will call back 'your husband; for, upon my word, he hath shewn a 'good Catholic patience. And where is the honest ser- 'jeant and his wife? I am pleased with the behaviour 'of you both to that worthy fellow, in opposition to the 'custom of the world; which, instead of being formed on 'the precepts of our religion to consider each other as 'brethren, teaches us to regard those who are a degree 'below us, either in rank or fortune, as a species of 'beings of an inferior order in the creation.'

The captain now returned into the room, as did the serjeant and Mrs. Atkinson; and the two couple, with the doctor, spent the evening together in great mirth and festivity; for the doctor was one of the best companions in the world; and a vein of cheerfulness, good humour, and pleasantry, ran through his conversation, with which it was impossible to resist being pleased.

CHAPTER VI.

Containing as surprising an accident as is perhaps recorded in history.

Booth had acquainted the serjeant with the great goodness of colonel James, and with the cheerful prospects which he entertained from it. This Atkinson, behind the curtain, communicated to his wife. The conclusion which she drew from it need scarce be hinted to the reader. She made, indeed, no scruple of plainly and bluntly telling her husband, that the colonel had a most manifest intention to attack the chastity of Amelia.

This thought gave the poor serjeant great uneasiness, and, after having kept him long awake, tormented him in his sleep with a most horrid dream, in which he imagined that he saw the colonel standing by the bedside of Amelia, with a naked sword in his hand, and threatened to stab her instantly, unless she complied with his desires. Upon this, the serjeant started up in bed, and catching his wife by the throat, cried out, 'D—n 'you, put up your sword this instant, and leave the room, 'or by Heaven I'll drive mine to your heart's blood!'

This rough treatment immediately roused Mrs. Atkinson from her sleep, who no sooner perceived the position of her husband, and felt his hand grasping her throat, than she gave a violent shriek, and presently fell into a fit.

Atkinson now waked likewise, and soon became sensible of the violent agitations of his wife. He immediately leaped out of bed, and running for a bottle of water, began to sprinkle her very plentifully; but all to no purpose, she neither spoke, nor gave any symptoms of recovery. Atkinson then began to roar aloud; upon

which Booth, who lay under him, jumped from his bed, and ran up with the lighted candle in his hand. The serjeant had no sooner taken the candle, than he ran with it to the bed-side. Here he beheld a sight which almost deprived him of his senses. The bed appeared to be all over blood, and his wife weltering in the midst of it. Upon this the serjeant, almost in a frenzy, cried out, 'O 'Heavens! I have killed my wife. I have stabbed her! 'I have stabbed her!'——'What can be the meaning of 'all this?' said Booth.——'O Sir!' cries the serjeant, 'I 'dreamt I was rescuing your lady from the hands of 'colonel James, and I have killed my poor wife.'—— Here he threw himself upon the bed by her, caught her in his arms, and behaved like one frantic with despair.

By this time, Amelia had thrown on a wrapping-gown, and was come up into the room, where the serjeant and his wife were lying on the bed, and Booth standing like a motionless statue by the bedside. Amelia had some difficulty to conquer the effects of her own surprise on this occasion; for a more ghastly and horrible sight than the bed presented could not be conceived.

Amelia sent Booth to call up the maid of the house, in order to lend her assistance; but, before his return, Mrs. Atkinson began to come to herself; and soon after, to the inexpressible joy of the serjeant, it was discovered she had no wound. Indeed, the delicate nose of Amelia soon made that discovery, which the grosser smell of the serjeant, and perhaps his fright, had prevented him from making; for now it appeared that the red liquor with which the bed was stained, though it may, perhaps, sometimes run through the veins of a fine lady, was not what is properly called blood; but was, indeed, no other than cherry-brandy, a bottle of which Mrs. Atkinson always kept in her room to be ready for immediate use; and to which she used to apply for comfort in all her afflictions.

This the poor serjeant, in his extreme hurry, had mistaken for a bottle of water. Matters were now soon accommodated, and no other mischief appeared to be done, unless to the bed-clothes. Amelia and Booth returned back to their room; and Mrs. Atkinson rose from her bed, in order to equip it with a pair of clean sheets.

And thus this adventure would have ended without producing any kind of consequence, had not the words which the serjeant uttered in his frenzy, made some slight impression on Booth; so much, at least, as to awaken his curiosity; so that in the morning when he arose, he sent for the serjeant, and desired to hear the particulars of this dream, since Amelia was concerned in it.

The serjeant at first seemed unwilling to comply, and endeavoured to make excuses. This, perhaps, increased Booth's curiosity, and he said, 'Nay, I am resolved to 'hear it. Why, you simpleton, do you imagine me weak 'enough to be affected by a dream, however terrible it 'may be?'

'Nay, Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'as for that matter, 'dreams have sometimes fallen out to be true.—One of 'my own, I know, did so, concerning your honour; for, 'when you courted my young lady, I dreamt you was 'married to her; and yet it was at a time when neither I 'myself, nor any of the country, thought you would ever 'obtain her. But, Heaven forbid this dream should ever 'come to pass.'

'Why, what was this dream?' cries Booth. 'I insist on 'knowing.'

'To be sure, Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'I must not re-'fuse you; but, I hope, you will never think any more of 'it. Why then, Sir, I dreamt that your honour was gone 'to the West-Indies, and had left my lady in the care of 'colonel James; and last night, I dreamt the colonel 'came to my lady's bed-side, offering to ravish her; and

'with a drawn sword in his hand, threatening to stab her 'that moment, unless she would comply with his desires. 'How I came to be by, I know not; but I dreamt I 'rushed upon him, caught him by the throat, and swore 'I would put him to death, unless he instantly left the 'room.—Here I waked, and this was my dream. I never 'paid any regard to a dream in my life—but, indeed, I 'never dreamt any thing so very plain as this. It ap-'peared downright reality. I am sure I have left the 'marks of my fingers in my wife's throat. I would not 'have taken a hundred pounds to have used her so.'

'Faith,' cries Booth, 'it was an odd dream—and not 'so easily to be accounted for, as that you had formerly 'of my marriage; for as Shakspeare says, *Dreams denote 'a foregone conclusion.* Now it is impossible you should 'ever have thought of any such matter as this.'

'However, Sir,' cries the serjeant, 'it is in your 'honour's power to prevent any possibility of this 'dream's coming to pass, by not leaving my lady to 'the care of the colonel; if you must go from her, 'certainly there are other places where she may be with 'great safety; and since my wife tells me that my lady 'is so very unwilling, whatever reasons she may have, 'I hope your honour will oblige her.'

'Now I recollect it,' cries Booth, 'Mrs. Atkinson hath 'once or twice dropped some disrespectful words of the 'colonel. He hath done something to disoblige her.'

'He hath indeed, Sir,' replied the serjeant: 'he hath 'said that of her which she doth not deserve, and for 'which, if he had not been my superior officer, I would 'have cut both his ears off.—Nay, for that matter, he 'can speak ill of other people besides her.'

'Do you know, Atkinson,' cries Booth, very gravely, 'that you are talking of the dearest friend I have?'

'To be honest then,' answered the serjeant, 'I do not

'think so. If I did, I should love him much better than 'I do.'

'I must and will have this explained,' cries Booth. 'I have too good an opinion of you, Atkinson, to think 'you would drop such things as you have without some 'reason—and I will know it.'

'I am sorry I have dropped a word,' cries Atkinson. 'I am sure I did not intend it; and your honour hath 'drawn it from me unawares.'

'Indeed, Atkinson,' cries Booth, 'you have made me 'very uneasy, and I must be satisfied.'

'Then, Sir,' said the serjeant, 'you shall give me 'your word of honour; or I will be cut into ten thousand 'pieces before I will mention another syllable.'

'What shall I promise,' said Booth.

'That you will not resent any thing I shall lay to 'the colonel,' answered Atkinson.

'Resent!—Well, I give you my honour,' said Booth.

The serjeant made him bind himself over and over again; and then related to him the scene which formerly passed between the colonel and himself, as far as concerned Booth himself; but concealed all that more immediately related to Amelia.

'Atkinson,' cries Booth, 'I cannot be angry with 'you; for I know you love me, and I have many obli- 'gations to you; but you have done wrong in censuring 'the colonel for what he said of me. I deserved all 'that he said; and his censures proceeded from his 'friendship.'

'But it was not so kind, Sir,' said Atkinson, 'to say 'such things to me who am but a serjeant, and at 'such a time too.'

'I will hear no more,' cries Booth. 'Be assured you 'are the only man I would forgive on this occasion; 'and I forgive you only on condition you never speak

'a word more of this nature.—This silly dream hath 'intoxicated you.'

'I have done, Sir,' cries the serjeant. 'I know my 'distance, and whom I am to obey; but I have one 'favour to beg of your honour, never to mention a word 'of what I have said to my lady; for I know she never 'would forgive me; I know she never would, by what 'my wife hath told me. Besides, you need not mention 'it, Sir, to my lady; for she knows it already, and a 'great deal more.'

Booth presently parted from the serjeant, having desired him to close his lips on this occasion; and repaired to his wife, to whom he related the serjeant's dream.

Amelia turned as white as snow, and fell into so violent a trembling, that Booth plainly perceived her emotion, and immediately partook of it himself.—'Sure, 'my dear,' said he, staring wildly, 'there is more in 'this than I know. A silly dream could not so dis-'compose you. I beg you, I entreat you to tell me— '—hath ever colonel James—'

At the very mention of the colonel's name, Amelia fell on her knees, and begged her husband not to frighten her.

'What do I say, my dear love,' cried Booth, 'that can frighten you?'

'Nothing, my dear,' said she.—'But my spirits are so 'discomposed with the dreadful scene I saw last night, 'that a dream, which, at another time I should have 'laughed at, hath shocked me. Do but promise me 'that you will not leave me behind you, and I am 'easy.'

'You may be so,' cries Booth; 'for I will never deny 'you anything.—But make me easy too. I must know, 'if you have seen anything in colonel James to displease 'you.'

'Why should you suspect it?' cries Amelia.

'You torment me to death,' cries Booth. 'By Heavens! 'I will know the truth. Hath he ever said or done any 'thing which you dislike?'

'How, my dear,' said Amelia, 'can you imagine I 'should dislike a man who is so much your friend? 'Think of all the obligations you have to him, and then 'you may easily resolve yourself. Do you think, because 'I refuse to stay behind you in his house, that I have 'any objection to him?—No, my dear, had he done a 'thousand times more than he hath, was he an angel 'instead of a man, I would not quit my Billy.—There's 'the sore, my dear, there's the misery to be left by you.'

Booth embraced her with the most passionate raptures, and looking on her with inexpressible tenderness, cried, 'Upon my soul, I am not worthy of you.—I 'am a fool, and yet you cannot blame me.—If the 'stupid miser hoards, with such care, his worthless 'treasure; if he watches it with such anxiety; if every 'apprehension of another's sharing the least part, fills 'his soul with such agonies: O Amelia! what must be 'my condition, what terrors must I feel, while I am 'watching over a jewel of such real, such inestimable 'worth?'

'I can, with great truth, return the compliment,' cries Amelia. 'I have my treasure too; and am so 'much a miser that no force shall ever tear me from it.'

'I am ashamed of my folly,' cries Booth; 'and yet 'it is all from extreme tenderness. Nay, you yourself are 'the occasion.—Why will you ever attempt to keep a 'secret from me? Do you think I should have resented 'to my friend his just censure of my conduct?'

'What censure, my dear love?' cries Amelia.

'Nay, the serjeant hath told me all,' cries Booth.— 'Nay, and that he hath told it to you—Poor soul! thou

'couldst not endure to hear me accused, though never 'so justly, and by so good a friend. Indeed, my dear, 'I have discovered the cause of that resentment to the 'colonel, which you could not hide from me.—I love 'you, I adore you for it. Indeed, I could not forgive 'a slighting word on you.—But why do I compare things 'so unlike? what the colonel said of me was just and 'true; every reflection on my Amelia must be false and 'villainous.'

The discernment of Amelia was extremely quick; and she now perceived what had happened, and how much her husband knew of the truth. She resolved therefore to humour him, and fell severely on colonel James for what he had said to the serjeant, which Booth endeavoured all he could to soften; and thus ended this affair, which had brought Booth to the very brink of a discovery, which must have given him the highest torment, if it had not produced any of those tragical effects which Amelia apprehended.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the Author appears to be master of that profound learning, called The Knowledge of the Town.

Mrs. James now came to pay a morning visit to Amelia. She entered the room with her usual gaiety, and, after a slight preface, addressing herself to Booth, said, she had been quarrelling with her husband on his account. 'I 'know not,' said she, 'what he means by thinking of send-'ing you the Lord knows whither. I have insisted on his 'asking something for you nearer home. And it would be 'the hardest thing in the world, if he should not obtain it.

'Are we resolved never to encourage merit, but to throw 'away all our preferments on those who do not deserve 'them? What a set of contemptible wretches do we see 'strutting about the town in scarlet!'

Booth made a very low bow, and modestly spoke in disparagement of himself. To which she answered, 'Indeed, Mr. Booth, you have merit. I have heard 'it from my brother, who is a judge of those matters; 'and I am sure cannot be suspected of flattery. He 'is your friend as well as myself; and we will never 'let Mr. James rest till he hath got you a commission 'in England.'

Booth bowed again, and was offering to speak, but she interrupted him, saying, 'I will have no thanks, nor no 'fine speeches. If I can do you any service, I shall 'think I am only paying the debt of friendship to my 'dear Mrs. Booth.'

Amelia, who had long since forgot the dislike she had taken to Mrs. James at her first seeing her in town, had attributed it to the right cause, and had begun to resume her former friendship for her, expressed very warm sentiments of gratitude on this occasion. She told Mrs. James she should be eternally obliged to her if she could succeed in her kind endeavours; for that the thoughts of parting again with her husband had given her the utmost concern. 'Indeed,' added she, 'I cannot help saying, he 'hath some merit in the service; for he hath received 'two dreadful wounds in it, one of which very greatly 'endangered his life; and I am convinced, if his pretensions were backed with any interest, he would not fail 'of success.'

'They shall be backed with interest,' cries Mrs. James, 'if my husband hath any. He hath no favour to ask for 'himself, nor for any other friend that I know of; and, 'indeed, to grant a man his just due ought hardly to be

'thought a favour. Resume your old gaiety, therefore, 'my dear Emily. Lord! I remember the time when 'you was much the gayer creature of the two. But you 'make an arrant mope of yourself by confining yourself 'at home. One never meets you any where. Come, you 'shall go with me to the Lady Betty Castleton's.

'Indeed, you must excuse me, my dear,' answered Amelia, 'I do not know Lady Betty.'

'Not know Lady Betty! how is that possible?—But 'no matter, I will introduce you—She keeps a morning 'rout; hardly a rout, indeed; a little bit of a drum—only 'four or five tables.—Come, take your capuchin; you 'positively shall go—Booth, you shall go with us too. 'Though you are with your wife, another woman will 'keep you in countenance.'

'La! child,' cries Amelia, 'how you rattle!'

'I am in spirits,' answered Mrs. James, 'this morn-'ing; for I won four rubbers together last night; and 'betted the things, and won almost every bet. I am in 'luck, and we will contrive to be partners—Come.'

'Nay, child, you shall not refuse Mrs. James,' said Booth.

'I have scarce seen my children to day,' answered Amelia. 'Besides, I mortally detest cards.'

'Detest cards!' cries Mrs. James. 'How can you 'be so stupid? I would not live a day without them— 'Nay, indeed, I do not believe I should be able to exist. 'Is there so delightful a sight in the world as the four 'honours in one's own hand, unless it be three natural 'aces at brag——And you really hate cards!'

'Upon reflection,' cries Amelia, 'I have sometimes 'had great pleasure in them—in seeing my children build 'houses with them. My little boy is so dexterous, that 'he will sometimes build up the whole pack.'

'Indeed, Booth,' cries Mrs. James, 'this good woman

'of yours is strangely altered since I knew her first; but 'she will always be a good creature.'

'Upon my word, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'you are 'altered too very greatly; but I doubt not to live to 'see you alter again, when you come to have as many 'children as I have.'

'Children!' cries Mrs. James, 'you make me shudder. 'How can you envy me the only circumstance which 'makes matrimony comfortable?'

'Indeed, my dear,' said Amelia, 'you injure me; for 'I envy no woman's happiness in marriage.' At these words, such looks passed between Booth and his wife, as, to a sensible by-stander, would have made all the airs of Mrs. James appear in the highest degree contemptible, and would have rendered herself the object of compassion. Nor could that lady avoid looking a little silly on the occasion.

Amelia now, at the earnest desire of her husband, accoutred herself to attend her friend; but first she insisted on visiting her children, to whom she gave several hearty kisses, and then recommending them to the care of Mrs. Atkinson, she and her husband accompanied Mrs. James to the rout; where few of my fine readers will be displeased to make part of the company.

The two ladies and Booth then entered an apartment beset with card-tables, like the rooms at Bath and Tunbridge. Mrs. James immediately introduced her friends to Lady Betty, who received them very civilly, and presently engaged Booth and Mrs. James in a party at whist; for, as to Amelia, she so much declined playing, that, as the party could be filled without her, she was permitted to sit by.

And now who should make his appearance but the noble peer, of whom so much honourable mention hath already been made in this history. He walked directly

up to Amelia, and addressed her with as perfect a confidence as if he had not been in the least conscious of having in any manner displeased her; though the reader will hardly suppose that Mrs. Ellison had kept any thing a secret from him.

Amelia was not, however, so forgetful. She made him a very distant courtesy, would scarce vouchsafe an answer to any thing he said, and took the first opportunity of shifting her chair, and retiring from him.

Her behaviour, indeed, was such, that the peer plainly perceived, that he should get no advantage by pursuing her any farther at present. Instead, therefore, of attempting to follow her, he turned on his heel, and addressed his discourse to another lady, though he could not avoid often casting his eyes towards Amelia as long as she remained in the room.

Fortune, which seems to have been generally no great friend to Mr. Booth, gave him no extraordinary marks of her favour at play. He lost two full rubbers, which cost five guineas; after which, Amelia, who was uneasy at his lordship's presence, begged him in a whisper to return home; with which request he directly complied.

Nothing, I think, remarkable happened to Booth, unless the renewal of his acquaintance with an officer whom he had known abroad, and who made one of his party at the whist-table.

The name of this gentleman, with whom the reader will hereafter be better acquainted, was Trent. He had formerly been in the same regiment with Booth, and there was some intimacy between them. Captain Trent expressed great delight in meeting his brother officer, and both mutually promised to visit each other.

The scenes which had passed the preceding night and that morning, had so confused Amelia's thoughts, that in the hurry in which she was carried off by Mrs. James, she

had entirely forgot her appointment with Dr. Harrison. When she was informed at her return home, that the doctor had been to wait upon her, and had expressed some anger at her being gone out, she became greatly uneasy, and begged her husband to go to the doctor's lodgings, and make her apology.

But lest the reader should be as angry with the doctor as he had declared himself with Amelia, we think proper to explain the matter. Nothing then was farther from the doctor's mind than the conception of any anger towards Amelia. On the contrary, when the girl answered him, that her mistress was not at home, the doctor said with great good humour, 'How! not at home! then tell 'your mistress she is a giddy vagabond, and I will come 'to see her no more till she sends for me.'—This the poor girl, from misunderstanding one word, and half forgetting the rest, had construed into great passion, several very bad words, and a declaration that he would never see Amelia any more.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which two strangers make their appearance.

Booth went to the doctor's lodgings, and found him engaged with his country friend and his son, a young gentleman who was lately in orders; both whom the doctor had left to keep his appointment with Amelia.

After what we mentioned at the end of the last chapter, we need take little notice of the apology made by Booth, or the doctor's reception of it, which was in his peculiar manner. 'Your wife,' said he, 'is a vain hussy

'to think herself worth my anger; but tell her, I have 'the vanity myself to think I cannot be angry without a 'better cause. And yet tell her, I intend to punish her 'for her levity; for if you go abroad, I have determined 'to take her down with me into the country, and make 'her do penance there till you return.'

'Dear Sir,' said Booth, 'I know not how to thank you, 'if you are in earnest.'

'I assure you then I am in earnest,' cries the doctor; 'but you need not thank me, however, since you know 'not how.'

'But would not that, Sir,' said Booth, 'be shewing a 'slight to the colonel's invitation? and you know I have 'so many obligations to him.'

'Don't tell me of the colonel,' cries the doctor; 'the church is to be first served. Besides, Sir, I have 'priority of right, even to you yourself. You stole my 'little lamb from me: for I was her first love.'

'Well, Sir,' cries Booth, 'if I should be so unhappy 'to leave her to any one, she must herself determine; 'and, I believe, it will not be difficult to guess where her 'choice will fall; for of all men, next to her husband, I 'believe, none can contend with Dr. Harrison in her 'favour.'

'Since you say so,' cries the doctor,—'fetch her hither 'to dinner with us; for I am at least so good a Christian 'to love those that love me—I will shew you my 'daughter, my old friend; for I am really proud of her '—and you may bring my grandchildren with you, if 'you please.'

Booth made some compliments, and then went on his errand. As soon as he was gone, the old gentleman said to the doctor, 'Pray, my good friend, what daughter is 'this of yours? I never so much as heard that you was 'married.'

'And what then?' cries the doctor, 'did you ever hear 'that a Pope was married? and yet some of them have 'had sons and daughters, I believe; but, however, this 'young gentleman will absolve me without obliging me 'to penance.'

'I have not yet that power,' answered the young clergyman; 'for I am only in deacon's orders.'

'Are you not?' cries the doctor; 'why then I will 'absolve myself. You are to know then, my good 'friend, that this young lady was the daughter of a 'neighbour of mine, who is since dead, and whose sins I 'hope are forgiven; for she had too much to answer for 'on her child's account. Her father was my intimate 'acquaintance and friend; a worthier man, indeed, I 'believe, never lived. He died suddenly when his 'children were infants; and, perhaps, to the suddenness 'of his death it was owing, that he did not recommend 'any care of them to me. However, I, in some measure, 'took that charge upon me; and particularly of her 'whom I call my daughter. Indeed, as she grew up, she 'discovered so many good qualities, that she wanted not 'the remembrance of her father's merit to recommend 'her. I do her no more than justice, when I say, she is 'one of the best creatures I ever knew. She hath a 'sweetness of temper, a generosity of spirit, an openness 'of heart—in a word, she hath a true Christian dis-'position. I may call her an Israelite indeed, in whom 'there is no guile.'

'I wish you joy of your daughter,' cries the old gentleman; 'for to a man of your disposition, to find out an 'adequate object of your benevolence, is, I acknowledge, 'to find a treasure.'

'It is, indeed, a happiness,' cries the doctor.

'The greatest difficulty,' added the gentleman, 'which 'persons of your turn of mind meet with, is in finding

'proper objects of their goodness; for nothing sure can 'be more irksome to a generous mind than to discover 'that it hath thrown away all its good offices on a soil 'that bears no other fruit than ingratitude.'

'I remember,' cries the doctor, 'Phocylides saith,

Μὴ κακὸν εὖ ἔρξῃς· σπείρειν ἴσον ες' ἐνὶ πόντῳ.*

'But he speaks more like a philosopher than a Christian. 'I am more pleased with a French writer, one of the 'best, indeed, that I ever read, who blames men for 'lamenting the ill return which is so often made to the 'best offices† A true Christian can never be disap- 'pointed, if he doth not receive his reward in this world; 'the labourer might as well complain, that he is not paid 'his hire in the middle of the day.'

'I own, indeed,' said the gentleman, 'if we see it in 'that light—'

'And in what light should we see it?' answered the doctor. 'Are we like Agrippa, only almost Christians? 'or, is Christianity a matter of bare theory, and not a 'rule for our practice?'

'Practical, undoubtedly; undoubtedly practical,' cries the gentleman. 'Your example might indeed have con- 'vinced me long ago, that we ought to do good to every 'one.'

'Pardon me, father,' cries the young divine, 'that is 'rather a heathenish than a Christian doctrine. Homer, 'I remember, introduces in his Iliad one Axylus, of 'whom he says,

——Φίλος δ' ἦν ἀνθρώποισι'
Πάντας γὰρ φιλέεσκεν.‡

'But Plato, who of the heathens came nearest to the

* To do a kindness to a bad man, is like sowing your seed in the sea.

† D'Esprit.

‡ He was a friend to mankind, for he loved them all.

'Christian philosophy, condemned this as impious doc-
'trine: so Eustathius tells us, folio 474.'

'I know he doth,' cries the doctor, 'and so Barnes tells
'us, in his note upon the place; but if you remember the
'rest of the quotation as well as you do that from Eusta-
'thius, you might have added the observation which Mr.
'Dryden makes in favour of this passage, that he found
'not in all the Latin authors so admirable an instance of
'extensive humanity. You might have likewise remem-
'bered the noble sentiment, with which Mr. Barnes ends
'his note, the sense of which is taken from the fifth
'chapter of Matthew,

—— ὅς καὶ φάος ἠελίοιο
Μίγδ' ἀγαθοῖσι κακοῖσί τ' ἐπ' ἀνδράσιν ἐξανατέλλει.

'It seems, therefore, as if this character rather became a
'Christian than a heathen: for Homer could not have
'transcribed it from any of his deities. Whom is it,
'therefore, we imitate by such extensive benevolence?'

'What a prodigious memory you have,' cries the old gentleman; 'Indeed, son, you must not contend with the
'doctor in these matters.'

'I shall not give my opinion hastily,' cries the son.
'I know again what Mr. Poole, in his annotations, says
'on that verse of St. Matthew—That it is only to *heap*
'*coals of fire upon their heads*—How are we to under-
'stand, pray, the text immediately preceding? *Love your*
'*enemies, bless them that curse you, do good to them that*
'*hate you.*'

'You know, I suppose, young gentleman,' said the doctor, 'how these words are generally understood—The
'commentator you mention, I think, tells us, that love is
'not here to be taken in the strict sense, so as to signify
'the complacency of the heart; you may hate your
'enemies as God's enemies, and seek due revenge of

'them for his honour; and for your own sakes too, you 'may seek moderate satisfaction of them; but then you 'are to love them with a love consistent with these 'things—that is to say, in plainer words, you are to 'love them and hate them, and bless and curse, and do 'them good and mischief.'

'Excellent! admirable!' said the old gentleman. 'You 'have a most inimitable turn to ridicule.'

'I do not approve ridicule!' said the son, 'on such 'subjects.'

'Nor I neither,' cries the doctor, 'I will give you my 'opinion, therefore, very seriously. The two verses taken 'together contain a very positive precept, delivered in 'the plainest words, and yet illustrated by the clearest 'instance, in the conduct of the Supreme Being; and 'lastly, the practice of this precept is most nobly in-'forced by the reward annexed—*that ye may be the* '*children*, and so forth. No man, who understands what 'it is to love, and to bless, and to do good, can mistake 'the meaning. But if they required any comment, the 'scripture itself affords enow. *If thine enemy hunger,* '*feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; not rendering evil* '*for evil, or railing for railing, but contrariwise, blessing*— 'They do not, indeed, want the comments of men, who, 'when they cannot bend their minds to the obedience of 'scripture, are desirous to wrest scripture to a compliance 'with their own inclinations.'

'Most nobly and justly observed,' cries the old gentleman. 'Indeed, my good friend, you have explained the 'text with the utmost perspicuity.'

'But if this be the meaning,' cries the son, 'there 'must be an end of all law and justice; for I do not 'see how any man can prosecute his enemy in a court 'of justice.'

'Pardon me, Sir,' cries the doctor. 'Indeed, as an

'enemy merely, and from a spirit of revenge, he cannot,
'and he ought not to prosecute him; but as an offender
'against the laws of his country, he may, and it is his
'duty so to do; is there any spirit of revenge in the
'magistrates or officers of justice, when they punish
'criminals? Why do such, ordinarily I mean, concern
'themselves in inflicting punishments, but because it is
'their duty? and why may not a private man deliver
'an offender into the hands of justice from the same
'laudable motive? Revenge, indeed, of all kinds is
'strictly prohibited; wherefore, as we are not to exe-
'cute it with our own hands, so neither are we to
'make use of the law as the instrument of private
'malice, and to worry each other with inveteracy and
'rancour. And where is the great difficulty in obeying
'this wise, this generous, this noble precept? If revenge
'be, as a certain divine, not greatly to his honour, calls
'it, the most luscious morsel the devil ever dropped into
'the mouth of a sinner, it must be allowed at least to
'cost us often extremely dear. It is a dainty, if indeed
'it be one, which we come at with great inquietude,
'with great difficulty, and with great danger. However
'pleasant it may be to the palate, while we are feeding
'on it, it is sure to leave a bitter relish behind it; and so
'far, indeed, it may be called a luscious morsel, that the
'most greedy appetites are soon glutted, and the most
'eager longing for it is soon turned into loathing and
'repentance. I allow there is something tempting in its
'outward appearance; but it is like the beautiful colour
'of some poisons, from which, however they may attract
'our eyes, a regard to our own welfare commands us to
'abstain. And this is an abstinence to which wisdom
'alone, without any divine command, hath been often
'found adequate; with instances of which, the Greek
'and Latin authors every where abound. May not a

'Christian, therefore, be well ashamed of making a 'stumbling-block of a precept, which is not only con- 'sistent with his worldly interest, but to which so noble 'an incentive is proposed?'

The old gentleman fell into raptures at this speech, and after making many compliments to the doctor upon it, he turned to his son, and told him, he had an opportunity now of learning more in one day, than he had learned at the university in a twelvemonth.

The son replied, that he allowed the doctrine to be extremely good in general, and that he agreed with the greater part; 'but I must make a distinction,' said he. However, he was interrupted from his distinction at present; for now Booth returned with Amelia and the children.

CHAPTER IX.

A scene of modern wit and humour.

In the afternoon, the old gentleman proposed a walk to Vauxhall; a place of which, he said, he had heard much, but had never seen it.

The doctor readily agreed to his friend's proposal, and soon after ordered two coaches to be sent for to carry the whole company. But when the servant was gone for them, Booth acquainted the doctor that it was yet too early. 'Is it so?' said the doctor; 'why then, 'I will carry you first to one of the greatest and highest 'entertainments in the world.'

The children pricked up their ears at this; nor did any of the company guess what he meant; and Amelia

asked what entertainment he could carry them to at that time of day?

'Suppose,' says the doctor, 'I should carry you to 'court.'

'At five o'clock in the afternoon!' cries Booth.

'Ay, suppose I should have interest enough to intro-'duce you into the presence.'

'You are jesting, dear Sir,' cries Amelia.

'Indeed, I am serious,' answered the doctor. 'I will 'introduce you into that presence, compared to whom 'the greatest emperor on the earth is many millions of 'degrees meaner than the most contemptible reptile is 'to him. What entertainment can there be to a rational 'being equal to this? was not the taste of mankind most 'wretchedly depraved, where would the vain man find 'an honour, or where would the love of pleasure propose 'so adequate an object as divine worship? with what 'ecstacy must the contemplation of being admitted to 'such a presence fill the mind! The pitiful courts of 'princes are open to few, and to those only at particular 'seasons; but from this glorious and gracious presence, 'we are none of us, and at no time, excluded.'

The doctor was proceeding thus, when the servant returned, saying, the coaches were ready; and the whole company with the greatest alacrity attended the doctor to St. James's church.

When the service was ended, and they were again got into their coaches, Amelia returned the doctor many thanks for the light in which he had placed divine worship; assuring him, that she had never before had so much transport in her devotion as at this time, and saying, she believed she should be the better for this notion he had given her as long as she lived.

The coaches being come to the water-side, they all alighted, and getting into one boat, proceed to Vauxhall.

The extreme beauty and elegance of this place is well known to almost every one of my readers; and happy is it for me that it is so; since, to give an adequate idea of it, would exceed my power of description. To delineate the particular beauties of these gardens, would, indeed, require as much pains, and as much paper too, as to rehearse all the good actions of their master; whose life proves the truth of an observation which I have read in some ethic writer, that a truly elegant taste is generally accompanied with an excellency of heart; or, in other words, that true virtue is, indeed, nothing else but true taste.

Here our company diverted themselves with walking an hour or two before the music began. Of all the seven, Booth alone had ever been here before; so that, to all the rest, the place, with its other charms, had that of novelty. When the music played, Amelia, who stood next to the doctor, said to him in a whisper, 'I hope 'I am not guilty of profaneness; but, in pursuance of 'that cheerful chain of thoughts, with which you have 'inspired me this afternoon, I was just now lost in a 'reverie, and fancied myself in those blissful mansions 'which we hope to enjoy hereafter. The delicious 'sweetness of the place, the enchanting charms of the 'music, and the satisfaction which appears in every one's 'countenance, carried my soul almost to heaven in its 'ideas. I could not have, indeed, imagined there had 'been any thing like this in this world.'

The doctor smiled, and said, 'You see, dear Madam, 'there may be pleasures, of which you could conceive 'no idea, till you actually enjoyed them.'

And now the little boy, who had long withstood the attractions of several cheesecakes that passed to and fro, could contain no longer; but asked his mother to give him one, saying, 'I am sure my sister would be glad of

'another, though she is ashamed to ask.' The doctor overhearing the child, proposed that they should all retire to some place, where they might sit down and refresh themselves; which they accordingly did. Amelia now missed her husband; but, as she had three men in her company, and one of them was the doctor, she concluded herself and her children to be safe, and doubted not but that Booth would soon find her out.

They now sat down, and the doctor very gallantly desired Amelia to call for what she liked. Upon which the children were supplied with cakes; and some ham and chicken were provided for the rest of the company; with which while they were regaling themselves with the highest satisfaction two young fellows walking arm in arm came up, and, when they came opposite to Amelia, they stood still, staring Amelia full in the face, and one of them cries aloud to the other, 'D—n me, my lord, if 'she is not an angel!'—My lord stood still, staring likewise at her, without speaking a word——when two others of the same gang came up—and one of them cried, 'Come along, Jack, 'I have seen her before; 'but she is too well manned already. Three —— are 'enough for one woman, or the devil is in it.'

'D—n me,' says he that spoke first, and whom they called Jack, 'I will have a brush at her, if she belonged 'to the whole convocation.' And so saying, he went up to the young clergyman, and cried—'Doctor, sit up a 'little, if you please, and don't take up more room in a 'bed than belongs to you.' At which words he gave the young man a push, and seated himself down directly over against Amelia, and leaning both his elbows on the table, he fixed his eyes on her in a manner with which modesty can neither look, nor bear to be looked at.

Amelia seemed greatly shocked at this treatment; upon which the doctor removed her within him, and

then facing the gentleman, asked him what he meant by this rude behaviour?—Upon which my lord stepped up and said, 'Don't be impertinent, old gentleman. Do 'you think such fellows as you, are to keep, d—n me, 'such fine wenches, d—n me, to yourselves, d—n 'me?'

'No, no,' cries Jack, 'the old gentleman is more rea- 'sonable. Here's the fellow that eats up the tithe pig. 'Don't you see how his mouth waters at her—Where's 'your slabbering bib?' For though the gentleman had rightly guessed he was a clergyman; yet he had not any of those insignia on, with which it would have been improper to have appeared there.

'Such boys as you,' cries the young clergyman, 'ought 'to be well whipped at school, instead of being suffered 'to become nuisances in society.'

'Boys, Sir!' says Jack, 'I believe I am as good a man 'as yourself, Mr.—— and as good a scholar too. *Bos fur 'sus quotque sacerdos.*——Tell me what's next. D—n 'me, I'll hold you fifty pounds—you don't tell me what's 'next.'

'You have him, Jack,' cries my lord. 'It is over with 'him, d—n me; he can't strike another blow.'

'If I had you in a proper place,' cries the clergyman, 'you should find I would strike a blow, and a pretty hard 'one too.'

'There,' cries my lord, 'there is the meekness of the 'clergyman—There spoke the wolf in sheep's cloathing. 'D—n me, how big he looks—You must be civil to him, 'faith! or else he will burst with pride.'

'Ay, ay,' cries Jack, 'let the clergy alone for pride; 'there's not a lord in the kingdom now hath half the 'pride of that fellow.'

'Pray, Sir,' cries the doctor, turning to the other, 'are 'you a lord?'

'Yes, Mr.——,' cries he, 'I have that honour, in-
'deed.'

'And I suppose you have pride too,' said the doctor.

'I hope I have, Sir,' answered he, 'at your service.'

'If such a one as you, Sir,' cries the doctor, 'who are
'not only a scandal to the title you bear as a lord, but
'even as a man, can pretend to pride, why will you not
'allow it to a clergyman? I suppose, Sir, by your dress,
'you are in the army; and, by the ribbon in your hat,
'you seem to be proud of that too. How much greater
'and more honourable is the service in which that gentle-
'man is enlisted than yours! Why then should you
'object to the pride of the clergy, since the lowest of the
'function is in reality every way so much your superior?'

'Tida Tidu Tidum,'—cries my lord.

'However, gentlemen,' cries the doctor, 'if you have
'the least pretension to that name, I beg you will put an
'end to your frolic; since you see it gives so much un-
'easiness to the lady. Nay, I intreat you for your own
'sakes; for here is one coming who will talk to you in
'a very different style from ours.'

'One coming!' cries my lord—'what care I for who
'is coming?'

'I suppose it is the devil,' cries Jack; 'for here are
'two of his livery servants already.'

'Let the devil come as soon as he will,' cries my lord,
'd—n me if I have not a kiss.'

Amelia now fell a trembling; and her children, perceiving her fright, both hung on her, and began to cry; when Booth and captain Trent both came up.

Booth, seeing his wife disordered, asked eagerly, what was the matter? At the same time, the lord and his companion seeing captain Trent, whom they well knew, said both together,—'What, doth this company belong to
'you?' When the doctor, with great presence of mind,

as he was apprehensive of some fatal consequence if Booth should know what had passed, said, 'So, Mr. Booth, 'I am glad you are returned; your poor lady here began 'to be frightened out of her wits. But now you have 'him again,' said he to Amelia, 'I hope you will be 'easy.'

Amelia, frightened as she was, presently took the hint, and greatly chid her husband for leaving her. But the little boy was not so quick-sighted, and cried—'Indeed, 'papa, those naughty men there have frightened my 'mamma out of her wits.'

'How!' cries Booth, a little moved; 'frightened! hath 'any one frightened you, my dear?'

'No, my love,' answered she, 'nothing. I know not 'what the child means. Every thing is well, now I see 'you safe.'

Trent had been all the while talking aside with the young sparks; and now addressing himself to Booth, said, 'Here hath been some little mistake; I believe my 'lord mistook Mrs. Booth for some other lady.'

'It is impossible,' cries my lord, 'to know every one. '—I am sure, if I had known the lady to be a woman 'of fashion, and an acquaintance of captain Trent, I 'should have said nothing disagreeable to her; but, if 'I have, I ask her pardon, and the company's.'

'I am in the dark,' cries Booth. 'Pray what is all this 'matter?'

'Nothing of any consequence,' cries the doctor, 'nor 'worth your inquiring into—You hear it was a mistake 'of the person, and I really believe his lordship, that 'all proceeded from his not knowing to whom the lady 'belonged.'

'Come, come,' says Trent, 'there is nothing in the 'matter, I assure you. I will tell you the whole another 'time.'

'Very well; since you say so,' cries Booth, 'I am 'contented.' So ended the affair, and the two sparks made their congee, and sneaked off.

'Now they are gone,' said the young gentleman, 'I 'must say, I never saw two worse-bred jackanapes, nor 'fellows that deserved to be kicked more. If I had had 'them in another place, I would have taught them a little 'more respect to the church.'

'You took rather a better way,' answered the doctor, 'to teach them that respect.'

Booth now desired his friend Trent to sit down with them, and proposed to call for a fresh bottle of wine; but Amelia's spirits were too much disconcerted to give her any prospect of pleasure that evening. She therefore laid hold of the pretence of her children, for whom she said the hour was already too late; with which the doctor agreed. So they paid their reckoning and departed; leaving to the two rakes the triumph of having totally dissipated the mirth of this little innocent company, who were before enjoying complete satisfaction.

CHAPTER X.

A curious conversation between the doctor, the young clergyman, and the young clergyman's father.

The next morning, when the doctor and his two friends were at breakfast, the young clergyman, in whose mind the injurious treatment he had received the evening before was very deeply impressed, renewed the conversation on that subject.

'It is a scandal,' said he, 'to the government, that they 'do not preserve more respect to the clergy, by punishing 'all rudeness to them with the utmost severity. It was 'very justly observed by you, Sir,' said he to the doctor,

'that the lowest clergyman in England is in real dignity 'superior to the highest nobleman. What then can be 'so shocking as to see that gown, which ought to entitle 'us to the veneration of all we meet, treated with con-'tempt and ridicule? Are we not, in fact, ambassadors 'from heaven to the world; and do they not, therefore, 'in denying us our due respect, deny it in reality to him 'that sent us!'

'If that be the case,' says the doctor, 'it behoves them 'to look to themselves; for he, who sent us, is able to 'exact most severe vengeance for the ill treatment of 'his ministers.'

'Very true, Sir,' cries the young one; 'and I heartily 'hope he will; but those punishments are at too great 'a distance to infuse terror into wicked minds. The 'government ought to interfere with its immediate cen-'sures. Fines and imprisonments and corporal punish-'ments operate more forcibly on the human mind, than 'all the fears of damnation.'

'Do you think so?' cries the doctor; 'then I am 'afraid men are very little in earnest in those fears.'

'Most justly observed,' says the old gentleman. 'In-'deed, I am afraid that is too much the case.'

'In that,' said the son, 'the government is to blame. 'Are not books of infidelity, treating our holy religion 'as a mere imposture, nay sometimes, as a mere jest, 'published daily, and spread abroad amongst the people 'with perfect impunity?'

'You are certainly in the right,' says the doctor; 'there is a most blameable remissness with regard to 'these matters; but the whole blame doth not lie there; 'some little share of the fault is, I am afraid, to be 'imputed to the clergy themselves.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries the young one, 'I did not expect 'that charge from a gentleman of your cloth. Do the

'clergy give any encouragement to such books? Do 'they not, on the contrary, cry loudly out against the 'suffering them? This is the invidious aspersion of the 'laity; and I did not expect to hear it confirmed by one 'of our own cloth.'

'Be not too impatient, young gentleman,' said the doctor. 'I do not absolutely confirm the charge of the 'laity; it is much too general, and too severe; but even 'the laity themselves do not attack them in that part to 'which you have applied your defence. They are not 'supposed such fools as to attack that religion to which 'they owe their temporal welfare. They are not taxed 'with giving any other support to infidelity, than what 'it draws from the ill examples of their lives; I mean of 'the lives of some of them. Here too the laity carry 'their censures too far; for there are very few or none 'of the clergy, whose lives, if compared with those of 'the laity, can be called profligate; but such, indeed, is 'the perfect purity of our religion, such is the innocence 'and virtue which it exacts to entitle us to its glorious 'rewards, and to screen us from its dreadful punishments, 'that he must be a very good man indeed who lives up 'to it. Thus then these persons argue. This man is 'educated in a perfect knowledge of religion, is learned 'in its laws, and is by his profession obliged, in a manner, 'to have them always before his eyes. The rewards 'which it promises to the obedience of these laws are so 'great, and the punishments threatened on disobedience 'so dreadful, that it is impossible but all men must fear-'fully fly from the one, and as eagerly pursue the other. 'If, therefore, such a person lives in direct opposition to, 'and in a constant breach of these laws, the inference is 'obvious. There is a pleasant story in Matthew Paris, 'which I will tell you as well as I can remember it. 'Two young gentlemen, I think they were priests, agreed

'together, that whosoever died first should return and 'acquaint his friend with the secrets of the other world. 'One of them died soon after, and fulfilled his promise. 'The whole relation he gave is not very material; but, 'among other things, he produced one of his hands, 'which Satan had made use of to write upon, as the 'moderns do on a card, and had sent his compliments 'to the priests, for the number of souls which the wicked 'examples of their lives daily sent to hell. This story is 'the more remarkable, as it was written by a priest, and 'a great favourer of his order.'

'Excellent,' cried the old gentleman, 'what a memory 'you have!'

'But, Sir,' cries the young one, 'a clergyman is a 'man as well as another; and, if such perfect purity be 'expected—'

'I do not expect it,' cries the doctor; 'and I hope it 'will not be expected of us. The scripture itself gives 'us this hope, where the best of us are said to fall twenty 'times a day. But sure, we may not allow the practice of 'any of those grosser crimes which contaminate the whole 'mind. We may expect an obedience to the ten com-'mandments, and an abstinence from such notorious vices, 'as in the first place, Avarice, which indeed can hardly 'subsist without the breach of more commandments than 'one: Indeed it would be excessive candour to imagine, 'that a man, who so visibly sets his whole heart not only 'on this world, but on one of the most worthless things 'in it (for so is money, without regard to its uses), should 'be at the same time laying up his treasure in heaven. 'Ambition is a second vice of this sort: We are told we 'cannot serve God and Mammon. I might have applied 'this to avarice; but I chose rather to mention it here. 'When we see a man sneaking about in courts and 'levees, and doing the dirty work of great men, from

'the hopes of preferment; can we believe, that a fellow 'whom we see to have so many hard taskmasters upon 'earth, ever thinks of his Master which is in heaven? 'Must he not himself think, if ever he reflects at all, 'that so glorious a master will disdain and disown a 'servant, who is the dutiful tool of a court-favourite, 'and employed either as a pimp of his pleasure, or some-'times perhaps made a dirty channel, to assist in the 'conveyance of that corruption, which is clogging up 'and destroying the very vitals of his country?

'The last vice which I shall mention, is Pride. There 'is not in the universe a more ridiculous, nor a more 'contemptible animal, than a proud clergyman; a turkey 'cock, or a jackdaw, are objects of veneration, when 'compared with him. I don't mean, by Pride, that 'noble dignity of mind to which goodness can only 'administer an adequate object, which delights in the 'testimony of its own conscience, and could not, without 'the highest agonies, bear its condemnation. By Pride, 'I mean that saucy passion which exults in every little 'eventual pre-eminence over other men; such are the 'ordinary gifts of nature, and the paltry presents of 'fortune, wit, knowledge, birth, strength, beauty, riches, 'titles, and rank. That passion which is ever aspiring, 'like a silly child, to look over the heads of all about 'them; which, while it servilely adheres to the great, 'flies from the poor, as if afraid of contamination: 'devouring greedily every murmur of applause, and 'every look of admiration; pleased and elated with all 'kind of respect; and hurt and inflamed with the 'contempt of the lowest and most despicable of fools, 'even with such as treated you last night disrespect-'fully at Vauxhall. Can such a mind as this be fixed 'on things above? Can such a man reflect that he 'hath the ineffable honour to be employed in the im-

'mediate service of his great Creator? or, can he please 'himself with the heart-warming hope, that his ways 'are acceptable in the sight of that glorious, that in- 'comprehensible Being?'

'Hear, child, hear,' cries the old gentleman; 'hear, 'and improve your understanding. Indeed, my good 'friend, no one retires from you without carrying away 'some good instructions with him. Learn of the doctor, 'Tom, and you will be the better man as long as you live.'

'Undoubtedly, Sir,' answered Tom, 'the doctor hath 'spoken a great deal of excellent truth; and without a 'compliment to him, I was always a great admirer of 'his sermons, particularly of their oratory. But,

Nec tamen hoc tribuens dederim quoque cætera.

'I cannot agree that a clergyman is obliged to put up 'with an affront any more than another man, and more 'especially when it is paid to the order.'

'I am very sorry, young gentleman,' cries the doctor, 'that you should be ever liable to be affronted as a 'clergyman; and I do assure you, if I had known your 'disposition formerly, the order should never have 'been affronted through you.'

The old gentleman now began to check his son, for his opposition to the doctor; when a servant delivered the latter a note from Amelia, which he read immediately to himself, and it contained the following words:

'MY DEAR SIR,

'Something hath happened since I saw you, which 'gives me great uneasiness, and I beg the favour of seeing 'you as soon as possible, to advise with you upon it.

'I am,

'Your most obliged

'And dutiful daughter,

'AMELIA BOOTH.'

The doctor's answer was, that he would wait on the lady directly; and then turning to his friend, he asked him if he would not take a walk in the Park before dinner. 'I must go,' says he, 'to the lady who was with 'us last night; for I am afraid, by her letter, some bad 'accident hath happened to her. Come, young gentle-'man, I spoke a little too hastily to you just now; but 'I ask your pardon. Some allowance must be made to 'the warmth of your blood. I hope we shall in time 'both think alike.'

The old gentleman made his friend another compliment, and the young one declared, he hoped he should always think and act too with the dignity becoming his cloth. After which the doctor took his leave for a while, and went to Amelia's lodgings.

As soon as he was gone, the old gentleman fell very severely on his son. 'Tom,' says he, 'how can you be 'such a fool, to undo by your perverseness all that I have 'been doing? Why will you not learn to study mankind 'with the attention which I have employed to that pur-'pose? Do you think, if I had affronted this obstinate 'old fellow as you do, I should ever have engaged 'his friendship?'

'I cannot help it, Sir,' said Tom; 'I have not studied 'six years at the university to give up my sentiments to 'every one. It is true, indeed, he put together a set of 'sounding words; but, in the main, I never heard any 'one talk more foolishly.'

'What of that,' cries the father; 'I never told you he 'was a wise man, nor did I ever think him so. If he had 'any understanding, he would have been a bishop long 'ago, to my certain knowledge. But, indeed he hath 'been always a fool in private life; for I question whether 'he is worth 100*l.* in the world more than his annual 'income. He hath given away above half his fortune to

'the Lord knows who. I believe I have had above 200*l.* 'of him, first and last; and would you lose such a milch-'cow as this, for want of a few compliments? Indeed, 'Tom, thou art as great a simpleton as himself. How do 'you expect to rise in the church, if you cannot temporise, 'and give in to the opinions of your superiors?'

'I don't know, Sir,' cries Tom, 'what you mean by my 'superiors. In one sense, I own, a doctor of divinity is 'superior to a bachelor of arts, and so far I am ready to 'allow his superiority; but I understand Greek and 'Hebrew as well as he, and will maintain my opinion 'against him or any other in the schools.'

'Tom,' cries the old gentleman, 'till thou gettest the 'better of thy conceit, I shall never have any hopes of 'thee. If thou art wise, thou wilt think every man thy 'superior of whom thou canst get any thing; at least, 'thou wilt persuade him that thou thinkest so, and that 'is sufficient. Tom, Tom, thou hast no policy in thee.'

'What have I been learning these seven years,' answered he, 'in the university? However, father, I can 'account for your opinion. It is the common failing of old 'men to attribute all wisdom to themselves. Nestor did 'it long ago: but, if you will enquire my character at 'college, I fancy you will not think I want to go to 'school again.'

The father and son then went to take their walk, during which the former repeated many good lessons of policy to his son, not greatly perhaps to his edification. In truth, if the old gentleman's fondness had not, in a great measure, blinded him to the imperfections of his son, he would have soon perceived that he was sowing all his instructions in a soil so choked with self-conceit that it was utterly impossible they should ever bear any fruit.

AMELIA.

BOOK X.

CHAPTER I.

To which we will prefix no preface.

The doctor found Amelia alone, for Booth was gone to walk with his new-revived acquaintaince, captain Trent, who seemed so pleased with the renewal of his intercourse with his old brother officer, that he had been almost continually with him from the time of their meeting at the drum.

Amelia acquainted the doctor with the purport of her message, as follows: 'I ask your pardon, my dear Sir, 'for troubling you so often with my affairs; but I know 'your extreme readiness, as well as ability, to assist any 'one with your advice. The fact is, that my husband 'hath been presented by colonel James with two tickets 'for a masquerade, which is to be in a day or two; and 'he insists so strongly on my going with him that I really 'do not know how to refuse, without giving him some 'reason; and I am not able to invent any other than the 'true one, which you would not, I am sure, advise me to 'communicate to him. Indeed I had a most narrow es-'cape the other day; for I was almost drawn in, inadver-'tently, by a very strange accident, to acquaint him with 'the whole matter.' She then related the serjeant's dream with all the consequences that attended it.

The doctor considered a little with himself, and then said, 'I am really, child, puzzled as well as you about 'this matter. I would by no means have you go to 'the masquerade; I do not indeed like the diversion 'itself, as I have heard it described to me; not that 'I am such a prude to suspect every woman who goes 'there of any evil intentions; but it is a pleasure of too 'loose and disorderly a kind for the recreation of a sober 'mind. Indeed, you have still a stronger and more 'particular objection. I will try myself to reason him 'out of it.

'Indeed, it is impossible,' answered she; 'and there-'fore I would not set you about it. I never saw him 'more set on any thing. There is a party, as they call 'it, made on the occasion; and he tells me my refusal 'will disappoint all.'

'I really do not know what to advise you,' cries the doctor; 'I have told you I do not approve of these 'diversions; but yet, as your husband is so very desi-'rous, I cannot think there will be any harm in going 'with him. However, I will consider of it, and do all 'in my power for you.'

Here Mrs. Atkinson came in, and the discourse on this subject ceased; but soon after Amelia renewed it, saying, there was no occasion to keep any thing a secret from her friend. They then fell to debating on the subject; but could not come to any resolution. But Mrs. Atkinson, who was in an unusual flow of spirits, cried out, 'Fear 'nothing, my dear Amelia, two women surely will be 'too hard for one man. I think, doctor, it exceeds 'Virgil:

'*Una dolo divûm si fœmina victa duorum est.*'

'Very well repeated, indeed,' cries the doctor. 'Do

'you understand all Virgil as well as you seem to do that 'line?'

'I hope I do, Sir,' said she, 'and Horace too; or else 'my father threw away his time to very little purpose 'in teaching me.'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' cries the doctor. 'I own 'it was an impertinent question.'

'Not at all, Sir,' says she; 'and if you are one of those 'who imagine women incapable of learning, I shall not 'be offended at it. I know the common opinion; but

'*Interdum vulgus rectum videt, est ubi peccat.*'

'If I was to profess such an opinion, Madam,' said the doctor, 'Madam Dacier and yourself would bear 'testimony against me. The utmost indeed that I should 'venture would be to question the utility of learning in 'a young lady's education.'

'I own,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'as the world is consti-'tuted, it cannot be as serviceable to her fortune, as it 'will be to that of a man; but you will allow, doctor, 'that learning may afford a woman, at least, a reasonable 'and an innocent entertainment.'

'But I will suppose,' cries the doctor, 'it may have 'its inconveniences. As for instance, if a learned lady 'should meet with an unlearned husband, might she not 'be apt to despise him?'

'I think not,' cries Mrs. Atkinson—'and, if I may be 'allowed the instance, I think I have shewn myself, that 'women who have learning themselves, can be contented 'without that qualification in a man.'

'To be sure,' cries the doctor, 'there may be other 'qualifications which may have their weight in the 'balance. But let us take the other side of the question, 'and suppose the learned of both sexes to meet in the

'matrimonial union, may it not afford one excellent sub-
'ject of disputation, which is the most learned?'

'Not at all,' cries Mrs. Atkinson; 'for, if they had
'both learning and good sense, they would soon see on
'which side the superiority lay.'

'But if the learned man,' said the doctor, 'should be
'a little unreasonable in his opinion, are you sure that
'the learned woman would preserve her duty to her hus-
'band, and submit?'

'But why,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'must we necessarily
'suppose that a learned man would be unreasonable?'

'Nay, Madam,' said the doctor, 'I am not your hus-
'band; and you shall not hinder me from supposing
'what I please. Surely it is not such a paradox to con-
'ceive that a man of learning should be unreasonable.
'Are there no unreasonable opinions in very learned
'authors, even among the critics themselves? For in-
'stance, what can be a more strange, and indeed un-
'reasonable opinion, than to prefer the Metamorphoses of
'Ovid to the Æneid of Virgil?'

'It would be indeed so strange,' cries the lady, 'that
'you shall not persuade me it was ever the opinion of any
'man.'

'Perhaps not,' cries the doctor; 'and I believe you
'and I should not differ in our judgments of any person
'who maintained such an opinion——What a taste must
'he have?'

'A most contemptible one indeed,' cries Mrs. Atkin-
son.

'I am satisfied,' cries the doctor. 'And in the words
'of your own Horace, *Verbum non amplius addam.*'

'But how provoking is this!' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'to
'draw one in in such a manner. I protest I was so warm
'in the defence of my favourite Virgil that I was not
'aware of your design; but all your triumph depends on

'a supposition that one should be so unfortunate as to 'meet with the silliest fellow in the world.'

'Not in the least,' cries the doctor. 'Doctor Bentley 'was not such a person; and yet he would have 'quarrelled, I am convinced, with any wife in the world, 'in behalf of one of his corrections. I don't suppose 'he would have given up his *Ingentia Fata* to an angel.'

'But do you think,' said she, 'if I had loved him, I 'would have contended with him?'

'Perhaps you might sometimes,' said the doctor, 'be 'of these sentiments; but you remember your own Virgil '—*Varium et mutabile semper Fœmina.*'

'Nay, Amelia,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'you are now con- 'cerned as well as I am; for he hath now abused the 'whole sex, and quoted the severest thing that ever was 'said against us, though I allow it is one of the finest.'

'With all my heart, my dear,' cries Amelia. 'I have 'the advantage of you however, for I don't understand 'him.'

'Nor doth she understand much better than yourself,' cries the doctor; 'or she would not admire nonsense, 'even though in Virgil.'

'Pardon me, Sir,' said she.

'And pardon me, Madam,' cries the doctor, with a feigned seriousness; 'I say, a boy in the fourth form at 'Eton would be whipped, or would deserve to be whipped 'at least, who made the Neuter Gender agree with the 'Feminine. You have heard, however, that Virgil left 'his Æneid incorrect; and, perhaps, had he lived to 'correct it, we should not have seen the faults we now 'see in it.'

'Why, it is very true as you say, doctor,' cries Mrs. Atkinson—'There seems to be a false concord. I protest 'I never thought of it before.'

'And yet this is the Virgil,' answered the doctor, 'that

'you are so fond of, who hath made you all of the Neuter 'Gender; or, as we say in English, he hath made mere 'animals of you; for, if we translate it thus,

'Woman is a various and changeable animal,

'there will be no fault, I believe, unless in point of 'civility to the ladies.'

Mrs. Atkinson had just time to tell the doctor he was a provoking creature, before the arrival of Booth and his friend put an end to that learned discourse, in which neither of the parties had greatly recommended themselves to each other; the doctor's opinion of the lady being not at all heightened by her progress in the classics; and she on the other hand, having conceived a great dislike in her heart towards the doctor, which would have raged, perhaps, with no less fury from the consideration that he had been her husband.

CHAPTER II.

What happened at the masquerade.

From this time to the day of the masquerade nothing happened of consequence enough to have a place in this history.

On that day colonel James came to Booth's about nine in the evening, where he staid for Mrs. James, who did not come till near eleven. The four masques then set out together in several chairs; and all proceeded to the Hay-market.

When they arrived at the Opera-house, the colonel and Mrs. James presently left them; nor did Booth and his

lady remain long together, but were soon divided from each other by different masques.

A domino soon accosted the lady, and had her away to the upper end of the farthest room on the right hand, where both the masques sat down; nor was it long before the he domino began to make very fervent love to the she. It would, perhaps, be tedious to the reader to run through the whole process, which was not indeed in the most romantic style. The lover seemed to consider his mistress as a mere woman of this world, and seemed rather to apply to her avarice and ambition, than to her softer passions.

As he was not so careful to conceal his true voice as the lady was, she soon discovered that this lover of her's was no other than her old friend the peer, and presently a thought suggested itself to her, of making an advantage of this accident. She gave him therefore an intimation that she knew him, and expressed some astonishment at his having found her out. 'I suspect,' says she, 'my 'lord, that you have a friend in the woman where I now 'lodge, as well as you had in Mrs. Ellison.' My lord protested the contrary——To which she answered, 'Nay, 'my lord, do not defend her so earnestly, till you are 'sure I should have been angry with her.'

At these words, which were accompanied with a very bewitching softness, my lord flew into raptures rather too strong for the place he was in. These the lady gently checked, and begged him to take care they were not observed; for that her husband, for aught she knew, was then in the room.

Colonel James came now up, and said, 'So, Madam, I 'have the good fortune to find you again; I have been 'extremely miserable since I lost you.' The lady answered in her masquerade voice, that she did not know him. 'I am colonel James,' said he, in a whisper.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered she, 'you are mistaken, I have 'no acquaintance with any colonel James.' 'Madam,' answered he, in a whisper likewise, 'I am positive I am 'not mistaken, you are certainly Mrs. Booth.'—'Indeed, 'Sir,' said she, 'you are very impertinent, and I beg you 'will leave me.' My lord then interposed, and speaking in his own voice, assured the colonel that the lady was a woman of quality, and that they were engaged in a conversation together; upon which, the colonel asked the lady's pardon; for as there was nothing remarkable in her dress, he really believed he had been mistaken.

He then went again a hunting through the rooms, and soon after found Booth walking without his mask between two ladies, one of whom was in a blue domino, and the other in the dress of a shepherdess. 'Will,' cries the colonel, 'do you know what is become of our wives; for 'I have seen neither of them since we have been in the 'room?' Booth answered, That he supposed they were both together, and they should find them by and by. 'What,' cries the lady in the blue domino, 'are you 'both come upon duty then with your wives? as for 'yours, Mr. Alderman,' said she to the colonel, 'I make 'no question but she is got into much better company 'than her husband's.' 'How can you be so cruel, 'Madam,' said the shepherdess, 'you will make him 'beat his wife by and by, for he is a military man, I 'assure you.' 'In the trained bands, I presume,' cries the domino, 'for he is plainly dated from the city.'—'I 'own, indeed,' cries the other, 'the gentleman smells 'strongly of Thames-street, and, if I may venture to 'guess, of the honourable calling of a tailor.'

'Why, what the devil hast thou picked up here?' cries James.

'Upon my soul, I don't know,' answered Booth; 'I 'wish you would take one of them at least.'

'What say you, Madam?' cries the domino, 'will you 'go with the colonel? I assure you, you have mistaken 'your man, for he is no less a person than the great 'colonel James himself.'

'No wonder, then, that Mr. Booth gives him his choice 'of us; it is the proper office of a caterer, in which 'capacity Mr. Booth hath, I am told, the honour to serve 'the noble colonel.'

'Much good may it do you with your ladies,' said James; 'I will go in pursuit of better game.' At which words he walked off.

'You are a true sportsman,' cries the shepherdess; 'for your only pleasure, I believe, lies in the pursuit.'

'Do you know the gentleman, Madam?' cries the domino.

'Who doth not know him?' answered the shepherdess.

'What is his character?' cries the domino; 'for 'though I have jested with him, I only know him by 'sight.'

'I know nothing very particular in his character,' cries the shepherdess. 'He gets every handsome woman he 'can, and so they do all.'

'I suppose then he is not married,' said the domino.

'O yes! and married for love too,' answered the other; 'but he hath loved away all his love for her long 'ago, and now, he says, she makes as fine an object of 'hatred.—I think if the fellow ever appears to have 'any wit, it is when he abuses his wife; and, luckily 'for him, that is his favourite topic.—I don't know the 'poor wretch, but as he describes her, it is a miserable 'animal.'

'I know her very well,' cries the other: 'and I am 'much mistaken if she is not even with him; but hang 'him, what is become of Booth?'

At this instant a great noise arose near that part where the two ladies were. This was occasioned by a large assembly of young fellows, whom they call bucks, who were got together and were enjoying, as the phrase is, a letter, which one of them had found in the room.

Curiosity hath its votaries among all ranks of people; whenever therefore an object of this appears it is as sure of attracting a crowd in the assemblies of the polite, as in those of their inferiors.

When this crowd was gathered together, one of the bucks, at the desire of his companions, as well as of all present, performed the part of a public orator, and read out the following letter, which we shall give the reader, together with the comments of the orator himself, and of all his audience.

The orator then, being mounted on a bench, began as follows:

'Here beginneth the first chapter of——saint—Pox 'on't, Jack, what is the saint's name? I have forgot.'

'Timothy, you blockhead,' answered another, —— 'Timothy.'

'Well, then,' cries the orator, 'of Saint Timothy.'

' " Sir, I am very sorry to have any occasion of writing ' " on the following subject, in a country that is honoured ' " with the name of Christian; much more am I con- ' " cerned to address myself to a man whose many ' " advantages, derived both from nature and fortune, ' " should demand the highest return of gratitude to the ' " great Giver of all those good things. Is not such a ' " man guilty of the highest ingratitude to that most ' " beneficent Being, by a direct and avowed disobedience ' " of his most positive laws and commands?

' " I need not tell you that adultery is forbid in the ' " laws of the decalogue; nor need I, I hope, mention, ' " that it is expressly forbid in the New Testament."

'You see, therefore,' said the orator, 'what the law is, 'and therefore none of you will be able to plead ig- 'norance, when you come to the Old Bailey in the other 'world.—But here goes again——.'

'"If it had not been so expressly forbidden in scrip- '"ture, still the law of Nature would have yielded light '"enough for us to have discovered the great horror and '"atrociousness of this crime.

'"And accordingly we find, that nations, where the '"sun of righteousness hath yet never shined, have '"punished the adulterer with the most exemplary pains '"and penalties; not only the polite heathens, but the '"most barbarous nations have concurred in these; in '"many places the most severe and shameful corporal '"punishments, and in some, and those not a few, Death '"itself hath been inflicted on this crime.

'"And sure in a human sense there is scarce any guilt '"which deserves to be more severely punished. It in- '"cludes in it almost every injury and every mischief '"which one man can do to, or can bring on, another. '"It is robbing him of his property."

'Mind that, ladies,' said the orator; 'you are all the 'property of your husbands; "and of that property, '"which, if he is a good man, he values above all '"others. It is poisoning that fountain whence he hath '"a right to derive the sweetest and most innocent plea- '"sure, the most cordial comfort, the most solid friend- '"ship, and most faithful assistance in all his affairs, '"wants, and distresses. It is the destruction of his '"peace of mind, and even of his reputation. The ruin '"of both wife and husband, and sometimes of the whole '"family, are the probable consequence of this fatal '"injury. Domestic happiness is the end of almost all '"our pursuits, and the common reward of all our pains. '"When men find themselves for ever barred from this

' " delightful fruition, they are lost to all industry, and
' " grow careless of all their worldly affairs. Thus they
' " become bad subjects, bad relations, bad friends, and
' " bad men. Hatred and revenge are the wretched
' " passions which boil in their minds. Despair and
' " madness very commonly ensue, and murder and
' " suicide often close the dreadful scene."

'Thus, gentlemen and ladies, you see the scene is
' closed. So here ends the first act—and thus begins
' the second:

' " I have here attempted to lay before you a picture
' " of this vice, the horror of which no colours of mine
' " can exaggerate. But what pencil can delineate the
' " horrors of that punishment which the scripture
' " denounces against it?

' " And for what will you subject yourself to this
' " punishment? on for what reward will you inflict all
' " this misery or another? I will add, on your friends?
' " for the possession of a woman; for the pleasure of a
' " moment? but if neither virtue nor religion can
' " restrain your inordinate appetites, are there not
' " many women as handsome as your friend's wife,
' " whom, though not with innocence, you may possess
' " with a much less degree of guilt? what motive
' " then can thus hurry you on to the destruction of
' " yourself and your friend? doth the peculiar rank-
' " ness of the guilt add any zest to the sin? doth it
' " enhance the pleasure as much as we may be assured
' " it will the punishment?

' " But if you can be so lost to all sense of fear, and
' " of shame, and of goodness, as not to be debarred by
' " the evil which you are to bring on yourself, by the
' " extreme baseness of the action, nor by the ruin in
' " which you are to involve others, let me still urge the
' " difficulty, I may say the impossibility, of the success.

'"You are attacking a fortress on a rock; a chastity so '"strongly defended, as well by a happy natural dis- '"position of mind, as by the strongest principles of '"religion and virtue, implanted by education, and '"nourished and improved by habit, that the woman '"must be invincible even without that firm and con- '"stant affection of her husband, which would guard '"a much looser and worse-disposed heart. What there- '"fore are you attempting but to introduce distrust, '"and perhaps disunion between an innocent and a '"happy couple, in which too you cannot succeed '"without bringing, I am convinced, certain destruction '"on your own head?

'"Desist, therefore, let me advise you, from this '"enormous crime; retreat from the vain attempt of '"climbing a precipice which it is impossible you should '"ever ascend, where you must probably soon fall into '"utter perdition, and can have no other hope but of '"dragging down your best friend into perdition with you.

'"I can think of but one argument more, and that, '"indeed, a very bad one; you throw away that time in '"an impossible attempt, which might, in other places, '"crown your sinful endeavours with success."

'And so ends the dismal ditty.'

'D—n me,' cries one, 'did ever mortal hear such 'd—n'd stuff?'

'Upon my soul,' said another, 'I like the last argu- 'ment well enough. There is some sense in that; for 'd—n me, if I had not rather go to D—g—ss at 'any time, than to follow a virtuous b—— for a fort- 'night.'

'Tom,' says one of them, 'let us set the ditty to 'music; let us subscribe to have it set by Handel; it 'will make an excellent oratorio.'

'D—n me, Jack,' says another, 'we'll have it set to a

'psalm tune, and we'll sing it next Sunday at St. 'James's church, and I'll bear a bob, d—n me.'

'Fie upon it! gentlemen, fie upon it!' said a friar, who came up, 'do you think there is any wit and 'humour in this ribaldry; or if there were, would 'it make any atonement for abusing religion and 'virtue?'

'Heyday!' cries one, 'this is a friar in good earnest.'

'Whatever I am,' said the friar, 'I hope at least you 'are what you appear to be. Heaven forbid, for the sake 'of our posterity, that you should be gentlemen.'

'Jack,' cries one, 'let us toss the friar in a blanket.'

'Me in a blanket?' said the friar, 'by the dignity of 'man, I will twist the neck of every one of you as sure 'as ever the neck of a dunghill-cock was twisted.' At which words he pulled off his masque, and the tremendous majesty of colonel Bath appeared, from which the bucks fled away as fast as the Trojans heretofore from the face of Achilles. The colonel did not think it worth while to pursue any other of them except him who had the letter in his hand, which the colonel desired to see; and the other delivered, saying, it was very much at his service.

The colonel being possessed of the letter, retired as privately as he could, in order to give it a careful perusal; for badly as it had been read by the orator, there were some passages in it which had pleased the colonel. He had just gone through it, when Booth passed by him; upon which, the colonel called to him, and delivering him the letter, bid him put it in his pocket, and read it at his leisure. He made many encomiums upon it, and told Booth it would be of service to him, and was proper for all young men to read.

Booth had not yet seen his wife; but, as he concluded

she was safe with Mrs. James, he was not uneasy. He had been prevented searching farther after her, by the lady in the blue domino, who had joined him again. Booth had now made these discoveries; that the lady was pretty well acquainted with him; that she was a woman of fashion; and that she had a particular regard for him. But though he was a gay man, he was in reality so fond of his Amelia, that he thought of no other woman; wherefore, though not absolutely a Joseph, as we have already seen; yet could he not be guilty of premeditated inconstancy. He was indeed so very cold and insensible to the hints which were given him, that the lady began to complain of his dulness. When the shepherdess again came up, and heard this accusation against him, she confirmed it, saying; 'I do assure you, Madam, he is the dullest fellow in 'the world. Indeed, I should almost take you for his 'wife, by finding you a second time with him; for I do 'assure you the gentleman very seldom keeps any other 'company.' 'Are you so well acquainted with him, 'Madam?' said the domino. 'I have had that honour 'longer than your ladyship, I believe,' answered the shepherdess. 'Possibly you may, Madam,' cries the domino, 'but I wish you would not interrupt us at 'present; for we have some business together.' 'I be-'lieve, Madam,' answered the shepherdess, 'my business 'with the gentleman is altogether as important as 'yours; and therefore your ladyship may withdraw 'if you please.'—'My dear ladies,' cries Booth, 'I beg 'you will not quarrel about me.'—'Not at all,' answered the domino, 'since you are so indifferent, I re-'sign my pretensions with all my heart. If you had 'not been the dullest fellow upon earth, I am con-'vinced you must have discovered me.'—She then went off muttering to herself, that she was satisfied

the shepherdess was some wretched creature whom nobody knew.

The shepherdess overheard the sarcasm, and answered it, by asking Booth what contemptible wretch he had picked up? 'Indeed, Madam,' said he, 'you know as 'much of her as I do; she is a masquerade acquaint-'ance like yourself.' 'Like me,' repeated she. 'Do 'you think if this had been our first acquaintance, I 'should have wasted so much time with you as I have? 'for your part, indeed, I believe a woman will get very 'little advantage by her having been formerly intimate 'with you.' 'I do not know, Madam,' said Booth, 'that 'I deserve that character any more than I know the 'person that now gives it me.' 'And you have the 'assurance then,' said she in her own voice, 'to affect 'not to remember me.' 'I think,' cries Booth, 'I have 'heard that voice before; but, upon my soul, I do not 'recollect it.' 'Do you recollect,' said she, 'no woman 'that you have used with the highest barbarity? I will 'not say ingratitude.' 'No, upon my honour,' answered Booth. 'Mention not honour,' said she, 'thou wretch; 'for hardened as thou art, I could shew thee a face, that, 'in spite of thy consummate impudence, would confound 'thee with shame and horror. Dost thou not yet know 'me?' 'I do, Madam, indeed,' answered Booth, 'and I 'confess, that of all women in the world you have the 'most reason for what you said.'

Here a long dialogue ensued between the gentleman and the lady, whom, I suppose, I need not mention to have been Miss Matthews: but as it consisted chiefly of violent upbraidings on her side, and excuses on his, I despair of making it entertaining to the reader, and shall therefore return to the colonel, who having searched all the rooms with the utmost diligence, without finding the woman he looked for, began to suspect that he had before

fixed on the right person, and that Amelia had denied herself to him, being pleased with her paramour, whom he had discovered to be the noble peer.

He resolved, therefore, as he could have no sport himself, to spoil that of others; accordingly he found out Booth, and asked him again, what was become of both their wives; for that he had searched all over the rooms, and could find neither of them.

Booth was now a little alarmed at this account, and, parting with Miss Matthews, went along with the colonel in search of his wife. As for Miss Matthews, he had at length pacified her with a promise to make her a visit; which promise she extorted from him, swearing bitterly in the most solemn manner, unless he made it to her, she would expose both him and herself at the masquerade.

As he knew the violence of the lady's passions, and to what heights they were capable of rising, he was obliged to come into these terms; for he had, I am convinced, no fear upon earth equal to that of Amelia's knowing what it was in the power of Miss Matthews to communicate to her, and which to conceal from her, he had already undergone so much uneasiness.

The colonel led Booth directly to the place where he had seen the peer and Amelia (such he was now well convinced she was) sitting together. Booth no sooner saw her, than he said to the colonel, 'Sure that is my wife in 'conversation with that masque?'—'I took her for your 'lady myself,' said the colonel; 'but I found I was mis-'taken.—(Harkye, that is my lord ——, and I have seen 'that very lady with him all this night.)'

This conversation passed at a little distance, and out of the hearing of the supposed Amelia; when Booth looking stedfastly at the lady, declared with an oath, that he was positive the colonel was in the right. She then

beckoned to him with her fan; upon which, he went directly to her; and she asked him to go home, which he very readily consented to. The peer then walked off; the colonel went in pursuit of his wife, or of some other woman; and Booth and his lady repaired in two chairs to their lodgings.

CHAPTER III.

Consequences of the masquerade, not uncommon nor surprising.

The lady, getting first out of her chair, ran hastily up into the nursery to the children; for such was Amelia's constant method at her return home, at whatever hour. Booth then walked into the dining-room, where he had not been long before Amelia came down to him, and with a most cheerful countenance, said, 'My dear, I fancy we 'have neither of us supped, shall I go down and see 'whether there is any cold meat in the house?'

'For yourself, if you please,' answered Booth; 'but I 'shall eat nothing.'

'How, my dear!' said Amelia, 'I hope you have not 'lost your appetite at the masquerade.' For supper was a meal at which he generally eat very heartily.

'I know not well what I have lost,' said Booth; 'I 'find myself disordered. My head aches. I know not 'what is the matter with me.'

'Indeed, my dear, you frighten me,' said Amelia; 'you 'look indeed disordered. I wish the masquerade had 'been far enough, before you had gone thither.'

'Would to Heaven it had,' cries Booth; 'but that is

'over now. But pray, Amelia, answer me one question, 'Who was that gentleman with you when I came up to 'you?'

'The gentleman! my dear,' said Amelia, 'what 'gentleman?'

'The gentleman, the nobleman, when I came up; sure 'I speak plain.'

'Upon my word, my dear, I don't understand you,' answered she; 'I did not know one person at the mas-'querade.'

'How!' said he, 'what! spend the whole evening 'with a masque without knowing him?'

'Why, my dear,' said she, 'you know we were not 'together.'

'I know we were not,' said he; 'but what is that to 'the purpose? sure you answer me strangely. I know 'we were not together; and therefore I ask you whom 'you were with?'

'Nay but, my dear,' said she, 'can I tell people in 'masques?'

'I say again, Madam,' said he, 'would you converse 'two hours or more with a masque whom you did not 'know?'

'Indeed, child,' says she, 'I know nothing of the 'methods of a masquerade; for I never was at one in 'my life.'

'I wish to Heaven you had not been at this,' cries Booth. 'Nay, you will wish so yourself, if you tell me 'truth—What have I said? do I, can I suspect you of 'not speaking truth?—Since you are ignorant then I will 'inform you, the man you have conversed with was no 'other than lord——.'

'And is that the reason,' said she, 'you wish I had not 'been there?'

'And is not that reason,' answered he, 'sufficient? Is

'he not the last man upon earth with whom I would 'have you converse?'

'So you really wish then that I had not been at the 'masquerade?'

'I do,' cried he, 'from my soul.'

'So may I ever be able,' cried she, 'to indulge you in 'every wish as in this.—I was not there.'

'Do not trifle, Amelia,' cried he; 'you would not jest 'with me, if you knew the situation of my mind.'

'Indeed, I do not jest with you,' said she. 'Upon my 'honour I was not there. Forgive me this first deceit I 'ever practised, and, indeed, it shall be the last; for I 'have paid severely for this by the uneasiness it hath 'given me.' She then revealed to him the whole secret, which was thus:

I think it hath been already mentioned, in some part of this history, that Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson were exactly of the same make and stature, and that there was likewise a very near resemblance between their voices. When Mrs. Atkinson, therefore, found that Amelia was so extremely averse to the masquerade, she proposed to go thither in her stead, and to pass upon Booth for his own wife.

This was afterwards very easily executed; for when they left Booth's lodgings, Amelia, who went last to her chair, ran back to fetch her masque, as she pretended, which she had purposely left behind. She then whipped off her domino, and threw it over Mrs. Atkinson, who stood ready to receive it, and ran immediately down stairs, and stepping into Amelia's chair, proceeded with the rest to the masquerade.

As her stature exactly suited that of Amelia, she had very little difficulty to carry on the imposition; for, besides the natural resemblance of their voices, and the opportunity of speaking in a feigned one, she had scarce

an intercourse of six words with Booth during the whole time; for the moment they got into the crowd, she took the first opportunity of slipping from him. And he, as the reader may remember, being seized by other women, and concluding his wife to be safe with Mrs. James, was very well satisfied, till the colonel set him upon the search, as we have seen before.

Mrs. Atkinson, the moment she came home, ran up stairs to the nursery, where she found Amelia, and told her in haste that she might very easily carry on the deceit with her husband; for that she might tell him what she pleased to invent, as they had not been a minute together during the whole evening.

Booth was no sooner satisfied that his wife had not been from home that evening, than he fell into raptures with her, gave her a thousand tender caresses, blamed his own judgment, acknowledged the goodness of hers, and vowed never to oppose her will more in any one instance during his life.

Mrs. Atkinson, who was still in the nursery with her masquerade dress, was then summoned down stairs; and when Booth saw her, and heard her speak in her mimic tone, he declared he was not surprised at his having been imposed upon; for that if they were both in the same disguise, he should scarce be able to discover the difference between them.

They then sat down to half an hour's cheerful conversation: after which they retired all in the most perfect good-humour.

CHAPTER IV.

Consequences of the masquerade.

When Booth rose in the morning, he found in his pocket that letter which had been delivered to him by colonel Bath, which, had not chance brought to his remembrance, he might possibly have never recollected.

He had now, however, the curiosity to open the letter, and beginning to read it, the matter of it drew him on till he perused the whole; for, notwithstanding the contempt cast upon it by those learned critics the bucks, neither the subject, nor the manner in which it was treated, was altogether contemptible.

But there was still another motive which induced Booth to read the whole letter; and this was, that he presently thought he knew the hand. He did, indeed, immediately conclude it was Dr. Harrison; for the doctor wrote a very remarkable one; and the letter contained all the particularities of the doctor's character.

He had just finished a second reading of this letter, when the doctor himself entered the room. The good man was impatient to know the success of Amelia's stratagem; for he bore towards her all that love which esteem can create in a good mind, without the assistance of those selfish considerations, from which the love of wives and children may be ordinarily deduced. The latter of which, Nature, by very subtle and refined reasoning, suggests to us to be part of our dear selves: and the former, as long as they remain the objects of our liking, that same Nature is furnished with very plain and fertile arguments to recommend to our affections. But to raise that affection in the human breast, which the

doctor had for Amelia, Nature is forced to use a kind of logic, which is no more understood by a bad man, than Sir Isaac Newton's doctrine of colours is by one born blind. And yet in reality it contains nothing more abstruse than this, that an injury is the object of anger, danger of fear, and praise of vanity; for in the same simple manner it may be asserted, that goodness is the object of love.

The doctor inquired immediately for his child (for so he often called Amelia); Booth answered, that he had left her asleep; for that she had had but a restless night. 'I hope she is not disordered by the masquerade,' cries the doctor. Booth answered, he believed she would be very well when she waked. 'I fancy,' said he, 'her 'gentle spirits were a little too much fluttered last night; 'that is all.'

'I hope, then,' said the doctor, 'you will never more 'insist on her going to such places, but know your own 'happiness in having a wife that hath the discretion to 'avoid those places; which, though perhaps they may 'not be, as some represent them, such brothels of vice 'and debauchery as would impeach the character of 'every virtuous woman who was seen at them, are cer-'tainly, however, scenes of riot, disorder, and intemper-'ance, very improper to be frequented by a chaste and 'sober Christian matron.'

Booth declared that he was very sensible of his error; and that, so far from soliciting his wife to go to another masquerade, he did not intend ever to go thither any more himself.

The doctor highly approved the resolution; and then Booth said: 'And I thank you, my dear friend, as well 'as my wife's discretion, that she was not at the mas-'querade last night.' He then related to the doctor the discovery of the plot; and the good man was greatly

pleased with the success of the stratagem, and that Booth took it in such good part.

'But, Sir,' says Booth, 'I had a letter given me by a 'noble colonel there, which is written in a hand so very 'like yours, that I could almost swear to it. Nor is the 'style, as far as I can guess, unlike your own. Here 'it is, Sir. Do you own the letter, doctor, or do you 'not?'

The doctor took the letter, and having looked at it a moment, said—'And did the colonel himself give you 'this letter?'

'The colonel himself,' answered Booth.

'Why then,' cries the doctor, 'he is surely the most 'impudent fellow that the world ever produced. What, 'did he deliver it with an air of triumph?'

'He delivered it me with air enough,' cries Booth, 'after his own manner, and bid me read it for my edifica-'tion. To say the truth, I am a little surprised that he 'should single me out of all mankind to deliver the letter 'to; I do not think I deserve the character of such a 'husband. It is well I am not so very forward to take 'an affront as some folks.'

'I am glad to see you are not,' said the doctor; 'and 'your behaviour in this affair becomes both the man of 'sense and the Christian; for, it would be surely the 'greatest folly, as well as the most daring impiety, to 'risk your own life for the impertinence of a fool. As 'long as you are assured of the virtue of your own wife, 'it is wisdom in you to despise the efforts of such a 'wretch. Not, indeed, that your wife accuses him of 'any downright attack, though she hath observed enough 'in his behaviour to give offence to her delicacy.'

'You astonish me, doctor,' said Booth. 'What can 'you mean? my wife dislike his behaviour! hath the 'colonel ever offended her?'

'I do not say he hath ever offended her by any open 'declarations.—Nor hath he done any thing, which, 'according to the most romantic notion of honour, you 'can or ought to resent; but there is something ex- 'tremely nice in the chastity of a truly virtuous woman.'

'And hath my wife really complained of any thing 'of that kind in the colonel?'

'Lookye, young gentleman,' cries the doctor, 'I will 'have no quarrelling, or challenging; I find I have 'made some mistake, and therefore I insist upon it, by 'all the rights of friendship, that you give me your 'word of honour you will not quarrel with the colonel 'on this account.'

'I do with all my heart,' said Booth; 'for, if I did 'not know your character, I should absolutely think 'you was jesting with me. I do not think you have 'mistaken my wife; but I am sure she hath mistaken 'the colonel; and hath misconstrued some overstrained 'point of gallantry, something of the Quixote kind, into 'a design against her chastity; but I have that opinion 'of the colonel, that I hope you will not be offended, 'when I declare, I know not which of you two I should 'be the sooner jealous of.'

'I would by no means have you jealous of any one,' cries the doctor; 'for I think my child's virtue may be 'firmly relied on; but I am convinced she would not 'have said what she did to me without a cause; nor 'should I, without such a conviction, have written that 'letter to the colonel, as I own to you I did. However, 'nothing I say hath yet passed, which even in the 'opinion of false honour, you are at liberty to resent; 'but as to declining any great intimacy, if you will take 'my advice, I think that would be prudent.'

'You will pardon me, my dearest friend,' said Booth; 'but I have really such an opinion of the colonel, that

'I would pawn my life upon his honour; and as for 'women, I do not believe he ever had an attachment 'to any.'

'Be it so,' said the doctor. 'I have only two things 'to insist on. The first is, that if ever you change your 'opinion, this letter may not be the subject of any 'quarrelling or fighting; the other is, that you never 'mention a word of this to your wife. By the latter 'I shall see whether you can keep a secret; and, if it 'is no otherwise material, it will be a wholesome exer-'cise to your mind; for the practice of any virtue is a 'kind of mental exercise, and serves to maintain the 'health and vigour of the soul.'

'I faithfully promise both,' cries Booth. And now the breakfast entered the room, as did soon after Amelia and Mrs. Atkinson.

The conversation ran chiefly on the masquerade; and Mrs. Atkinson gave an account of several adventures there; but whether she told the whole truth with regard to herself, I will not determine. For certain it is, she never once mentioned the name of the noble peer. Amongst the rest, she said there was a young fellow that had preached a sermon there upon a stool, in praise of adultery, she believed; for she could not get near enough to hear the particulars.

During that transaction Booth had been engaged with the blue domino in another room, so that he knew nothing of it; so that what Mrs. Atkinson had now said only brought to his mind the doctor's letter to colonel Bath; for to him he supposed it was written; and the idea of the colonel being a lover to Amelia, struck him in so ridiculous a light, that it threw him into a violent fit of laughter.

The doctor, who from the natural jealousy of an author, imputed the agitation of Booth's muscles to his

own sermon or letter on that subject, was a little offended, and said gravely: 'I should be glad to know the reason 'of this immoderate mirth. Is adultery a matter of jest 'in your opinion?'

'Far otherwise,' answered Booth. 'But how is it 'possible to refrain from laughter at the idea of a fellow 'preaching a sermon in favour of it at such a place?'

'I am very sorry,' cries the doctor, 'to find the age 'is grown to so scandalous a degree of licentiousness, 'that we have thrown off not only virtue, but decency. 'How abandoned must be the manners of any nation 'where such insults upon religion and morality can be 'committed with impunity! No man is fonder of true 'wit and humour than myself; but to profane sacred 'things with jest and scoffing, is a sure sign of a weak 'and a wicked mind. It is the very vice which Homer 'attacks in the odious character of Thersites. The ladies 'must excuse my repeating the passage to you, as I know 'you have Greek enough to understand it.

'Ὃς ῥ' ἐπέα φρεσὶν ἦσιν ἄκοσμά τε, πολλά τε ἤδη.
'Μάψ, ἀτὰρ ἠ κατὰ κόσμον ἐριζέμεναι βασιλεῦσιν,
'Ἀλλ' ὅ, τι οἱ εἴσαιτο γελοΐϊον Ἀργείοισιν
'Ἔμμεναι.*

'And immediately adds,

'—— αἴσχιστος δὲ ἀνὴρ ὑπὸ Ἴλιον ἦλθε.†

'Horace again describes such a rascal:

'——*Solutos*
'*Qui captat risus hominum famamque dicacis.*‡

* Thus paraphrased by Mr. Pope:

'Aw'd by no shame, by no respect controll'd,
'In scandal busy, in reproaches bold:
'With witty malice, studious to defame,
'Scorn all his joy, and laughter all his aim.'

† 'He was the greatest scoundrel in the whole army.'

‡ 'Who trivial bursts of laughter strives to raise,
'And courts of prating petulance the praise.' FRANCIS.

'And says of him,

'*Hic niger est, hunc tu, Romane, caveto.*'*

'O charming Homer,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'how much 'above all other writers!'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' said the doctor; 'I 'forgot you was a scholar; but, indeed, I did not know 'you understood Greek as well as Latin.'

'I do not pretend,' said she, 'to be a critic in the 'Greek; but I think I am able to read a little of Homer, 'at least with the help of looking now and then into the 'Latin.'

'Pray, Madam,' said the doctor, 'how do you like 'this passage in the speech of Hector to Andromache—

'—— Εἰς οἶκον ἰοῦσα τὰ σαυτῆς ἔργα κόμιζε,
'Ἰσόν τ' ἠλακάτην τε, καὶ ἀμφιπόλοισι κέλευε
'Ἔργον ἐποίχεσθαι.†

'Or how do you like the character of Hippodamia, 'who, by being the prettiest girl, and best workwoman 'of her age, got one of the best husbands in all Troy? '—I think, indeed, Homer enumerates her discretion 'with her other qualifications; but I do not remember he 'gives us one character of a woman of learning.—Don't 'you conceive this to be a great omission in that charming 'poet? However, Juvenal makes you amends, for he 'talks very abundantly of the learning of the Roman 'ladies in his time.'

'You are a provoking man, doctor,' said Mrs. Atkin-'son; 'where is the harm in a woman's having learning 'as well as a man?'

'Let me ask you another question,' said the doctor.

* 'This man is black, do thou, O Roman! shun this man.'

† 'Go home and mind your own business. Follow your spinning, and 'keep your maids to their work.'

'Where is the harm in a man's being a fine performer 'with a needle as well as a woman? And yet, answer 'me honestly, would you greatly choose to marry a man 'with a thimble upon his finger? Would you in earnest 'think a needle became the hand of your husband as 'well as a halberd?'

'As to war, I am with you,' said she. 'Homer him-'self, I well remember, makes Hector tell his wife, that 'warlike works—What is the Greek word—Pollemy— 'something—belonged to men only; and I readily agree 'to it. I hate a masculine woman, an Amazon, as much 'as you can do; but what is there masculine in learn-'ing?'

'Nothing so masculine, take my word for it. As for 'your Pollemy, I look upon it to be the true charac-'teristic of a devil. So Homer every where characterises 'Mars.'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries the serjeant, 'you had better 'not dispute with the doctor; for, upon my word, he will 'be too hard for you.'

'Nay, I beg you will not interfere,' cries Mrs. Atkinson; 'I am sure you can be no judge in these 'matters.'

At which the doctor and Booth burst into a loud laugh; and Amelia, though fearful of giving her friend offence, could not forbear a gentle smile.

'You may laugh, gentlemen, if you please,' said Mrs. Atkinson; 'but I thank Heaven, I have married a man 'who is not jealous of my understanding. I should have 'been the most miserable woman upon earth with a 'starched pedant, who was possessed of that nonsensical 'opinion, that the difference of sexes causes any difference 'in the mind. Why don't you honestly avow the Turkish 'notion, that women have no souls? for you say the 'same thing in effect.'

'Indeed, my dear,' cries the serjeant, greatly concerned to see his wife so angry, 'you have mistaken the doctor.'

'I beg, my dear,' cried she, 'you will say nothing 'upon these subjects—I hope you at least do not despise 'my understanding.'

'I assure you, I do not,' said the serjeant; 'and I 'hope you will never despise mine; for a man may have 'some understanding, I hope, without learning.'

Mrs. Atkinson reddened extremely at these words; and the doctor, fearing he had gone too far, began to soften matters, in which Amelia assisted him. By these means, the storm, rising in Mrs. Atkinson before, was in some measure laid, at least suspended, from bursting at present; but it fell afterwards upon the poor serjeant's head in a torrent, who had learned perhaps one maxim from his trade, that a cannon-ball always doth mischief in proportion to the resistance it meets with; and that nothing so effectually deadens its force as a woolpack. The serjeant therefore bore all with patience; and the idea of a woolpack, perhaps, bringing that of a feather-bed into his head, he at last not only quieted his wife; but she cried out with great sincerity, 'Well, my dear, 'I will say one thing for you, that I believe from my 'soul, though you have no learning, you have the best 'understanding of any man upon earth; and I must 'own I think the latter far the more profitable of the 'two.'

Far different was the idea she entertained of the doctor, whom, from this day, she considered as a conceited pedant; nor could all Amelia's endeavours ever alter her sentiments.

The doctor now took his leave of Booth and his wife for a week, he intending to set out within an hour or two with his old friend, with whom our readers were a little acquainted at the latter end of the ninth book, and of

whom, perhaps, they did not then conceive the most favourable opinion.

Nay, I am aware that the esteem which some readers before had for the doctor, may be here lessened; since he may appear to have been too easy a dupe to the gross flattery of the old gentleman. If there be any such critics, we are heartily sorry as well for them as for the doctor; but it is our business to discharge the part of a faithful historian, and to describe human nature as it is, not as we would wish it to be.

CHAPTER V.

In which colonel Bath appears in great glory.

That afternoon, as Booth was walking in the Park, he met with colonel Bath, who presently asked him for the letter which he had given him the night before; upon which Booth immediately returned it.

'Don't you think,' cries Bath, 'it is writ with great 'dignity of expression and emphasis of—of—of judg-'ment?'

'I am surprised, though,' cries Booth, 'that any one 'should write such a letter to you, colonel.'

'To me!' said Bath.—'What do you mean, Sir, I hope 'you don't imagine any man durst write such a letter to 'me? d—n me, if I knew a man who thought me capable 'of debauching my friend's wife, I would —— d—n 'me.'

'I believe, indeed, Sir,' cries Booth, 'that no man 'living dares put his name to such a letter; but you see 'it is anonymous.'

'I don't know what you mean by ominous,' cries the colonel: 'but, blast my reputation, if I had received such 'a letter, if I would not have searched the world to have 'found the writer. D—n me, I would have gone to the 'East Indies to have pulled off his nose.'

'He would, indeed, have deserved it,' cries Booth.—'But pray, Sir, how came you by it?'

'I took it,' said the colonel, 'from a set of idle young 'rascals, one of whom was reading it out aloud upon a 'stool, while the rest were attempting to make a jest, 'not only of the letter, but of all decency, virtue, and 'religion. A set of fellows that you must have seen or 'heard of about town, that are, d—n me, a disgrace to 'the dignity of manhood; puppies that mistake noise and 'impudence, rudeness and profaneness for wit. If the 'drummers of my company had not more understanding 'than twenty such fellows, I'd have them both whipped 'out of the regiment.'

'So then, you do not know the person to whom it was 'writ?' said Booth.

'Lieutenant,' cries the colonel, 'your question deserves 'no answer. I ought to take time to consider whether I 'ought not to resent the supposition. Do you think, Sir, 'I am acquainted with a rascal?'

'I do not suppose, colonel,' cries Booth, 'that you 'would willingly cultivate an intimacy with such a 'person; but a man must have good luck who hath 'any acquaintance, if there are not some rascals among 'them.'

'I am not offended with you, child,' says the colonel. 'I know you did not intend to offend me.'

'No man, I believe, dares intend it,' said Booth.

'I believe so too,' said the colonel, 'd—n me, I know 'it. But you know, child, how tender I am on this 'subject. If I had been ever married myself, I should

'have cleft the man's skull who had dared look wantonly 'at my wife.'

'It is certainly the most cruel of all injuries,' said Booth. 'How finely doth Shakspeare express it in his 'Othello!

'But there, where I had treasured up my soul.'

'That Shakspeare,' cries the colonel, 'was a fine fellow. 'He was a very pretty poet indeed. Was it not Shak-'speare that wrote the play about Hotspur? You must 'remember these lines. I got them almost by heart at 'the playhouse; for I never missed that play whenever 'it was acted, if I was in town—

'By Heav'n it was an easy leap,
'To pluck bright honour into the full moon,
'Or drive into the bottomless deep.'

'And—and—faith, I have almost forgot them; but I 'know it is something about saving your honour from 'drowning—O! it is very fine. I say, d—n me, the 'man that writ those lines was the greatest poet the 'world ever produced. There is dignity of expression 'and emphasis of thinking, d—n me.'

Booth assented to the colonel's criticism, and then cried, 'I wish, colonel, you would be so kind to give 'me that letter.' The colonel answered, if he had any particular use for it he would give it him with all his heart, and presently delivered it; and soon afterwards they parted.

Several passages now struck all at once upon Booth's mind, which gave him great uneasiness. He became confident now that he had mistaken one colonel for another; and though he could not account for the letter's getting into those hands from whom Bath had taken it, (indeed James had dropped it out of his pocket)

yet a thousand circumstances left him no room to doubt the identity of the person, who was a man much more liable to raise the suspicion of a husband than honest Bath, who would at any time have rather fought with a man than lain with a woman.

The whole behaviour of Amelia now rushed upon his memory. Her resolution not to take up her residence at the colonel's house; her backwardness even to dine there, her unwillingness to go to the masquerade, many of her unguarded expressions, and some, where she had been more guarded, all joined together to raise such an idea in Mr. Booth, that he had almost taken a resolution to go and cut the colonel to pieces in his own house. Cooler thoughts, however, suggested themselves to him in time. He recollected the promise he had so solemnly made to the doctor. He considered, moreover, that he was yet in the dark as to the extent of the colonel's guilt. Having nothing therefore to fear from it, he contented himself to postpone a resentment which he nevertheless resolved to take of the colonel hereafter, if he found he was in any degree a delinquent.

The first step he determined to take was, on the first opportunity, to relate to colonel James the means by which he became possessed of the letter, and to read it to him; on which occasion, he thought he should easily discern by the behaviour of the colonel whether he had been suspected either by Amelia or the doctor without a cause; but as for his wife, he fully resolved not to reveal the secret to her till the doctor's return.

While Booth was deeply engaged by himself in these meditations, captain Trent came up to him, and familiarly slapped him on the shoulder.

They were soon joined by a third gentleman, and presently afterwards by a fourth, both acquaintances of Mr. Trent; and all having walked twice the length of the

Mall together, it being now past nine in the evening, Trent proposed going to the tavern, to which the strangers immediately consented; and Booth himself, after some resistance, was at length persuaded to comply.

To the King's Arms then they went, where the bottle went very briskly round till after eleven; at which time, Trent proposed a game at cards, to which proposal likewise Booth's consent was obtained, though not without much difficulty; for though he had naturally some inclination to gambling, and had formerly a little indulged it, yet he had entirely left it off for many years.

Booth and his friend were partners, and had at first some success; but Fortune, according to her usual conduct, soon shifted about, and persecuted Booth with such malice, that in about two hours he was stripped of all the gold in his pocket, which amounted to twelve guineas, being more than half the cash which he was at that time worth.

How easy is it for a man who is at all tainted with the itch of gaming, to leave off play in such a situation, especially when he is likewise heated with liquor, I leave to the gamesters to determine. Certain it is that Booth had no inclination to desist; but, on the contrary, was so eagerly bent on playing on, that he called his friend out of the room, and asked him for ten pieces, which he promised punctually to pay the next morning.

Trent chid him for using so much formality on the occasion. 'You know,' said he, 'dear Booth, you may 'have what money you please of me. Here is a twenty-'pound note, at your service; and if you want five times 'the sum, it is at your service. We will never let these 'fellows go away with our money in this manner; for 'we have so much the advantage, that if the knowing 'ones were here they would lay odds of our side.'

But if this was really Mr. Trent's opinion, he was very

much mistaken; for the other two honourable gentlemen were not only greater masters of the game, and somewhat soberer than poor Booth, having, with all the art in their power, evaded the bottle; but they had, moreover, another small advantage over their adversaries, both of them, by means of some certain private signs, previously agreed upon between them, being always acquainted with the principal cards in each other's hands. It cannot be wondered, therefore, that Fortune was on their side; for, however she may be reported to favour fools, she never, I believe, shews them any countenance when they engage to play with knaves.

The more Booth lost, the deeper he made his bets; the consequence of which was, that about two in the morning, besides the loss of his own money, he was fifty pounds indebted to Trent: a sum indeed, which he would not have borrowed, had not the other, like a very generous friend, pushed it upon him.

Trent's pockets became at last dry by means of these loans. His own loss indeed was trifling; for the stakes of the games were no higher than crowns; and betting (as it is called) was that to which Booth owed his ruin. The gentlemen therefore, pretty well knowing Booth's circumstances, and being kindly unwilling to win more of a man than he was worth, declined playing any longer, nor did Booth once ask them to persist; for he was ashamed of the debt which he had already contracted to Trent, and very far from desiring to increase it.

The company then separated. The two victors and Trent went off in their chairs to their several houses near Grosvenor-square; and poor Booth, in a melancholy mood, walked home to his lodgings. He was, indeed, in such a fit of despair, that it more than once came into his head to put an end to his miserable being.

But before we introduce him to Amelia, we must do

her the justice to relate the manner in which she spent this unhappy evening. It was about seven when Booth left her to walk in the Park; from this time, till past eight, she was employed with her children, in playing with them, in giving them their supper, and in putting them to bed.

When these offices were performed, she employed herself another hour in cooking up a little supper for her husband, this being, as we have already observed, his favourite meal, as indeed it was her's; and, in a most pleasant and delightful manner, they generally passed their time at this season, though their fare was very seldom of the sumptuous kind.

It now grew dark, and her hashed mutton was ready for the table, but no Booth appeared. Having waited therefore for him a full hour, she gave him over for that evening; nor was she much alarmed at his absence, as she knew he was, in a night or two, to be at the tavern with some brother officers; she concluded therefore that they had met in the Park, and had agreed to spend this evening together.

At ten then she sat down to supper by herself; for Mrs. Atkinson was then abroad. And here we cannot help relating a little incident, however trivial it may appear to some. Having sat some time alone, reflecting on their distressed situation, her spirits grew very low; and she was once or twice going to ring the bell, to send her maid for half a pint of white wine; but checked her inclination in order to save the little sum of sixpence; which she did the more resolutely as she had before refused to gratify her children with tarts for their supper from the same motive. And this self-denial she was very probably practising to save sixpence, while her husband was paying a debt of several guineas, incurred by the ace of trumps being in the hands of his adversary.

Instead therefore of this cordial she took up one of the excellent Farquhar's comedies, and read it half through, when, the clock striking twelve, she retired to bed, leaving the maid to sit up for her master. She would, indeed, have much more willingly have set up herself; but the delicacy of her own mind assured her that Booth would not thank her for the compliment. This is indeed a method which some wives take of upbraiding their husbands for staying abroad till too late an hour, and of engaging them, through tenderness and good nature, never to enjoy the company of their friends too long when they must do this at the expence of their wives' rest.

To bed then she went, but not to sleep. Thrice indeed she told the dismal clock, and as often heard the more dismal watchman, till her miserable husband found his way home, and stole silently, like a thief, to bed to her; at which time, pretending then first to awake, she threw her snowy arms around him; though, perhaps, the more witty property of snow, according to Addison, that is to say, its coldness, rather belonged to the poor captain.

CHAPTER VI.

Read, gamester, and observe.

Booth could not so well disguise the agitations of his mind from Amelia, but that she perceived sufficient symptoms to assure her that some misfortune had befallen him. This made her in her turn so uneasy that Booth took notice of it, and after breakfast said, 'Sure, 'my dear Emily, something hath fallen out to vex you.'

Amelia, looking tenderly at him, answered, 'Indeed,

'my dear, you are in the right. I am indeed extremely 'vexed.' 'For heaven's sake,' said he, 'what is it?' 'Nay, my love,' cries she, 'that you must answer your- 'self. Whatever it is which hath given you all that 'disturbance that you in vain endeavour to conceal from 'me, this it is which causes all my affliction.'

'You guess truly, my sweet,' replied Booth; 'I am 'indeed afflicted, and I will not, nay, I cannot conceal 'the truth from you. I have undone myself, Amelia.'

'What have you done, child?' said she in some consternation, 'Pray tell me.'

'I have lost my money at play,' answered he.

'Pugh!' said she, recovering herself,—'what signifies 'the trifle you had in your pocket? Resolve never to 'play again, and let it give you no farther vexation; I 'warrant you, we will contrive some method to repair 'such a loss.'

'Thou heavenly angel, thou comfort of my soul,' cried Booth, tenderly embracing her——Then starting a little from her arms, and looking with eager fondness in her eyes, he said, 'Let me survey thee; art though really 'human, or art thou not rather an angel in a human 'form?——O, no!' cried he, flying again into her arms, 'thou art my dearest woman, my best, my beloved wife!'

Amelia having returned all his caresses with equal kindness, told him, she had near eleven guineas in her purse, and asked how much she should fetch him.—'I 'would not advise you, Billy, to carry too much in your 'pocket, for fear it should be a temptation to you to 'return to gaming, in order to retrieve your past losses. 'Let me beg you, on all accounts, never to think more, if 'possible, on the trifle you have lost, any more than if 'you had never possessed it.'

Booth promised her faithfully he never would, and refused to take any of the money. He then hesitated a

moment, and cried—'You say, my dear, you have eleven 'guineas; you have a diamond ring likewise, which was 'your grandmother's, I believe that it is worth twenty 'pounds; and your own and the child's watch are worth 'as much more.'

'I believe they would sell for as much,' cried Amelia; 'for a pawnbroker of Mrs. Atkinson's acquaintance 'offered to lend me thirty-five pounds upon them when 'you was in your last distress.——But why are you 'computing their value now?'

'I was only considering,' answered he, 'how much we 'could raise in any case of exigency.'

'I have computed it myself,' said she; 'and I believe 'all we have in the world, besides our bare necessary 'apparel, would produce about sixty pounds: and sup- 'pose, my dear,' said she, 'while we have that little sum, 'we should think of employing it some way or other, to 'procure some small subsistence for ourselves and our 'family. As for your dependence on the colonel's friend- 'ship, it is all vain, I am afraid, and fallacious. Nor do 'I see any hopes you have from any other quarter of 'providing for yourself again in the army. And though 'the sum which is now in your power is very small, yet 'we may possibly contrive with it to put ourselves into 'some mean way of livelihood. I have a heart, my 'Billy, which is capable of undergoing any thing for 'your sake; and I hope my hands are as able to work 'as those which have been more inured to it. But think, 'my dear, think what must be our wretched condition, 'when the very little we now have is all mouldered 'away, as it will soon be in this town.'

When poor Booth heard this, and reflected that the time which Amelia foresaw was already arrived (for that he had already lost every farthing they were worth) it touched him to the quick; he turned pale, gnashed his

teeth, and cried out, 'Damnation! this is too much to 'bear.'

Amelia was thrown into the utmost consternation by this behaviour; and with great terror in her countenance, cried out, 'Good Heavens! my dear love, what is the 'reason of this agony?'

'Ask me no questions,' cried he, 'unless you would 'drive me to madness.'

'My Billy! my love!' said she, 'what can be the 'meaning of this?—I beg you will deal openly with me, 'and tell me all your griefs.'

'Have you dealt fairly with me, Amelia?' said he.

'Yes, surely,' said she; 'Heaven is my witness how 'fairly.'

'Nay, do not call Heaven,' cried he, 'to witness a 'falsehood. You have not dealt openly with me, Amelia. 'You have concealed secrets from me; secrets which I 'ought to have known, and which, if I had known, it 'had been better for us both.'

'You astonish me as much as you shock me,' cried she. 'What falsehood, what treachery have I been 'guilty of?'

'You tell me,' said he, 'that I can have no reliance on 'James; why did not you tell me so before?'

'I call Heaven again,' said she, 'to witness; nay, I 'appeal to yourself for the truth of it; I have often 'told you so. I have told you I disliked the man, not-'withstanding the many favours he had done you. I 'desired you not to have too absolute a reliance upon 'him. I own I had once an extreme good opinion of 'him, but I changed it, and I acquainted you that I had 'so—'

'But not,' cries he, 'with the reasons why you had 'changed it.'

'I was really afraid, my dear,' said she, 'of going too

'far. I knew the obligations you had to him; and if I 'suspected that he acted rather from vanity than true 'friendship——'

'Vanity!' cries he, 'take care, Amelia, you know his 'motive to be much worse than vanity—a motive, which, 'if he had piled obligations on me till they had reached 'the skies, would tumble all down to Hell. It is in vain 'to conceal it longer——I know all——your confidant 'hath told me all.'

'Nay, then,' cries she, 'on my knees I entreat you to 'be pacified, and hear me out. It was, my dear, for 'you, my dread of your jealous honour, and the fatal 'consequences.'

'Is not Amelia, then,' cried he, 'equally jealous of my 'honour? Would she, from a weak tenderness for my 'person, go privately about to betray, to undermine the 'most invaluable treasure of my soul? Would she have 'me pointed at as the credulous dupe, the easy fool, the 'tame, the kind cuckold of a rascal, with whom I con-'versed as a friend?'

'Indeed, you injure me,' said Amelia. 'Heaven forbid 'I should have the trial; but I think I could sacrifice all 'I hold most dear to preserve your honour. I think I 'have shewn I can. But I will—when you are cool, 'I will—satisfy you I have done nothing you ought to 'blame.'

'I am cool then,' cries he; 'I will with the greatest 'coolness hear you.—But do not think, Amelia, I have 'the least jealousy, the least suspicion, the least doubt of 'your honour. It is your want of confidence in me 'alone which I blame.'

'When you are calm,' cried she, 'I will speak, and 'not before.'

He assured her he was calm; and then she said,— 'You have justified my conduct by your present passion,

'in concealing from you my suspicions; for they were no 'more, nay it is possible they were unjust; for since the 'doctor, in betraying the secret to you, hath so far 'falsified my opinion of him, why may I not be as well 'deceived in my opinion of the colonel; since it was 'only formed on some particulars in his behaviour which 'I disliked? for, upon my honour, he never spoke a word 'to me, nor hath ever been guilty of any direct action 'which I could blame.'—She then went on, and related most of the circumstances which she had mentioned to the doctor, omitting one or two of the strongest, and giving such a turn to the rest, that, if Booth had not had some of Othello's blood in him, his wife would have almost appeared a prude in his eyes. Even he, however, was pretty well pacified by this narrative, and said he was glad to find a possibility of the colonel's innocence; but that he greatly commended the prudence of his wife, and only wished she would for the future make him her only confidant.

Amelia, upon that, expressed some bitterness against the doctor for breaking his trust; when Booth, in his excuse, related all the circumstances of the letter, and plainly convinced her that the secret had dropped by mere accident from the mouth of the doctor.

Thus the husband and wife became again reconciled, and poor Amelia generously forgave a passion of which the sagacious reader is better acquainted with the real cause than was that unhappy lady.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Booth receives a visit from captain Trent.

When Booth grew perfectly cool, and began to reflect that he had broken his word to the doctor in having made the discovery to his wife, which we have seen in the last chapter, that thought gave him great uneasiness; and now, to comfort him, captain Trent came to make him a visit.

This was, indeed, almost the last man in the world whose company he wished for; for he was the only man he was ashamed to see, for a reason well known to gamesters; among whom, the most dishonourable of all things is not to pay a debt, contracted at the gaming-table, the next day, or the next time at least that you see the party.

Booth made no doubt but that Trent was come on purpose to receive this debt; the latter had been therefore scarce a minute in the room, before Booth began, in an awkward manner, to apologize; but Trent immediately stopped his mouth, and said, 'I do 'not want the money, Mr. Booth, and you may pay 'it me whenever you are able; and, if you are never 'able, I assure you I will never ask you for it.'

This generosity raised such a tempest of gratitude in Booth (if I may be allowed the expression), that the tears burst from his eyes, and it was some time before he could find any utterance for those sentiments with which his mind overflowed; but, when he began to express his thankfulness, Trent immediately stopped him, and gave a sudden turn to their discourse.

Mrs. Trent had been to visit Mrs. Booth on the masquerade evening, which visit Mrs. Booth had not yet re-

turned. Indeed, this was only the second day since she had received it. Trent therefore now told his friend, that he should take it extremely kind, if he and his lady would waive all ceremony, and sup at their house the next evening. Booth hesitated a moment, but presently said, 'I am pretty certain my wife is not engaged, and I will 'undertake for her. I am sure she will not refuse any 'thing Mr. Trent can ask.' And soon after Trent took Booth with him to walk in the Park.

There were few greater lovers of a bottle than Trent; he soon proposed therefore to adjourn to the King's Arms tavern, where Booth, though much against his inclination, accompanied him. But Trent was very importunate, and Booth did not think himself at liberty to refuse such a request to a man from whom he had so lately received such obligations.

When they came to the tavern, however, Booth recollected the omission he had been guilty of the night before. He wrote a short note therefore to his wife, acquainting her, that he should not come home to supper; but comforted her with a faithful promise that he would on no account engage himself in gaming.

The first bottle passed in ordinary conversation; but, when they had tapped the second, Booth, on some hints which Trent gave him, very fairly laid open to him his whole circumstances, and declared he almost despaired of mending them. 'My chief relief,' said he, 'was in the 'interest of colonel James; but I have given up those 'hopes.'

'And very wisely too,' said Trent. 'I say nothing of 'the colonel's good-will. Very likely he may be your 'sincere friend; but I do not believe he hath the interest 'he pretends to. He hath had too many favours in his 'own family to ask any more yet awhile. But I am mis-'taken, if you have not a much more powerful friend

'than the colonel; one, who is both able and willing to 'serve you. I dined at his table within these two days, 'and I never heard kinder nor warmer expressions from 'the mouth of man than he made use of towards you. I 'make no doubt you know whom I mean.'

'Upon my honour I do not,' answered Booth; 'nor 'did I guess that I had such a friend in the world as you 'mention.'

'I am glad then,' cries Trent, 'that I have the pleasure 'of informing you of it.' He then named the noble peer who hath been already so often mentioned in this history.

Booth turned pale, and started at his name. 'I forgive 'you, my dear Trent,' cries Booth, 'for mentioning his 'name to me, as you are a stranger to what hath passed 'between us.'

'Nay, I know nothing that hath passed between you,' answered Trent. 'I am sure, if there is any quarrel 'between you of two days' standing, all is forgiven on 'his part.'

'D—n his forgiveness,' said Booth. 'Perhaps I ought 'to blush at what I have forgiven.'

'You surprise me,' cries Trent. 'Pray what can be 'the matter?'

'Indeed, my dear Trent,' cries Booth, very gravely, 'he would have injured me in the tenderest part. I 'know not how to tell it you; but he would have dis-'honoured me with my wife.'

'Sure, you are not in earnest,' answered Trent; 'but, 'if you are, you will pardon me for thinking that 'impossible.'

'Indeed,' cries Booth, 'I have so good an opinion of 'my wife as to believe it impossible for him to succeed; 'but that he should intend me the favour you will not, 'I believe, think an impossibility.'

'Faith! not in the least,' said Trent. 'Mrs. Booth is

'a very fine woman; and, if I had the honour to be 'her husband, I should not be angry with any man for 'liking her.'

'But you would be angry,' said Booth, 'with a man, 'who should make use of stratagems and contrivances 'to seduce her virtue; especially if he did this under 'the colour of entertaining the highest friendship for 'yourself.'

'Not at all,' cries Trent. 'It is human nature.'

'Perhaps it is,' cries Booth; 'but it is human nature 'depraved, stripped of all its worth, and loveliness and 'dignity, and degraded down to a level with the vilest 'brutes.'

'Lookye, Booth,' cries Trent, 'I would not be misun- 'derstood. I think, when I am talking to you, I talk to 'a man of sense, and to an inhabitant of this country; 'not to one who dwells in a land of saints. If you have 'really such an opinion as you express of this noble lord, 'you have the finest opportunity of making a complete 'fool and bubble of him that any man can desire, and 'of making your own fortune at the same time. I do 'not say that your suspicions are groundless; for, of all 'men upon earth I know, my lord is the greatest bubble 'to women, though I believe he hath had very few. 'And this I am confident of, that he hath not the least 'jealousy of these suspicions. Now, therefore, if you 'will act the part of a wise man, I will undertake that 'you shall make your fortune, without the least injury to 'the chastity of Mrs. Booth.'

'I do not understand you, Sir,' said Booth.

'Nay,' cries Trent, 'if you will not understand me, I 'have done. I meant only your service; and I thought 'I had known you better.'

Booth begged him to explain himself. 'If you can,' said he, 'shew me any way to improve such circum-

'stances as I have opened to you, you may depend on it, I 'shall readily embrace it, and own my obligations to you.'

'That is spoken like a man,' cries Trent. 'Why, 'what is it more than this? Carry your suspicions in 'your own bosom. Let Mrs. Booth, in whose virtue I 'am sure you may be justly confident, go to the public 'places; there let her treat my lord with common civility 'only; I am sure he will bite. And thus, without suffer-'ing him to gain his purpose, you will gain yours. I know 'several who have succeeded with him in this manner.'

'I am very sorry, Sir,' cries Booth, 'that you are ac-'quainted with any such rascals. I do assure you, rather 'than I would act such a part, I would submit to the hard-'est sentence that fortune could pronounce against me.'

'Do as you please, Sir,' said Trent; 'I have only ven-'tured to advise you as a friend. But do you not think 'your nicety is a little over-scrupulous?'

'You will excuse me, Sir,' said Booth; 'but I think 'no man can be too scrupulous in points which concern 'his honour.'

'I know many men of very nice honour,' answered Trent, 'who have gone much farther; and no man, I 'am sure, had ever a better excuse for it than yourself.— 'You will forgive me, Booth, since what I speak proceeds 'from my love to you; nay, indeed, by mentioning your 'affairs to me, which I am heartily sorry for, you have 'given me a right to speak. You know best what friends 'you have to depend upon; but, if you have no other 'pretensions than your merit, I can assure you, you 'would fail, if it was possible you could have ten times 'more merit than you have. And, if you love your wife, 'as I am convinced you do, what must be your condition 'in seeing her want the necessaries of life?'

'I know my condition is very hard,' cries Booth; 'but 'I have one comfort in it, which I will never part with,

'and that is—innocence. As to the mere necessaries of 'life, however, it is pretty difficult to deprive us of them; 'this I am sure of, no one can want them long.'

'Upon my word, Sir,' cries Trent, 'I did not know 'you had been so great a philosopher. But, believe me, 'these matters look much less terrible at a distance than 'when they are actually present. You will then find, I 'am afraid, that honour hath no more skill in cookery 'than Shakspeare tells us it hath in surgery.—D—n me, 'if I don't wish his lordship loved my wife as well as he 'doth yours, I promise you I would trust her virtue; and, 'if he should get the better of it, I should have people 'of fashion enough to keep me in countenance.'

Their second bottle being now almost out, Booth, without making any answer, called for a bill. Trent pressed very much the drinking another bottle; but Booth absolutely refused, and presently afterwards they parted, not extremely well satisfied with each other. They appeared indeed one to the other in disadvantageous lights of a very different kind. Trent concluded Booth to be a very silly fellow; and Booth began to suspect that Trent was very little better than a scoundrel.

CHAPTER VIII.

Contains a letter and other matters.

We will now return to Amelia; to whom immediately, upon her husband's departure to walk with Mr. Trent, a porter brought the following letter; which she immediately opened and read:

'Madam,

'The quick dispatch which I have given to your first 'commands will, I hope, assure you of the diligence

'with which I shall always obey every command that 'you are pleased to honour me with. I have, indeed, 'in this trifling affair, acted, as if my life itself had been 'at stake; nay, I know not but it may be so; for this 'insignificant matter you was pleased to tell me would 'oblige the charming person in whose power is not only 'my happiness, but, as I am well persuaded, my life too. 'Let me reap therefore some little advantage in your 'eyes, as you have in mine, from this trifling occasion; 'for, if any thing could add to the charms of which you 'are mistress it would be perhaps that amiable zeal with 'which you maintain the cause of your friend. I hope, 'indeed, she will be my friend and advocate with the 'most lovely of her sex, as I think she hath reason, and 'as you was pleased to insinuate she had been. Let me 'beseech you, Madam, let not that dear heart, whose 'tenderness is so inclined to compassionate the miseries 'of others, be hardened only against the sufferings which 'itself occasions. Let not that man alone have reason 'to think you cruel, who, of all others, would do the 'most to procure your kindness. How often have I lived 'over in my reflections, in my dreams, those two short 'minutes we were together! But, alas! how faint are 'these mimickries of the imagination! What would I 'not give to purchase the reality of such another bless-'ing! This, Madam, is in your power to bestow on the 'man who hath no wish, no will, no fortune, no heart, no 'life, but what are at your disposal. Grant me only the 'favour to be at lady ——'s assembly.—You can have 'nothing to fear from indulging me with a moment's 'sight, a moment's conversation; I will ask no more. I 'know your delicacy, and had rather die than offend it. 'Could I have seen you sometimes I believe the fear of 'offending you would have kept my love for ever buried 'in my own bosom; but, to be totally excluded even from

'the sight of what my soul doats on, is what I cannot 'bear. It is that alone which hath extorted the fatal 'secret from me. Let that obtain your forgiveness for 'me. I need not sign this letter otherwise than with 'that impression of my heart which I hope it bears; and, 'to conclude it in any form, no language hath words of 'devotion strong enough to tell you with what truth, 'what anguish, what zeal, what adoration I love you.'

Amelia had just strength to hold out to the end, when her trembling grew so violent, that she dropped the letter, and had probably dropped herself, had not Mrs. Atkinson come timely in to support her.

'Good Heavens!' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'what is the 'matter with you, Madam?'

'I know not what is the matter,' cries Amelia, 'but I 'have received a letter at last from that infamous 'colonel.'

'You will take my opinion again then, I hope, Madam,' cries Mrs. Atkinson. 'But don't be so affected; the 'letter cannot eat you, or run away with you.—Here it 'lies, I see; will you give me leave to read it?'

'Read it with all my heart,' cries Amelia; 'and give 'me your advice how to act; for I am almost distracted.'

'Heyday!' says Mrs. Atkinson, 'here is a piece of 'parchment too—What is that?' In truth this parchment had dropped from the letter when Amelia first opened it; but her attention was so fixed by the contents of the letter itself, that she had never read the other. Mrs. Atkinson had now opened the parchment first; and, after a moment's perusal, the fire flashed from her eyes, and the blood flushed into her cheeks, and she cried out in a rapture, 'It is a commission for my husband! upon 'my soul, it is a commission for my husband!' and at the same time began to jump about the room, in a kind of frantic fit of joy.

'What can be the meaning of all this?' cries Amelia, under the highest degree of astonishment.

'Do not I tell you, my dear Madam,' cries she, 'that 'it is a commission for my husband? and can you 'wonder at my being overjoyed at what I know will 'make him so happy?—And now it is all out. The letter 'is not from the colonel, but from that noble lord of 'whom I have told you so much. But, indeed, Madam, 'I have some pardons to ask of you.—However, I know 'your goodness, and I will tell you all.

'You are to know then, Madam, that I had not been 'in the Opera-house six minutes before a masque came 'up, and taking me by the hand, led me aside. I gave 'the masque my hand; and seeing a lady at that time 'lay hold on captain Booth, I took that opportunity of 'slipping away from him; for, though by the help of 'the squeaking voice, and by attempting to mimic yours, 'I had pretty well disguised my own, I was still afraid, 'if I had much conversation with your husband, he 'would discover me. I walked therefore away with 'this masque to the upper end of the farthest room, 'where we sat down in a corner together. He presently 'discovered to me that he took me for you; and I soon 'after found out who he was: indeed, so far from at-'tempting to disguise himself, he spoke in his own voice, 'and in his own person. He now began to make very 'violent love to me; but it was rather in the style of 'a great man of the present age than of an Arcadian 'swain. In short, he laid his whole fortune at my feet, 'and bade me make whatever terms I pleased, either for 'myself or for others. By others, I suppose, he meant 'your husband. This, however, put a thought into my 'head, of turning the present occasion to advantage. 'I told him, there were two kinds of persons, the falla-'ciousness of whose promises had become proverbial in

'the world. These were lovers, and great men. What 'reliance then could I have on the promise of one who 'united in himself both those characters? That I had 'seen a melancholy instance, in a very worthy woman 'of my acquaintance (meaning myself, Madam) of his 'want of generosity. I said, I knew the obligations that 'he had to this woman, and the injuries he had done 'her; all which I was convinced she forgave: for that 'she had said the handsomest things in the world of him 'to me. He answered, that he thought he had not 'been deficient in generosity to this lady (for I explained 'to him whom I meant); but that indeed, if she had 'spoke well of him to me (meaning yourself, Madam), 'he would not fail to reward her for such an obligation. 'I then told him she had married a very deserving man, 'who had served long in the army abroad as a private 'man, and who was a serjeant in the guards; that I 'knew it was so very easy for him to get him a commis-'sion, that I should not think he had any honour or 'goodness in the world, if he neglected it. I declared 'this step must be a preliminary to any good opinion 'he must ever hope for of mine. I then professed the 'greatest friendship to that lady (in which I am con-'vinced you will think me serious), and assured him 'he would give me one of the highest pleasures in letting 'me be the instrument of doing her such a service. He 'promised me in a moment to do what you see, Madam, 'he hath since done. And to you I shall always think 'myself indebted for it.'

'I know not how you are indebted to me,' cries Amelia. 'Indeed, I am very glad of any good fortune 'that can attend poor Atkinson: but I wish it had been 'obtained some other way. Good Heavens! what must 'be the consequence of this? What must this lord think 'of me for listening to his mention of love; nay, for

'making any terms with him? for what must he suppose 'those terms mean? Indeed, Mrs. Atkinson, you carried 'it a great deal too far. No wonder he had the assur- 'ance to write to me in the manner he hath done. It 'is too plain what he conceives of me, and who knows 'what he may say to others. You may have blown up 'my reputation by your behaviour.'

'How is that possible?' answered Mrs. Atkinson. 'Is 'it not in my power to clear up all matters? If you 'will but give me leave to make an appointment in your 'name I will meet him myself, and declare the whole 'secret to him.'

'I will consent to no such appointment,' cries Amelia. 'I am heartily sorry I ever consented to practice any 'deceit. I plainly see the truth of what Dr. Harrison 'hath often told me, that, if one steps ever so little out 'of the ways of virtue and innocence, we know not how 'we may slide; for all the ways of vice are a slippery 'descent.'

'That sentiment,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'is much older 'than Dr. Harrison. *Omne vitium in proclivi est.*'

'However new or old it is, I find it is true,' cries Amelia—'But, pray, tell me all, though I tremble to 'hear it.'

'Indeed, my dear friend,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'you are 'terrified at nothing—Indeed, indeed, you are too great 'a prude.'

'I do not know what you mean by prudery,' answered Amelia. 'I shall never be ashamed of the strictest 'regard to decency, to reputation, and to that honour in 'which the dearest of all human creatures hath his share. 'But, pray, give me the letter, there is an expression in 'it which alarmed me when I read it.—Pray, what 'doth he mean by his two short minutes, and by pur- 'chasing the reality of such another blessing?'

'Indeed, I know not what he means by two minutes,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'unless he calls two hours so; for 'we were not together much less.—And as for any 'blessing he had—I am a stranger to it. Sure, I hope 'you have a better opinion of me than to think I granted 'him the last favour.'

'I don't know what favours you granted him, Madam,' answered Amelia peevishly; 'but I am sorry you granted 'him any in my name.'

'Upon my word,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'you use me 'unkindly—and it is an usage I did not expect at your 'hands; nor do I know that I have deserved it. I am 'sure I went to the masquerade with no other view than 'to oblige you; nor did I say or do any thing there 'which any woman, who is not the most confounded 'prude upon earth, would have started at on a much 'less occasion than what induced me. Well, I declare 'upon my soul then, that, if I was a man, rather than be 'married to a woman who makes such a fuss with her 'virtue, I would wish my wife was without such a trouble-'some companion.'

'Very possibly, Madam, these may be your sentiments,' cries Amelia; 'and I hope they are the sentiments of 'your husband.'

'I desire, Madam,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'you would 'not reflect on my husband. He is as worthy a man, 'and as brave a man as yours; yes, Madam, and he is 'now as much a captain.'

She spoke these words with so loud a voice, that Atkinson, who was accidentally going up stairs, heard them; and, being surprised at the angry tone of his wife's voice, he entered the room, and, with a look of much astonishment, begged to know what was the matter.

'The matter, my dear,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'is that

'I have got a commission for you, and your good old 'friend here is angry with me for getting it.'

'I have not spirits enow,' cries Amelia, 'to answer 'you as you deserve; and, if I had, you are below my 'anger.'

'I do not know, Mrs. Booth,' answered the other, 'whence this great superiority over me is derived; but, 'if your virtue gives it you, I would have you to know, 'Madam, that I despise a prude as much as you can do 'a ——.'

'Though you have several times,' cries Amelia, 'in-'sulted me with that word, I scorn to give you any ill 'language in return. If you deserve any bad appellation, 'you know it, without my telling it you.'

Poor Atkinson, who was more frightened than he had ever been in his life, did all he could to procure peace. He fell upon his knees to his wife, and begged her to compose herself; for, indeed, she seemed to be in a most furious rage.

While he was in this posture, Booth, who had knocked so gently at the door, for fear of disturbing his wife, that he had not been heard in the tempest, came into the room. The moment Amelia saw him, the tears, which had been gathering for some time, burst in a torrent from her eyes, which, however, she endeavoured to conceal with her handkerchief. The entry of Booth turned all in an instant into a silent picture; in which, the first figure which struck the eyes of the captain was the serjeant on his knees to his wife.

Booth immediately cried—'What's the meaning of this?'—but received no answer. He then cast his eyes towards Amelia; and plainly discerning her condition, he ran to her, and in a very tender phrase begged to know what was the matter. To which she answered,—'Nothing, my dear, nothing of any consequence.' He replied

—that he would know; and then turned to Atkinson, and asked the same question.

Atkinson answered, 'Upon my honour, Sir, I know 'nothing of it.—Something hath passed between Madam 'and my wife; but what it is I know no more than your 'honour.'

'Your wife,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'hath used me cruelly 'ill, Mr. Booth. If you must be satisfied, that is the 'whole matter.'

Booth rapped out a great oath, and cried, 'It is impos-'sible; my wife is not capable of using any one ill.'

Amelia then cast herself upon her knees to her husband, and cried, 'For Heaven's sake, do not throw yourself 'into a passion—Some few words have passed—Perhaps 'I may be in the wrong.'

'Damnation seize me, if I think so,' cries Booth. 'And 'I wish whoever hath drawn these tears from your eyes 'may pay it with as many drops of their heart's blood.'

'You see, Madam,' cries Mrs. Atkinson, 'you have 'your bully to take your part; so, I suppose, you will 'use your triumph.'

Amelia made no answer; but still kept hold of Booth, who, in a violent rage, cried out, 'My Amelia triumph 'over such a wretch as thee!—What can lead thy inso-'lence to such presumption? Serjeant, I desire you'll 'take that monster out of the room, or I cannot answer 'for myself.'

The serjeant was beginning to beg his wife to retire (for he perceived very plainly that she had, as the phrase is, taken a sip too much that evening), when, with a rage little short of madness, she cried out,—'And do you 'tamely see me insulted in such a manner now that you 'are a gentleman, and upon a footing with him?'

'It is lucky for us all, perhaps,' answered Booth, 'that 'he is not my equal.'

'You lie, sirrah,' said Mrs. Atkinson, 'he is every way 'your equal: he is as good a gentleman as yourself, and 'as much an officer.—No, I retract what I say—he hath 'not the spirit of a gentleman, nor of a man neither—or 'he would not bear to see his wife insulted.'

'Let me beg of you, my dear,' cries the serjeant, 'to 'go with me and compose yourself.'

'Go with thee, thou wretch!'—cries she, looking with the utmost disdain upon him,—'no, nor ever speak to 'thee more.' At which words she burst out of the room: and the serjeant, without saying a word, followed her.

A very tender and pathetic scene now passed between Booth and his wife, in which, when she was a little composed, she related to him the whole story. For, besides that it was not possible for her otherwise to account for the quarrel which he had seen, Booth was now possessed of the letter that lay on the floor.

Amelia, having emptied her mind to her husband, and obtained his faithful promise that he would not resent the affair to my lord, was pretty well composed, and began to relent a little towards Mrs. Atkinson; but Booth was so highly incensed with her, that he declared he would leave her house the next morning; which they both accordingly did, and immediately accommodated themselves with convenient apartments within a few doors of their friend the doctor.

CHAPTER IX.

Containing some things worthy observation.

Notwithstanding the exchange of his lodgings, Booth did not forget to send an excuse to Mr. Trent, of whose

conversation he had taken a full surfeit the preceding evening.

That day in his walks, Booth met with an old brother-officer, who had served with him at Gibraltar, and was on half-pay as well as himself. He had not, indeed, had the fortune of being broke with his regiment, as was Booth; but had gone out on half pay as a lieutenant, a rank to which he had risen in five and thirty years.

This honest gentleman, after some discourse with Booth, desired him to lend him half-a-crown; which he assured him he would faithfully pay the next day, when he was to receive some money for his sister. This sister was the widow of an officer that had been killed in the sea-service; and she and her brother lived together, on their joint stock, out of which they maintained likewise an old mother, and two of the sister's children, the eldest of which was about nine years old. 'You must 'know,' said the old lieutenant, 'I have been disap-'pointed this morning by an old scoundrel, who 'wanted fifteen per cent. for advancing my sister's 'pension; but I have now got an honest follow who 'hath promised it me to-morrow at ten per cent.'

'And enough too of all conscience,' cries Booth.

'Why, indeed, I think so too,' answered the other; 'considering it is sure to be paid one time or other. To 'say the truth, it is a little hard the government doth 'not pay those pensions better; for my sister's hath 'been due almost these two years; that is my way of 'thinking.'

Booth answered he was ashamed to refuse him such a sum; 'Upon my soul,' said he, 'I have not a single 'halfpenny in my pocket; for I am in a worse condition, 'if possible, than yourself; for I have lost all my money, 'and, what is worse, I owe Mr. Trent, whom you re-'member at Gibraltar, fifty pounds.'

'Remember him! yes, d—n him, I remember him 'very well,' cries the old gentleman, 'though he will 'not remember me. He is grown so great now that 'he will not speak to his old acquaintance; and yet I 'should be ashamed of myself to be great in such a 'manner.'

'What manner do you mean?' cries Booth a little eagerly.

'Why, by pimping,' answered the other, 'he is pimp 'in ordinary to my lord ——, who keeps his family; or 'how the devil he lives else I don't know; for his place 'is not worth three hundred pounds a year, and he and 'his wife spend a thousand at least. But she keeps 'an assembly, which, I believe, if you was to call a 'bawdy-house, you will not misname it. But d—n me, 'if I had not rather be an honest man, and walk on foot, 'with holes in my shoes, as I do now, or go without 'a dinner, as I and all my family will to-day, than 'ride in a chariot, and feast by such means. I am 'honest Bob Bound, and always will be; that's my way 'of thinking; and there's no man shall call me other-'wise; for if he doth, I will knock him down for a lying 'rascal; that is my way of thinking.'

'And a very good way of thinking too,' cries Booth. 'However, you shall not want a dinner to-day; for, if 'you will go home with me, I will lend you a crown 'with all my heart.'

'Lookye,' said the old man, 'if it be any wise incon-'venient to you I will not have it; for I will never rob 'another man of his dinner to eat myself—that is my 'way of thinking.'

'Pooh,' said Booth, 'never mention such a trifle twice 'between you and me. Besides, you say you can pay it 'me to-morrow; and I promise you that will be the same 'thing.'

They then walked together to Booth's lodgings, where Booth, from Amelia's pocket, gave his friend double the little sum he had asked. Upon which the old gentleman shook him heartily by the hand, and repeating his intentions of paying him the next day, made the best of his way to a butcher's, whence he carried off a leg of mutton to a family that had lately kept Lent without any religious merit.

When he was gone, Amelia asked her husband who that old gentleman was? Booth answered he was one of the scandals of his country. That the duke of Marlborough had about thirty years before made him an ensign from a private man for very particular merit, and that he had not long since gone out of the army with a broken heart, upon having several boys put over his head. He then gave her an account of his family, which he had heard from the old gentleman in their way to his house, and with which we have already in a concise manner acquainted the reader.

'Good Heavens!' cries Amelia, 'what are our great 'men made of! are they in reality a distinct species from 'the rest of mankind? are they born without hearts?'

'One would, indeed, sometimes,' cries Booth, 'be in-'clined to think so. In truth, they have no perfect 'idea of those common distresses of mankind which are 'far removed from their own sphere. Compassion, if 'thoroughly examined, will, I believe, appear to be the 'fellow-feeling only of men of the same rank and 'degree of life for one another, on account of the evils 'to which they themselves are liable. Our sensations 'are, I am afraid, very cold towards those who are at 'a great distance from us, and whose calamities can 'consequently never reach us.'

'I remember,' cries Amelia, 'a sentiment of Dr. 'Harrison's, which he told me was in some Latin

'book; *I am a man myself, and my heart is interested* '*in whatever can befal the rest of mankind.* That is 'the sentiment of a good man, and whoever thinks 'otherwise is a bad one.'

'I have often told you, my dear Emily,' cries Booth, 'that all men, as well the best as the worst, act alike 'from the principle of self-love. Where benevolence 'therefore is the uppermost passion, self-love directs you to 'gratify it by doing good, and by relieving the distresses 'of others; for they are then in reality your own. But 'where ambition, avarice, pride, or any other passion 'governs the man, and keeps his benevolence down, the 'miseries of all other men affect him no more than they 'would a stock or a stone. And thus the man and his 'statue have often the same degree of feeling or compas-'sion.'

'I have often wished, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'to hear 'you converse with Dr. Harrison on this subject; for I 'am sure he would convince you, though I can't, that 'there are really such things as religion and virtue.'

This was not the first hint of this kind which Amelia had given; for she sometimes apprehended from his discourse that he was little better than an atheist: a consideration which did not diminish her affection for him; but gave her great uneasiness. On all such occasions Booth immediately turned the discourse to some other subject; for though he had in other points a great opinion of his wife's capacity; yet as a divine or a philosopher he did not hold her in a very respectable light, nor did he lay any great stress on her sentiments in such matters. He now, therefore, gave a speedy turn to the conversation, and began to talk of affairs below the dignity of this history.

AMELIA.

BOOK XI.

CHAPTER I.

Containing a very polite scene.

We will now look back to some personages, who, though not the principal characters in this history, have yet made too considerable a figure in it to be abruptly dropped. And these are colonel James and his lady.

This fond couple never met till dinner the day after the masquerade, when they happened to be alone together in an antechamber before the arrival of the rest of the company.

The conversation began with the colonel's saying, 'I 'hope, Madam, you got no cold last night at the mas- 'querade.' To which the lady answered by much the same question.

They then sat together near five minutes without opening their mouths to each other. At last Mrs. James said, 'Pray, Sir, who was that masque with you in the dress 'of a shepherdess? How could you expose yourself by 'walking with such a trollop in public; for certainly no 'woman of any figure would appear there in such a 'dress? You know, Mr. James, I never interfere with 'your affairs; but I would, methinks, for my own sake, 'if I was you, preserve a little decency in the face of the 'world.'

'Upon my word,' said James, 'I do not know whom

'you mean. A woman in such a dress might speak to 'me for aught I know—A thousand people speak to 'me at a masquerade. But, I promise you, I spoke to 'no woman acquaintance there that I know of—Indeed, 'I now recollect there was a woman in a dress of a shep- 'herdess; and there was another awkward thing in a 'blue domino that plagued me a little, but I soon got 'rid of them.'

'And I suppose you do not know the lady in the blue 'domino neither?'

'Not I, I assure you,' said James. 'But pray, 'why do you ask me these questions? It looks so 'like jealousy.'

'Jealousy,' cries she, 'I jealous! no, Mr. James, I 'shall never be jealous, I promise you, especially of the 'lady in the blue domino; for, to my knowledge, she 'despises you of all the human race.'

'I am heartily glad of it,' said James; 'for I never 'saw such a tall awkward monster in my life.'

'That is a very cruel way of telling me you knew 'me.'—

'You, Madam,' said James—'you was in a black domino.'

'It is not so unusual a thing, I believe, you yourself 'know, to change dresses.—I own I did it to discover 'some of your tricks. I did not think you could have 'distinguished the tall awkward monster so well.'

'Upon my soul,' said James, 'if it was you, I did not 'even suspect it; so you ought not to be offended at 'what I have said ignorantly.'

'Indeed, Sir,' cries she, 'you cannot offend me by any 'thing you can say to my face—no, by my soul, I despise 'you too much. But I wish, Mr. James, you would not 'make me the subject of your conversation amongst your 'wenches. I desire I may not be afraid of meeting them

'for fear of their insults; that I may not be told by a 'dirty trollop, you make me the subject of your wit 'amongst them, of which, it seems, I am the favourite 'topic. Though you have married a tall awkward 'monster, Mr. James, I think she hath a right to be 'treated as your wife, with respect at least—Indeed, I 'shall never require any more; indeed, Mr. James, I 'never shall.—I think a wife hath a title to that.'

'Who told you this, Madam?' said James.

'Your slut,' said she, 'your wench, your shepherdess.'

'By all that's sacred!' cries James, 'I do not know 'who the shepherdess was.'

'By all that's sacred then!' says she—'she told me so, 'and I am convinced she told me truth.—But I do not 'wonder at your denying it; for that is equally con- 'sistent with honour as to behave in such a manner to 'a wife who is a gentlewoman.—I hope you will allow 'me that, Sir.—Because I had not quite so great a for- 'tune, I hope you do not think me beneath you, or that 'you did me any honour in marrying me. I am come 'of as good a family as yourself, Mr. James; and if my 'brother knew how you treated me he would not bear it.'

'Do you threaten me with your brother, Madam?' said James.

'I will not be ill-treated, Sir,' answered she.

'Nor I neither, Madam,' cries he; 'and therefore I 'desire you will prepare to go into the country to-morrow 'morning.'

'Indeed, Sir,' said she, 'I shall not.'

'By Heavens! Madam, but you shall,' answered he: 'I will have my coach at the door to-morrow morning by 'seven; and you shall either go into it or be carried.'

'I hope, Sir, you are not in earnest,' said she.

'Indeed, Madam,' answered he, 'but I am in earnest, 'and resolved; and into the country you go to-morrow.'

'But why into the country,' said she, 'Mr. James? 'Why will you be so barbarous to deny me the pleasures 'of the town?'

'Because you interfere with my pleasures,' cried James; 'which I have told you long ago I would not 'submit to. It is enough for fond couples to have these 'scenes together. I thought we had been upon a better 'footing, and had cared too little for each other to be- 'come mutual plagues. I thought you had been satis- 'fied with the full liberty of doing what you pleased.'

'So I am; I defy you to say I have ever given you 'any uneasiness.'

'How!' cries he, 'have you not just now upbraided 'me with what you heard at the masquerade?'

'I own,' said she, 'to be insulted by such a creature to 'my face, stung me to the soul. I must have had no 'spirit to bear the insults of such an animal. Nay, she 'spoke of you with equal contempt. Whoever she is, I 'promise you Mr. Booth is her favourite. But, indeed, 'she is unworthy any one's regard; for she behaved like 'an arrant dragoon.'

'Hang her,' cries the colonel, 'I know nothing of her.'

'Well, but, Mr. James—I am sure you will not send 'me into the country. Indeed, I will not go into the 'country.'

'If you was a reasonable woman,' cries James, 'per- 'haps I should not desire it.—And on one considera- 'tion—'

'Come, name your consideration,' said she.

'Let me first experience your discernment,' said he.— 'Come, Molly, let me try your judgment. Can you guess 'at any woman of your acquaintance that I like?'

'Sure,' said she, 'it cannot be Mrs. Booth!'

'And why not Mrs. Booth?' answered he. 'Is she 'not the finest woman in the world?'

'Very far from it,' replied she, 'in my opinion.'

'Pray, what faults,' said he, 'can you find in her?'

'In the first place,' cries Mrs. James, 'her eyes are too 'large; and she hath a look with them that I don't know 'how to describe; but I know I don't like it. Then her 'eyebrows are too large; therefore, indeed, she doth all 'in her power to remedy this with her pincers; for if it 'was not for those her eyebrows would be preposterous. '—Then her nose, as well proportioned as it is, has a 'visible scar on one side.—Her neck likewise is too pro- 'tuberant for the genteel size, especially as she laces her- 'self; for no woman, in my opinion, can be genteel who 'is not entirely flat before. And lastly, she is both too 'short and too tall.—Well, you may laugh, Mr. James, 'I know what I mean, though I cannot well express it,— 'I mean, that she is too tall for a pretty woman, and too 'short for a fine woman.—There is such a thing as a 'kind of insipid medium—a kind of something that is 'neither one thing or another. I know not how to ex- 'press it more clearly; but when I say such a one is a 'pretty woman, a pretty thing, a pretty creature, you 'know very well I mean a little woman; and when I 'say such a one is a very fine woman, a very fine person 'of a woman, to be sure I must mean a tall woman. 'Now a woman that is between both is certainly neither 'the one nor the other.'

'Well, I own,' said he, 'you have explained yourself 'with great dexterity; but, with all these imperfections, 'I cannot help liking her.'

'That you need not tell me, Mr. James,' answered the lady; 'for that I knew before you desired me to invite 'her to your house. And nevertheless, did not I, like 'an obedient wife, comply with your desires? did I make 'any objection to the party you proposed for the mas- 'querade, though I knew very well your motive? what

'can the best of wives do more? to procure you success 'is not in my power; and, if I may give you my opinion, 'I believe you never will succeed with her.'

'Is her virtue so very impregnable?' said he, with a sneer.

'Her virtue,' answered Mrs. James, 'hath the best 'guard in the world, which is a most violent love for 'her husband.'

'All pretence and affectation,' cries the colonel. 'It is 'impossible she should have so little taste, or indeed, so 'little delicacy, as to like such a fellow.'

'Nay, I do not much like him myself,' said she.—'He 'is not indeed at all such a man as I should like; but 'I thought he had been generally allowed to be hand-'some.'

'He handsome!' cries James. 'What, with a nose 'like the proboscis of an elephant, with the shoulders 'of a porter, and the legs of a chairman? The fellow 'hath not the least look of a gentleman; and one would 'rather think he hath followed a plough than a camp 'all his life.'

'Nay, now I protest,' said she, 'I think you do him 'injustice. He is genteel enough, in my opinion. It 'is true, indeed, he is not quite of the most delicate 'make; but, whatever he is, I am convinced she thinks 'him the finest man in the world.'

'I cannot believe it,' answered he peevishly—'But 'will you invite her to dinner here to-morrow?'

'With all my heart, and as often as you please,' answered she.—'But I have some favours to ask of you. '—First, I must hear no more of going out of town till 'I please.'

'Very well,' cries he.

'In the next place,' said she, 'I must have two hundred 'guineas within these two or three days.'

'Well, I agree to that too,' answered he.

'And when I do go out of town, I go to Tunbridge—'I insist upon that; and from Tunbridge I go to Bath '—positively to Bath. And I promise you faithfully I 'will do all in my power to carry Mrs. Booth with me.'

'On that condition,' answered he, 'I promise you you 'shall go wherever you please.—And to shew you I will 'even prevent your wishes by my generosity, as soon 'as I receive the five thousand pounds, which I am going 'to take up on one of my estates, you shall have two 'hundred more.'

She thanked him with a low curtesy; and he was in such good humour that he offered to kiss her. To this kiss she coldly turned her cheek—and then flirting her fan, said—'Mr. James, there is one thing I forgot to 'mention to you—I think you intended to get a com-'mission in some regiment abroad for this young man.—'Now, if you would take my advice, I know this will not 'oblige his wife; and besides, I am positive she resolves 'to go with him.—But if you can provide for him in 'some regiment at home, I know she will dearly love 'you for it; and when he is ordered to quarters she will 'be left behind—and Yorkshire or Scotland, I think, is 'as good a distance as either of the Indies.'

'Well, I will do what I can,' answered James; 'but 'I cannot ask any thing yet; for I got two places of a 'hundred a year each for two of my footmen within 'this fortnight.'

At this instant, a violent knock at the door signified the arrival of their company; upon which, both husband and wife put on their best looks to receive their guests; and, from their behaviour to each other during the rest of the day, a stranger might have concluded he had been in company with the fondest couple in the universe.

CHAPTER II.

Matters political.

Before we return to Booth, we will relate a scene in which Dr. Harrison was concerned.

This good man, while in the country, happened to be in the neighbourhood of a nobleman of his acquaintance, and whom he knew to have very considerable interest with the ministers at that time.

The doctor, who was very well known to this nobleman, took this opportunity of paying him a visit, in order to recommend poor Booth to his favour. Nor did he much doubt of his success, the favour he was to ask being a very small one, and to which he thought the service of Booth gave him so just a title.

The doctor's name soon gained him an admission to the presence of this great man, who, indeed, received him with much courtesy and politeness; not so much perhaps from any particular regard to the sacred function, nor from any respect to the doctor's personal merit, as from some considerations which the reader will perhaps guess anon. After many ceremonials, and some previous discourse on different subjects, the doctor opened the business, and told the great man, that he was come to him to solicit a favour for a young gentleman who had been an officer in the army, and was now on half-pay. 'All the 'favour I ask, my lord,' said he, 'is, that this gentle-'man may be again admitted *ad eundem*. I am con-'vinced your lordship will do me the justice to think I 'would not ask for a worthless person; but, indeed, the 'young man I mean hath very extraordinary merit. He 'was at the siege of Gibraltar, in which he behaved with

'distinguished bravery; and was dangerously wounded 'at two several times in the service of his country. I 'will add, that he is at present in great necessity, and 'hath a wife and several children, for whom he hath no 'other means of providing; and if it will recommend 'him farther to your lordship's favour, his wife, I believe, 'is one of the best and worthiest of all her sex.'

'As to that, my dear doctor,' cries the nobleman, 'I 'shall make no doubt. Indeed, any service I shall do 'the gentleman will be upon your account. As to neces- 'sity, it is the plea of so many, that it is impossible to 'serve them all.—And with regard to the personal merit 'of these inferior officers, I believe, I need not tell you 'that it is very little regarded. But if you recommend 'him, let the person be what he will, I am convinced 'it will be done; for I know it is in your power at 'present to ask for a greater matter than this.'

'I depend entirely upon your lordship,' answered the doctor.

'Indeed, my worthy friend,' replied the lord, 'I will 'not take a merit to myself, which will so little belong 'to me. You are to depend on yourself. It falls out 'very luckily too at this time, when you have it in your 'power so greatly to oblige us.'

'What, my lord, is in my power?' cries the doctor.

'You, certainly, know,' answered his lordship, 'how 'hard colonel Trompington is run at your town in the 'election of a mayor; they tell me it will be a very near 'thing, unless you join us. But we know it is in your 'power to do the business, and turn the scale. I heard 'your name mentioned the other day on that account; 'and I know you may have any thing in reason if you 'will give us your interest.'

'Sure, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'you are not in 'earnest in asking my interest for the colonel?'

'Indeed, I am,' answered the peer; 'why should you 'doubt it?'

'For many reasons,' answered the doctor. 'First, I 'am an old friend and acquaintance of Mr. Fairfield, as 'your lordship, I believe, very well knows. The little 'interest, therefore, that I have, you may be assured, 'will go in his favour. Indeed, I do not concern myself 'deeply in these affairs; for I do not think it becomes 'my cloth so to do. But as far as I think it decent to 'interest myself, it will certainly be on the side of Mr. 'Fairfield. Indeed, I should do so, if I was acquainted 'with both the gentlemen only by reputation; the one 'being a neighbouring gentleman of a very large estate, 'a very sober and sensible man, of known probity and 'attachment to the true interest of his country. The 'other is a mere stranger, a boy, a soldier of fortune, 'and, as far as I can discern from the little conversation 'I have had with him, of a very shallow capacity, and 'no education.'

'No education, my dear friend?' cries the nobleman. 'Why, he hath been educated in half the courts of 'Europe.'

'Perhaps so, my lord,' answered the doctor; 'but I 'shall always be so great a pedant as to call a man of 'no learning, a man of no education.—And from my 'own knowledge, I can aver, that I am persuaded there 'is scarce a foot-soldier in the army who is more illiterate 'than the colonel.'

'Why, as to Latin and Greek, you know,' replied the lord, 'they are not much required in the army.'

'It may be so,' said the doctor. 'Then let such per-'sons keep their own profession. It is a very low civil 'capacity indeed for which an illiterate man can be 'qualified. And to speak a plain truth, if your lordship 'is a friend to the colonel, you would do well to advise

'him to decline an attempt in which I am certain he hath 'no probability of success.'

'Well, Sir,' said the lord, 'if you are resolved against 'us, I must deal as freely with you, and tell you plainly 'I cannot serve you in your affair. Nay, it will be the 'best thing I can do to hold my tongue; for, if I should 'mention his name with your recommendation after what 'you have said, he would perhaps never get provided for 'as long as he lives.'

'Is his own merit then, my lord, no recommendation?' cries the doctor.

'My dear, dear Sir,' cries the other—'what is the 'merit of a subaltern officer?'

'Surely, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'it is the merit 'which should recommend him to the post of a subaltern 'officer. And it is a merit which will hereafter qualify 'him to serve his country in a higher capacity. And I 'do assure you of this young man, that he hath not only 'a good heart, but a good head too. And I have been 'told by those, who are judges, that he is for his age 'an excellent officer.'

'Very probably!' cries my lord—'And there are 'abundance with the same merit, and the same qualifica- 'tions, who want a morsel of bread for themselves and 'their families.'

'It is an infamous scandal on the nation,' cries the doctor; 'and I am heartily sorry it can be said even 'with a colour of truth.'

'How can it be otherwise?' says the peer. 'Do 'you think it is possible to provide for all men of 'merit?'

'Yes, surely do I,' said the doctor. 'And very easily too.'

'How, pray?'—cries the lord—'Upon my word I 'shall be glad to know.'

'Only by not providing for those who have none.—'The men of merit in any capacity are not, I am afraid, 'so extremely numerous, that we need starve any of 'them, unless we wickedly suffer a set of worthless 'fellows to eat their bread.'

'This is all mere Utopia,' cries his lordship; 'the chi-'merical system of Plato's commonwealth with which 'we amused ourselves at the university; politics which 'are inconsistent with the state of human affairs.'

'Sure, my lord,' cries the doctor, 'we have read of 'states where such doctrines have been put in practice. 'What is your lordship's opinion of Rome in the earlier 'ages of the commonwealth, of Sparta, and even of 'Athens itself, in some periods of its history?'

'Indeed, doctor,' cries the lord, 'all these notions are 'obsolete and long since exploded. To apply maxims 'of government, drawn from the Greek and Roman 'histories, to this nation is absurd and impossible. But 'if you will have Roman examples, fetch them from 'those times of the republic that were most like our 'own. Do you not know, doctor, that this is as corrupt 'a nation as ever existed under the sun? And would 'you think of governing such a people by the strict 'principles of honesty and morality?'

'If it be so corrupt,' said the doctor, 'I think it is 'high time to amend it; or else it is easy to foresee that 'Roman and British liberty will have the same fate; 'for corruption in the body politic as naturally tends 'to dissolution as in the natural body.'

'I thank you for your simile,' cries my lord; 'for 'in the natural body, I believe, you will allow there 'is the season of youth, the season of manhood, and 'the season of old age; and that, when the last of these 'arrives, it will be an impossible attempt by all the 'means of art to restore the body again to its youth, or

'to the vigour of its middle age. The same periods 'happen to every great kingdom. In its youth it rises 'by arts and arms to power and prosperity. This it 'enjoys and flourishes with a while; and then it may 'be said to be in the vigour of its age, enriched at home 'with all the emoluments and blessings of peace, and 'formidable abroad with all the terrors of war. At 'length, this very prosperity introduces corruption; and 'then comes on its old age. Virtue and learning, art 'and industry, decay by degrees. The people sink into 'sloth and luxury and prostitution. It is enervated at 'home, becomes contemptible abroad; and such indeed 'is its misery and wretchedness, that it resembles a man 'in the last decrepit stage of life, who looks with un-'concern at his approaching dissolution.'

'This is a melancholy picture indeed,' cries the doctor; 'and, if the latter part of it can be applied to our case, 'I see nothing but religion, which would have prevented 'this decrepit state of the constitution, should prevent 'a man of spirit from hanging himself out of the way 'of so wretched a contemplation.'

'Why so?' said the peer; 'why hang myself, doctor? 'Would it not be wiser, think you, to make the best of 'your time, and the most you can, in such a nation?'

'And is religion then to be really laid out of the 'question?' cries the doctor.

'If I am to speak my own opinion, Sir,' answered the peer, 'you know I shall answer in the negative—but 'you are too well acquainted with the world to be told 'that the conduct of politicians is not formed upon the 'principles of religion.'

'I am very sorry for it,' cries the doctor; 'but I will 'talk to them then of honour and honesty; this is a 'language which I hope they will at least pretend to 'understand. Now to deny a man the preferment which

'he merits, and to give it to another man who doth not 'merit it, is a manifest act of injustice; and is conse- 'quently inconsistent with both honour and honesty. 'Nor is it only an act of injustice to the man himself, 'but to the public, for whose good principally all public 'offices are, or ought to be, instituted. Now this good 'can never be completed, nor obtained, but by employ- 'ing all persons according to their capacities. Wherever 'true merit is liable to be superseded by favour and 'partiality, and men are entrusted with offices without 'any regard to capacity or integrity, the affairs of that 'state will always be in a deplorable situation. Such, as 'Livy tells us, was the state of Capua, a little before its 'final destruction; and the consequence your lordship 'well knows. But, my lord, there is another mischief 'which attends this kind of injustice, and that is, it hath 'a manifest tendency to destroy all virtue and all ability 'among the people, by taking away all that encourage- 'ment and incentive which should promote emulation, 'and raise men to aim at excelling in any art, science, or 'profession. Nor can any thing, my lord, contribute 'more to render a nation contemptible among its neigh- 'bours; for what opinion can other countries have of the 'councils, or what terror can they conceive of the arms, 'of such a people? and it was chiefly owing to the 'avoiding this error that Oliver Cromwell carried the 'reputation of England higher than it ever was at any 'other time. I will add only one argument more, and 'that is founded on the most narrow and selfish system of 'politics; and this is, that such a conduct is sure to 'create universal discontent and grumbling at home; for 'nothing can bring men to rest satisfied, when they see 'others preferred to them, but an opinion that they de- 'serve that elevation; for as one of the greatest men 'this country ever produced, observes,

'One worthless man that gains what he pretends,
'Disgusts a thousand unpretending friends.'

'With what heart-burnings then must any nation see 'themselves obliged to contribute to the support of a set 'of men, of whose incapacity to serve them they are well 'apprised, and who do their country a double diskind-'ness, by being themselves employed in posts to which 'they are unequal, and by keeping others out of those 'employments for which they are qualified!'

'And do you really think, doctor,' cries the nobleman, 'that any minister could support himself in this country 'upon such principles as you recommend? Do you 'think he would be able to baffle an opposition, unless he 'should oblige his friends by conferring places often con-'trary to his own inclinations and his own opinion?'

'Yes, really do I,' cries the doctor. 'Indeed, if a 'minister is resolved to make good his confession in the 'liturgy, *by leaving undone all those things which he ought 'to have done, and by doing all those things which he ought 'not to have done;* such a minister, I grant, will be obliged 'to baffle opposition, as you are pleased to term it, by 'these arts; for, as Shakspeare somewhere says,

'Things ill begun strengthen themselves by ill.'

'But if, on the contrary, he will please to consider the 'true interest of his country, and that only in great and 'national points; if he will engage his country in neither 'alliances or quarrels, but where it is really interested: 'if he will raise no money but what is wanted, nor em-'ploy any civil or military officers but what are useful; 'and place in these employments men of the highest 'integrity, and of the greatest abilities; if he will employ 'some few of his hours to advance our trade, and some 'few more to regulate our domestic government; if he

'would do this, my lord, I will answer for it, he shall 'either have no opposition to baffle, or he shall baffle it 'by a fair appeal to his conduct. Such a minister may, 'in the language of the law, put himself on his country 'when he pleases, and he shall come off with honour 'and applause.'

'And do you really believe, doctor,' cries the peer, 'there ever was such a minister, or ever will be?'

'Why not, my lord?' answered the doctor. 'It re-'quires no very extraordinary parts, nor any extra-'ordinary degree of virtue. He need practise no great 'instances of self-denial. He shall have power, and 'honour, and riches, and, perhaps, all in a much greater 'degree than he can ever acquire by pursuing a contrary 'system. He shall have more of each, and much more 'of safety.'

'Pray, doctor,' said my lord, 'let me ask you one 'simple question. Do you really believe any man upon 'earth was ever a rogue out of choice?'

'Really, my lord,' says the doctor, 'I am ashamed to 'answer in the affirmative; and yet I am afraid experi-'ence would almost justify me if I should. Perhaps the 'opinion of the world may sometimes mislead men to 'think those measures necessary which in reality are not 'so. Or the truth may be, that a man of good inclina-'tions finds his office filled with such corruption by 'the iniquity of his predecessors that he may despair 'of being capable of purging it; and so sits down con-'tented, as Augeas did with the filth of his stables, not 'because he thought them the better, or that such filth 'was really necessary to a stable; but that he despaired 'of sufficient force to cleanse them.'

'I will ask you one question more, and I have 'done,' said the nobleman. 'Do you imagine, that if 'any minister was really as good as you would have

'him, that the people in general would believe that he 'was so?'

'Truly, my lord,' said the doctor, 'I think they may 'be justified in not believing too hastily. But I beg 'leave to answer your lordship's question by another. 'Doth your lordship believe that the people of Green-'land, when they see the light of the sun, and feel his 'warmth, after so long a season of cold and darkness, 'will really be persuaded that he shines upon them?'

My lord smiled at the conceit; and then the doctor took an opportunity to renew his suit, to which his lordship answered, He would promise nothing, and could give him no hopes of success; 'but you may be assured,' said he, with a leering countenance, 'I shall do him all 'the service in my power.' A language which the doctor well understood; and soon after took a civil, but not a very ceremonious leave.

CHAPTER III.

The history of Mr. Trent.

We will now return to Mr. Booth and his wife. The former had spent his time very uneasily, ever since he had discovered what sort of man he was indebted to; but lest he should forget it, Mr. Trent thought now proper to remind him, in the following letter, which he read the next morning, after he had put off the appointment.

'SIR,

'I am sorry the necessity of my affairs obliges me to 'mention that small sum which I had the honour to lend

'you the other night at play; and which I shall be much 'obliged to you, if you will let me have some time either 'to-day, or to-morrow.

'I am, Sir,

'Your most obedient,

'Most humble servant,

'George Trent.'

This letter a little surprised Booth, after the genteel, and, indeed, as it appeared, generous behaviour of Trent. But lest it should have the same effect upon the reader, we will now proceed to account for this, as well as for some other phenomena that have appeared in this history, and which, perhaps, we shall be forgiven, for not having opened more largely before.

Mr. Trent then was a gentleman, possibly of a good family; for it was not certain whence he sprung on the father's side. His mother, who was the only parent he ever knew or heard of, was a single gentlewoman, and for some time carried on the trade of a milliner in Covent-garden. She sent her son, at the age of eight years old, to a charity school, where he remained till he was of the age of fourteen, without making any great proficiency in learning. Indeed, it is not very probable he should; for the master, who, in preference to a very learned and proper man, was chosen by a party into this school, the salary of which was upwards of a hundred pounds a year, had himself never travelled through the Latin Grammar, and was, in truth, a most consummate blockhead.

At the age of fifteen, Mr. Trent was put clerk to an attorney, where he remained a very short time before he took leave of his master; rather, indeed, departed without taking leave; and having broke open his mother's

escrutoire, and carried off with him all the valuable effects he there found, to the amount of about fifty pounds, he marched off to sea, and went on board a merchantman, whence he was afterwards pressed into a man of war.

In this service he continued above three years; during which time he behaved so ill in his moral character, that he twice underwent a very severe discipline for thefts in which he was detected; but, at the same time, he behaved so well as a sailor in an engagement with some pirates, that he wiped off all former scores, and greatly recommended himself to his captain.

At his return home, he being then about twenty years of age, he found that the attorney had in his absence married his mother, had buried her, and secured all her effects, to the amount, as he was informed, of about fifteen hundred pounds. Trent applied to his stepfather, but to no purpose; the attorney utterly disowned him, nor would he suffer him to come a second time within his doors.

It happened that the attorney had, by a former wife, an only daughter, a great favourite, who was about the same age with Trent himself; and had, during his residence at her father's house, taken a very great liking to this young fellow, who was extremely handsome, and perfectly well made. This her liking was not, during his absence, so far extinguished but that it immediately revived on his return. Of this she took care to give Mr. Trent proper intimation; for she was not one of those backward and delicate ladies, who can die rather than make the first overture. Trent was overjoyed at this, and with reason; for she was a very lovely girl in her person, the only child of a rich father; and the prospect of so complete a revenge on the attorney charmed him above all the rest. To be as short in the matter as

the parties, a marriage was soon consummated between them.

The attorney at first raged and was implacable; but, at last, fondness for his daughter so far overcame resentment, that he advanced a sum of money to buy his son-in-law (for now he acknowledged him as such) an ensign's commission in a marching regiment, then ordered to Gibraltar; at which place the attorney heartily hoped that Trent might be knocked on the head; for in that case he thought he might marry his daughter more agreeably to his own ambition, and to her advantage.

The regiment into which Trent purchased was the same with that in which Booth likewise served; the one being an ensign, and the other a lieutenant in the two additional companies.

Trent had no blemish in his military capacity. Though he had had but an indifferent education, he was naturally sensible and genteel, and Nature, as we have said, had given him a very agreeable person. He was likewise a very bold fellow, and as he really behaved himself every way well enough while he was at Gibraltar, there was some degree of intimacy between him and Booth.

When the siege was over, and the additional companies were again reduced, Trent returned to his wife, who received him with great joy and affection. Soon after this an accident happened, which proved the utter ruin of his father-in-law, and ended in breaking his heart. This was nothing but making a mistake, pretty common at this day, of writing another man's name to a deed instead of his own. In truth this matter was no less than what the law calls forgery, and was just then made capital by an act of parliament. From this offence, indeed, the attorney was acquitted by not admitting the proof of the party, who was to avoid his own deed by his evidence; and therefore no witness, according to those excellent rules,

called the law of evidence; a law very excellently calculated for the preservation of the lives of his majesty's roguish subjects, and most notably used for that purpose.

But though by common law the attorney was honourably acquitted; yet, as common sense manifested to every one that he was guilty, he unhappily lost his reputation, and of consequence his business; the chagrin of which latter soon put an end to his life.

This prosecution had been attended with a very great expense; for, besides the ordinary costs of avoiding the gallows by the help of the law, there was a very high article, of no less than a thousand pounds, paid down to remove out of the way a witness, against whom there was no legal exception. The poor gentleman had besides suffered some losses in business; so that, to the surprise of all his acquaintance, when his debts were paid, there remained no more than a small estate of fourscore pounds a year, which he settled upon his daughter, far out of the reach of her husband, and about two hundred pounds in money.

The old gentleman had not long been in his grave before Trent set himself to consider seriously of the state of his affairs. He had lately begun to look on his wife with a much less degree of liking and desire than formerly; for he was one of those who think too much of one thing is good for nothing. Indeed, he had indulged these speculations so far, that, I believe, his wife, though one of the prettiest women in town, was the last subject that he would have chosen for any amorous dalliance.

Many other persons, however, greatly differed from him in this opinion. Amongst the rest was the illustrious peer of amorous memory. This noble peer, having therefore got a view of Mrs. Trent one day in the street, did, by means of an emissary then with him, make himself

acquainted with her lodging, to which he immediately laid siege in form, setting himself down in a lodging directly opposite to her, from whence the battery of ogles began to play the very next morning.

This siege had not continued long before the governor of the garrison became sufficiently apprised of all the works which were carrying on, and having well reconnoitered the enemy, and discovered who he was, notwithstanding a false name, and some disguise of his person, he called a council of war within his own breast. In fact, to drop all allegory, he began to consider whether his wife was not really a more valuable possession than he had lately thought her. In short, as he had been disappointed in her fortune, he now conceived some hopes of turning her beauty itself into a fortune.

Without communicating these views to her, he soon scraped an acquaintance with his opposite neighbour by the name which he there usurped, and counterfeited an entire ignorance of his real name and title. On this occasion Trent had his disguise likewise, for he affected the utmost simplicity; of which affectation, as he was a very artful fellow, he was extremely capable.

The peer fell plumb into this snare; and when, by the simplicity, as he imagined, of the husband, he became acquainted with the wife, he was so extravagantly charmed with her person, that he resolved, whatever was the cost or the consequence, he would possess her.

His lordship, however, preserved some caution in his management of this affair; more, perhaps, than was necessary. As for the husband, none was requisite, for he knew all he could; and with regard to the wife herself, as she had, for some time, perceived the decrease of her husband's affection, (for few women are, I believe, to be imposed upon in that matter) she was not dis-

pleased to find the return of all that complaisance and endearment, of those looks and languishments from another agreeable person, which she had formerly received from Trent, and which she now found she should receive from him no longer.

My lord, therefore, having been indulged with as much opportunity as he could wish from Trent, and having received rather more encouragement than he could well have hoped from the lady, began to prepare all matters for a storm, when, luckily, Mr. Trent declaring he must go out of town for two days, he fixed on the first day of his departure as the time of carrying his design into execution.

And now, after some debate with himself in what manner he should approach his love, he at last determined to do it in his own person; for he conceived, and perhaps very rightly, that the lady, like Semele, was not void of ambition, and would have preferred Jupiter, in all his glory, to the same deity in the disguise of an humble shepherd. He dressed himself, therefore, in the richest embroidery of which he was master, and appeared before his mistress arrayed in all the brightness of peerage. A sight, whose charms she had not the power to resist, and the consequences are only to be imagined. In short, the same scene which Jupiter acted with his above-mentioned mistress of old was more than beginning, when Trent burst from the closet into which he had conveyed himself, and unkindly interrupted the action.

His lordship presently ran to his sword; but Trent, with great calmness, answered, 'That, as it was very 'well known he durst fight, he should not draw his 'sword on this occasion; for sure,' says he, 'my lord, 'it would be the highest imprudence in me to kill a man, 'who is now become so considerably my debtor.' At

which words he fetched a person from the closet, who had been confined with him, telling him he had done his business, and might now, if he pleased, retire.

It would be tedious here to amuse the reader with all that passed on the present occasion; the rage and confusion of the wife, or the perplexity in which my lord was involved. We will omit therefore all such matters, and proceed directly to business, as Trent and his lordship did soon after. And in the conclusion, my lord stipulated to pay a good round sum, and to provide Mr. Trent with a good place on the first opportunity.

On the side of Mr. Trent were stipulated absolute remission of all past, and full indulgence for the time to come.

Trent now immediately took a house at the polite end of the town, furnished it elegantly, and set up his equipage, rigged out both himself and his wife with very handsome clothes, frequented all public places where he could get admission, pushed himself into acquaintance, and his wife soon afterwards began to keep an assembly, or, in the fashionable phrase, to be at home once a week; when, by my lord's assistance, she was presently visited by most men of the first rank, and by all such women of fashion as are not very nice in their company.

My lord's amour with this lady lasted not long; for, as we have before observed, he was the most inconstant of all the human race. Mrs. Trent's passion was not however of that kind which leads to any very deep resentment of such fickleness. Her passion, indeed, was principally founded upon interest; so that foundation served to support another superstructure; and she was easily prevailed upon, as well as her husband, to be useful to my lord in a capacity, which, though very often exerted in the polite world, hath not as yet, to my great surprise,

acquired any polite name, or, indeed, any which is not too coarse to be admitted in this history.

After this preface, which we thought necessary to account for a character, of which some of my country and collegiate readers might possibly doubt the existence, I shall proceed to what more immediately regards Mrs. Booth. The reader may be pleased to remember that Mr. Trent was present at the assembly, to which Booth and his wife were carried by Mrs. James, and where Amelia was met by the noble peer.

His lordship seeing there that Booth and Trent were old acquaintance, failed not, to use the language of sportsmen, to put Trent on upon the scent of Amelia. For this purpose that gentleman visited Booth the very next day, and had pursued him close ever since. By his means, therefore, my lord learned that Amelia was to be at the masquerade, to which place she was dogged by Trent in a sailor's jacket, who, meeting my lord, according to agreement, at the entrance of the opera-house, like the four-legged gentleman of the same vocation, made a dead point, as it is called, at the game.

My lord was so satisfied and delighted with his conversation at the masquerade with the supposed Amelia, and the encouragement which in reality she had given him, that, when he saw Trent the next morning, he embraced him with great fondness, gave him a bank note of a hundred pounds, and promised him both the Indies on his success, of which he began now to have no manner of doubt.

The affair that happened at the gaming-table, was likewise a scheme of Trent's, on a hint given by my lord to him, to endeavour to lead Booth into some scrape or distress; his lordship promising to pay whatever expense Trent might be led into by such means.

Upon his lordship's credit, therefore, the money lent to Booth was really advanced. And hence arose all that seeming generosity and indifference as to the payment; Trent being satisfied with the obligation conferred on Booth, by means of which he hoped to effect his purpose.

But now the scene was totally changed; for Mrs. Atkinson, the morning after the quarrel, beginning seriously to recollect that she had carried the matter rather too far, and might really injure Amelia's reputation, a thought to which the warm pursuit of her own interest had a good deal blinded her at the time, resolved to visit my lord himself, and to let him into the whole story; for, as she had succeeded already in her favourite point, she thought she had not reason to fear any consequence of the discovery. This resolution she immediately executed.

Trent came to attend his lordship, just after Mrs. Atkinson had left him. He found the peer in a very ill humour, and brought no news to comfort or recruit his spirits; for he had himself just received a billet from Booth, with an excuse for himself and his wife, from accepting the invitation at Trent's house that evening, where matters had been previously concerted for their entertainment; and when his lordship was by accident to drop into the room where Amelia was, while Booth was to be engaged at play in another.

And now after much debate, and after Trent had acquainted my lord with the wretched situation of Booth's circumstances, it was resolved, that Trent should immediately demand his money of Booth, and upon his not paying it, for they both concluded it impossible he should pay it, to put the note, which Trent had for the money, in suit against him, by the genteel means of paying it away to a nominal third person; and this they both con-

ceived must end immediately in the ruin of Booth, and, consequently, in the conquest of Amelia.

In this project, and with this hope, both my lord and his setter, or (if the sportsmen please) setting-dog, greatly exulted; and it was next morning executed, as we have already seen.

CHAPTER IV.

Containing some distress.

TRENT'S letter drove Booth almost to madness. To be indebted to such a fellow, at any rate, had stuck much in his stomach, and had given him very great uneasiness; but to answer this demand in any other manner than by paying the money was, absolutely, what he could not bear. Again, to pay this money, he very plainly saw there was but one way; and this was, by stripping his wife, not only of every farthing, but almost of every rag she had in the world; a thought so dreadful, that it chilled his very soul with horror: and yet pride, at last, seemed to represent this as the lesser evil of the two.

But how to do this was still a question. It was not sure, at least he feared it was not, that Amelia herself would readily consent to this; and, so far from persuading her to such a measure, he could not bear even to propose it. At length his determination was to acquaint his wife with the whole affair, and to ask her consent, by way of asking her advice; for he was well assured she could find no other means of extricating him out of his dilemma. This he accordingly did, representing the affair as bad as he could; though, indeed, it was impossible for him to aggravate the real truth.

Amelia heard him patiently, without once interrupting him. When he had finished, she remained silent some time: indeed, the shock she received from this story almost deprived her of the power of speaking. At last she answered: 'Well, my dear, you ask my advice; I 'certainly can give you no other than that the money 'must be paid.'

'But how must it be paid?' cries he. 'O Heavens! 'thou sweetest creature, what, not once upbraid me for 'bringing this ruin on thee!'

'Upbraid you, my dear!' says she—'Would to 'Heaven I could prevent your upbraiding yourself. But 'do not despair. I will endeavour by some means or 'other to get you the money.'

'Alas! my dear love,' cries Booth. 'I know the only 'way by which you can raise it. How can I consent to 'that? do you forget the fears you so lately expressed of 'what would be our wretched condition when our little 'all was mouldered away? O my Amelia! they cut my 'very heart-strings, when you spoke then; for I had then 'lost this little all. Indeed, I assure you, I have not 'played since, nor ever will more.'

'Keep that resolution,' said she, 'my dear, and I 'hope we shall yet recover the past.'—At which words, casting her eyes on the children, the tears burst from her eyes, and she cried,—'Heaven will, I hope, pro-'vide for us.'

A pathetic scene now ensued between the husband and wife, which would not, perhaps, please many readers to see drawn at too full a length. It is sufficient to say, that this excellent woman not only used her utmost endeavours to stifle and conceal her own concern, but said and did every thing in her power to allay that of her husband.

Booth was, at this time, to meet a person whom we

have formerly mentioned in the course of our history. This gentleman had a place in the war-office, and pretended to be a man of great interest and consequence; by which means he did not only receive great respect and court from the inferior officers, but actually bubbled several of their money, by undertaking to do them services, which, in reality, were not within his power. In truth, I have known few great men, who have not been beset with one or more of such fellows as these, through whom the inferior part of mankind are obliged to make their court to the great men themselves; by which means I believe, principally, persons of real merit have been often deterred from the attempt; for these subaltern coxcombs ever assume an equal state with their masters, and look for an equal degree of respect to be paid to them; to which men of spirit, who are in every light their betters, are not easily brought to submit. These fellows, indeed, themselves have a jealous eye towards all great abilities, and are sure, to the utmost of their power, to keep all who are so endowed from the presence of their masters. They use their masters, as bad ministers have sometimes used a prince; they keep all men of merit from his ears, and daily sacrifice his true honour and interest to their own profit and their own vanity.

As soon as Booth was gone to his appointment with this man, Amelia immediately betook herself to her business with the highest resolution. She packed up, not only her own little trinkets, and those of the children, but the greatest part of her own poor clothes (for she was but barely provided), and then drove in a hackney-coach to the same pawnbroker who had before been recommended to her by Mrs. Atkinson; who advanced her the money she desired.

Being now provided with her sum, she returned well pleased home; and her husband coming in soon after,

she, with much cheerfulness, delivered him all the money.

Booth was so overjoyed with the prospect of discharging his debt to Trent, that he did not perfectly reflect on the distress to which his family was now reduced. The good-humour which appeared in the countenance of Amelia, was, perhaps, another help to stifle those reflections; but, above all, were the assurances he had received from the great man, whom he had met at a coffee-house, and who had promised to do him all the service in his power; which several half-pay subaltern officers assured him was very considerable.

With this comfortable news he acquainted his wife, who either was, or seemed to be, extremely well pleased with it. And now he set out with the money in his pocket to pay his friend Trent, who unluckily for him happened not to be at home.

On his return home, he met his old friend the lieutenant, who thankfully paid him his crown, and insisted on his going with him and taking part of a bottle. This invitation was so eager and pressing, that poor Booth, who could not resist much importunity, complied.

While they were over this bottle, Booth acquainted his friend with the promises he had received that afternoon at the coffee house, with which the old gentleman was very well pleased: 'For I have heard,' says he, 'that 'gentleman hath very powerful interest;' but he informed him likewise, that he had heard that the great man must be touched; for that he never did any thing without touching. Of this, indeed, the great man himself had given some oblique hints, by saying, with great sagacity and slyness, that he knew where fifty pounds might be deposited to much advantage.

Booth answered, that he would very readily advance a small sum if he had it in his power, but that at present

it was not so; for that he had no more in the world than the sum of fifty pounds, which he owed Trent, and which he intended to pay him the next morning.

'It is very right, undoubtedly, to pay your debts,' says the old gentleman; 'but sure, on such an occasion, any 'man but the rankest usurer would be contented to 'stay a little while for his money; and it will be only 'a little while I am convinced; for, if you deposit 'this sum in the great man's hands, I make no doubt but 'you will succeed immediately in getting your commission; 'and then I will help you to a method of taking up such 'a sum as this.' The old gentleman persisted in this advice, and backed it with every argument he could invent; declaring, as was indeed true, that he gave the same advice which he would pursue was the case his own.

Booth long rejected the opinion of his friend; till, as they had not argued with dry lips, he became heated with wine, and then at last the old gentleman succeeded. Indeed, such was his love, either for Booth, or for his own opinion, and perhaps for both, that he omitted nothing in his power. He even endeavoured to palliate the character of Trent, and unsaid half what he had before said of that gentleman. In the end, he undertook to make Trent easy, and to go to him the very next morning for that purpose.

Poor Booth at last yielded, though with the utmost difficulty. Indeed, had he known quite as much of Trent as the reader doth, no motive whatsoever would have prevailed on him to have taken the old gentleman's advice.

CHAPTER V.

Containing more wormwood, and other ingredients.

In the morning Booth communicated the matter to Amelia, who told him she would not presume to advise him in an affair of which he was so much the better judge.

While Booth remained in a doubtful state what conduct to pursue, Bound came to make him a visit, and informed him, that he had been at Trent's house, but found him not at home; adding, that he would pay him a second visit that very day, and would not rest till he found him.

Booth was ashamed to confess his wavering resolution in an affair in which he had been so troublesome to his friend; he therefore dressed himself immediately, and together they both went to wait on the little great man, to whom Booth now hoped to pay his court in the most effectual manner.

Bound had been longer acquainted with the modern methods of business than Booth; he advised his friend therefore, to begin with tipping (as it is called) the great man's servant. He did so, and by that means got speedy access to the master.

The great man received the money, not as a gudgeon doth a bait, but as a pike receives a poor gudgeon into his maw. To say the truth, such fellows as these may well be likened to that voracious fish who fattens himself by devouring all the little inhabitants of the river. As soon as the great man had pocketed the cash, he shook Booth by the hand, and told him, he would be sure to slip no opportunity of serving him, and would send him word, as soon as any offered.

Here I shall stop one moment, and so, perhaps, will

my good-natured reader; for, surely, it must be a hard heart, which is not affected with reflecting on the manner in which this poor little sum was raised, and on the manner in which it was bestowed. A worthy family, the wife and children of a man who had lost his blood abroad in the service of his country, parting with their little all, and exposed to cold and hunger, to pamper such a fellow as this!

And if any such reader as I mention, should happen to be in reality a great man, and in power, perhaps the horror of this picture may induce him to put a final end to this abominable practice of touching, as it is called; by which, indeed, a set of leeches are permitted to suck the blood of the brave and the indigent, of the widow and the orphan.

Booth now returned home, where he found his wife with Mrs. James. Amelia had, before the arrival of her husband, absolutely refused Mrs. James's invitation to dinner the next day; but when Booth came in the lady renewed her application, and that in so pressing a manner that Booth seconded her; for though he had enough of jealousy in his temper, yet such was his friendship to the colonel, and such his gratitude to the obligations which he had received from him, that his own unwillingness to believe any thing of him, co-operating with Amelia's endeavours to put every thing in the fairest light, had brought him to acquit his friend of any ill design. To this, perhaps, the late affair concerning my lord had moreover contributed; for it seems to me, that the same passion cannot much energize on two different objects at one and the same time: an observation which, I believe, will hold as true with regard to the cruel passions of jealousy and anger, as to the gentle passion of love, in which one great and mighty object is sure to engage the whole passion.

When Booth grew importunate, Amelia answered, 'My dear, I should not refuse you whatever was in 'my power; but this is absolutely out of my power; for, 'since I must declare the truth, I cannot dress myself.'

'Why so?' said Mrs. James; 'I am sure you are in 'good health.'

'Is there no other impediment to dressing but want of 'health, Madam?' answered Amelia.

'Upon my word, none that I know of,' replied Mrs. James.

'What do you think of want of clothes, Madam?' said Amelia.

'Ridiculous!' cries Mrs. James. 'What need have you 'to dress yourself out?—You will see nothing but our 'own family, and I promise you I don't expect it.—A 'plain night-gown will do very well.'

'But if I must be plain with you, Madam,' said Amelia, 'I have no other clothes but what I have now 'on my back.—I have not even a clean shift in the 'world; for you must know, my dear,' said she to Booth, 'that little Betty is walked off this morning, and hath 'carried all my linen with her.'

'How, my dear,' cries Booth, 'little Betty robbed 'you!'

'It is even so,' answered Amelia. Indeed, she spoke truth; for little Betty, having perceived the evening before that her mistress was moving her goods, was willing to lend all the assistance in her power, and had accordingly moved off early that morning, taking with her whatever she could lay her hands on.

Booth expressed himself with some passion on the occasion, and swore he would make an example of the girl. 'If the little slut be above ground,' cried he, 'I 'will find her out, and bring her to justice.'

'I am really sorry for this accident,' said Mrs. James,

'and (though I know not how to mention it) I beg you'll 'give me leave to offer you any linen of mine till you 'can make new of your own.'

Amelia thanked Mrs. James, but declined the favour, saying, she should do well enough at home; and that, as she had no servant now to take care of her children, she could not, nor would not leave them on any account.

'Then bring master and miss with you,' said Mrs. James. 'You shall positively dine with us to-morrow.'

'I beg, Madam, you will mention it no more,' said Amelia; 'for besides the substantial reasons I have 'already given, I have some things on my mind at pre-'sent which make me unfit for company; and I am 'resolved nothing shall prevail on me to stir from 'home.'

Mrs. James had carried her invitation already to the very utmost limits of good breeding, if not beyond them. She desisted therefore from going any farther, and after some short stay longer took her leave, with many expressions of concern, which however, great as it was, left her heart and her mouth together, before she was out of the house.

Booth now declared that he would go in pursuit of little Betty; against whom he vowed so much vengeance, that Amelia endeavoured to moderate his anger by representing to him the girl's youth, and that this was the first fault she had ever been guilty of. 'Indeed,' says she, 'I would be very glad to have my things 'again, and I should have the girl too punished in some 'degree, which might possibly be for her own good; but 'I tremble to think of taking away her life;' for Booth in his rage had sworn he would hang her.

'I know the tenderness of your heart, my dear,' said Booth, 'and I love you for it; but I must beg leave to 'dissent from your opinion. I do not think the girl in

'any light an object of mercy. She is not only guilty 'of dishonesty, but of cruelty; for she must know our 'situation, and the very little we had left. She is besides 'guilty of ingratitude to you, who have treated her with 'so much kindness, that you have rather acted the part 'of a mother than of a mistress. And so far from 'thinking her youth an excuse, I think it rather an 'aggravation. It is true, indeed, there are faults which 'the youth of the party very strongly recommends to 'our pardon. Such are all those which proceed from 'carelessness, and want of thought; but crimes of this 'black dye, which are committed with deliberation, and 'imply a bad mind, deserve a more severe punishment 'in a young person than in one of riper years; for 'what must the mind be in old age which hath acquired 'such a degree of perfection in villainy so very early! 'such persons as these it is really a charity to the public 'to put out of society; and, indeed, a religious man 'would put them out of the world for the sake of them-'selves; for whoever understands any thing of human 'nature must know, that such people, the longer 'they live, the more they will accumulate vice and 'wickedness.'

'Well, my dear,' cries Amelia, 'I cannot argue with 'you on these subjects. I shall always submit to your 'superior judgment, and I know you too well to think 'that you will ever do any thing cruel.'

Booth then left Amelia to take care of her children, and went in pursuit of the thief.

CHAPTER VI.

A scene of the tragic kind.

He had not been long gone before a thundering knock was heard at the door of the house where Amelia lodged, and presently after a figure all pale, ghastly, and almost breathless, rushed into the room where she then was with her children.

This figure Amelia soon recognized to be Mrs. Atkinson, though, indeed, she was so disguised, that at her first entrance Amelia scarce knew her. Her eyes were sunk in her head, her hair dishevelled, and not only her dress, but every feature in her face, was in the utmost disorder.

Amelia was greatly shocked at this sight, and the little girl was much frightened; as for the boy he immediately knew her, and running to Amelia, he cried, 'La! Mamma, what is the matter with poor Mrs. Atkinson?'

As soon as Mrs. Atkinson recovered her breath, she cried out—'O Mrs. Booth! I am the most miserable 'of women; I have lost the best of husbands.'

Amelia, looking at her with all the tenderness imaginable, forgetting, I believe, that there had ever been any quarrel between them, said—'Good Heavens, Madam, 'what's the matter?'

'O Mrs. Booth,' answered she, 'I fear I have lost 'my husband. The doctor says, there is but little hope 'of his life. O Madam! however I have been in the 'wrong, I am sure you will forgive me and pity me. 'I am sure I am severely punished; for to that cursed 'affair I owe all my misery.'

'Indeed, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'I am extremely con-
'cerned for your misfortune. But pray tell me, hath
'any thing happened to the serjeant?'

'O Madam!' cries she, 'I have the greatest reason
'to fear I shall lose him. The doctor hath almost given
'him over — He says he hath scarce any hopes. — O
'Madam! that evening that the fatal quarrel happened
'between us, my dear captain took it so to heart, that
'he sat up all night and drank a whole bottle of brandy.
'—indeed, he said, he wished to kill himself; for nothing
'could have hurt him so much in the world, he said,
'as to have any quarrel between you and me. His
'concern, and what he drank together, threw him into
'a high fever.—So that, when I came home from my
'lord's—(for indeed, Madam, I have been and set all
'to rights—Your reputation is now in no danger) when
'I came home, I say, I found the poor man in a raving
'delirious fit, and in that he hath continued ever since
'till about an hour ago, when he came perfectly to his
'senses; but now he says he is sure he shall die, and
'begs for Heaven's sake to see you first. Would you,
'Madam, would you have the goodness to grant my
'poor captain's desire? consider he is a dying man,
'and neither he nor I shall ever ask you a second favour.
'He says he hath something to say to you that he can
'mention to no other person, and that he cannot die in
'peace unless he sees you.'

'Upon my word, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'I am ex-
'tremely concerned at what you tell me. I knew the
'poor serjeant from his infancy, and always had an
'affection for him, as I think him to be one of the best-
'natured and honestest creatures upon earth. I am sure,
'if I could do him any service,—but of what use can my
'going be?'

'Of the highest in the world,' answered Mrs. Atkin-

son. 'If you knew how earnestly he intreated it, how 'his poor breaking heart begged to see you, you would 'not refuse.'—

'Nay, I do not absolutely refuse,' cries Amelia.—'Something to say to me of consequence, and that he 'could not die in peace unless he said it—Did he say 'that, Mrs. Atkinson?'

'Upon my honour he did,' answered she, 'and much 'more than I have related.'

'Well, I will go with you,' cries Amelia. 'I cannot 'guess what this should be; but I will go.'

Mrs. Atkinson then poured out a thousand blessings and thanksgivings; and, taking hold of Amelia's hand, and eagerly kissing it, cried out—'How could that fury 'passion drive me to quarrel with such a creature?'

Amelia told her she had forgiven and forgot it; and then calling up the mistress of the house, and committing to her the care of the children, she cloked herself up as well as she could, and set out with Mrs. Atkinson.

When they arrived at the house, Mrs. Atkinson said she would go first, and give the captain some notice; for, that if Amelia entered the room unexpectedly, the surprise might have an ill effect. She left therefore Amelia in the parlour, and proceeded directly up stairs.

Poor Atkinson, weak and bad as was his condition, no sooner heard that Amelia was come, than he discovered great joy in his countenance, and presently afterwards she was introduced to him.

Atkinson exerted his utmost strength to thank her for this goodness to a dying man (for so he called himself). He said, he should not have presumed to give her this trouble, had he not had something, which he thought of consequence, to say to her, and which he could not mention to any other person. He then desired his wife to

give him a little box, of which he always kept the key himself, and afterwards begged her to leave the room for a few minutes; at which neither she nor Amelia expressed any dissatisfaction.

When he was alone with Amelia, he spoke as follows: 'This, Madam, is the last time my eyes will ever behold 'what—Do pardon me, Madam, I will never offend you 'more.'—Here he sunk down in his bed, and the tears gushed from his eyes.

'Why should you fear to offend me, Joe?' said Amelia. 'I am sure you never did any thing willingly 'to offend me.'

'No, Madam,' answered he, 'I would die a thousand 'times before I would have ventured it in the smallest 'matter. But—I cannot speak—and yet I must. You 'cannot pardon me, and yet, perhaps, as I am a dying 'man, and never shall see you more—Indeed, if I was 'to live after this discovery, I should never dare to look 'you in the face again—And yet, Madam, to think I 'shall never see you more is worse than ten thousand 'deaths.'

'Indeed, Mr. Atkinson,' cries Amelia, blushing, and looking down on the floor, 'I must not hear you talk in 'this manner. If you have anything to say, tell it me, 'and do not be afraid of my anger; for I think I may 'promise to forgive whatever it was possible you should 'do.'

'Here then, Madam,' said he, 'is your picture; I stole 'it when I was eighteen years of age, and have kept it 'ever since. It is set in gold, with three little diamonds; 'and yet I can truly say, it was not the gold nor the 'diamonds which I stole—it was that face; which, if I 'had been the emperor of the world—'

'I must not hear any more of this,' said she,—'comfort 'yourself, Joe, and think no more of this matter. Be

'assured, I freely and heartily forgive you—But pray 'compose yourself; come let me call in your wife—'

'First, Madam, let me beg one favour,'—cried he, 'consider it is the last, and then I shall die in peace—let 'me kiss that hand before I die.'

'Well, nay,' says she, 'I don't know what I am doing '—well—there.'—She then carelessly gave him her hand, which he put gently to his lips, and then presently let it drop, and fell back in the bed.

Amelia now summoned Mrs. Atkinson, who was indeed, no farther off than just without the door. She then hastened down stairs, and called for a great glass of water, which having drank off, she threw herself into a chair, and the tears ran plentifully from her eyes with compassion for the poor wretch she had just left in his bed.

To say the truth, without any injury to her chastity, that heart which had stood firm as a rock to all the attacks of title and equipage, of finery and flattery, and which all the treasures of the universe could not have purchased, was yet a little softened by the plain, honest, modest, involuntary, delicate, heroic passion of this poor and humble swain; for whom, in spite of herself, she felt a momentary tenderness and complacence, at which Booth, if he had known it, would perhaps have been displeased.

Having staid some time in the parlour, and not finding Mrs. Atkinson come down, (for indeed her husband was then so bad she could not quit him,) Amelia left a message with the maid of the house for her mistress, purporting that she should be ready to do any thing in her power to serve her, and then left the house with a confusion on her mind that she had never felt before, and which any chastity that is not hewn out of marble must feel on so tender and delicate an occasion.

CHAPTER VII.

In which Mr. Booth meets with more than one adventure.

Booth having hunted about for two hours, at last saw a young lady, in a tattered silk gown, stepping out of a shop in Monmouth-street into a hackney-coach. This lady, notwithstanding the disguise of her dress, he presently discovered to be no other than little Betty.

He instantly gave the alarm of stop thief, stop coach! upon which Mrs. Betty was immediately stopped in her vehicle, and Booth and his myrmidons laid hold of her.

The girl no sooner found that she was seized by her master than the consciousness of her guilt overpowered her; for she was not yet an experienced offender, and she immediately confessed her crime.

She was then carried before a justice of peace, where she was searched, and there was found in her possession four shillings and sixpence in money, besides the silk gown, which was indeed proper furniture for rag-fair, and scarce worth a single farthing, though the honest shopkeeper in Monmouth-street had sold it for a crown to this simple girl.

The girl, being examined by the magistrate, spoke as follows: 'Indeed, Sir, an't please your worship, I am 'very sorry for what I have done; and to be sure, 'an't please your honour, my lord, it must have been 'the devil that put me upon it; for to be sure, please 'your majesty, I never thought upon such a thing in 'my whole life before, any more than I did of my 'dying-day; but, indeed, Sir, an't please your worship—'

She was running on in this manner when the justice interrupted her, and desired her to give an account of

what she had taken from her master, and what she had done with it.

'Indeed, an't please your majesty,' said she, 'I took 'no more than two shifts of Madam's, and I pawned 'them for five shillings, which I gave for the gown 'that's upon my back; and as for the money in my 'pocket, it is every farthing of it my own. I am sure 'I intended to carry back the shifts too as soon as ever 'I could get money to take them out.'

The girl having told them where the pawnbroker lived, the justice sent to him, to produce the shifts, which he presently did; for he expected that a warrant to search his house would be the consequence of his refusal.

The shifts being produced, on which the honest pawnbroker had lent five shillings, appeared plainly to be worth above thirty, indeed, when new they had cost much more. So that by their goodness, as well as by their size, it was certain they could not have belonged to the girl.

Booth grew very warm against the pawnbroker. 'I 'hope, Sir,' said he to the justice, 'there is some 'punishment for this fellow likewise, who so plainly 'appears to have known that these goods were stolen. 'The shops of these fellows may, indeed, be called the 'fountains of theft; for it is in reality the encouragement 'which they meet with from these receivers of their 'goods that induces men very often to become thieves, 'so that these deserve equal if not severer punishment 'than the thieves themselves.'

The pawnbroker protested his innocence; and denied the taking in the shifts. Indeed, in this he spoke truth; for he had slipped into an inner room, as was always his custom on these occasions, and left a little boy to do the business; by which means he had carried on the trade of

receiving stolen goods for many years with impunity, and had been twice acquitted at the Old Bailey, though the juggle appeared upon the most manifest evidence.

As the justice was going to speak, he was interrupted by the girl, who, falling upon her knees to Booth, with many tears, begged his forgiveness.

'Indeed, Betty,' cries Booth, 'you do not deserve for-'giveness; for you know very good reasons why you 'should not have thought of robbing your mistress, par-'ticularly at this time. And what farther aggravates 'your crime is, that you have robbed the best and 'kindest mistress in the world. Nay, you are not only 'guilty of felony, but of a felonious breach of trust; 'for you know very well every thing your mistress had 'was entrusted to your care.'

Now it happened by very great accident that the justice before whom the girl was brought understood the law. Turning therefore to Booth, he said, 'Do you say, 'Sir, that this girl was entrusted with the shifts?'

'Yes, Sir,' said Booth, 'she was entrusted with every 'thing.'

'And will you swear that the goods stolen,' said the justice, 'are worth forty shillings?'

'No, indeed, Sir,' answered Booth, 'nor that they are 'worth thirty either.'

'Then, Sir,' cries the justice, 'the girl cannot be 'guilty of felony.'

'How, Sir,' said Booth, 'is it not a breach of trust? 'and is not a breach of trust felony, and the worst 'felony too?'

'No, Sir,' answered the justice; 'a breach of trust is 'no crime in our law, unless it be in a servant; and then 'the act of parliament requires the goods taken to be of 'the value of forty shillings.'

'So then a servant,' cries Booth, 'may rob his master

'of thirty-nine shillings whenever he pleases, and he 'can't be punished.'

'If the goods are under his care, he can't,' cries the justice.

'I ask your pardon, Sir,' says Booth. 'I do not 'doubt what you say; but sure this is a very extra-'ordinary law.'

'Perhaps I think so too,' said the justice; 'but it 'belongs not to my office to make or to amend laws. 'My business is only to execute them. If therefore the 'case be as you say, I must discharge the girl.'

'I hope, however, you will punish the pawnbroker,' cries Booth.

'If the girl is discharged,' cries the justice, 'so must 'be the pawnbroker; for if the goods are not stolen, he 'cannot be guilty of receiving them, knowing them to 'be stolen. And besides, as to his offence, to say the 'truth, I am almost weary of prosecuting it; for such 'are the difficulties laid in the way of this prosecution, 'that it is almost impossible to convict any one on it. 'And to speak my opinion plainly, such are the laws, 'and such are the method of proceeding, that one 'would almost think our laws were rather made for 'the protection of rogues, than for the punishment of 'them.'

Thus ended this examination: the thief and the receiver went about their business, and Booth departed, in order to go home to his wife.

In his way home, Booth was met by a lady, in a chair; who, immediately upon seeing him, stopped her chair, bolted out of it, and going directly up to him, said, 'So, Mr. Booth, you have kept your word with me.'

This lady was no other than Miss Matthews, and the speech she meant was of a promise made to her at the masquerade, of visiting her within a day or two; which,

whether he ever intended to keep, I cannot say, but in truth, the several accidents that had since happened to him, had so discomposed his mind, that he had absolutely forgot it.

Booth however was too sensible, and too well-bred, to make the excuse of forgetfulness to a lady; nor could he readily find any other. While he stood therefore hesitating, and looking not overwise, Miss Matthews said: 'Well, Sir, since by your confusion I see you have some 'grace left, I will pardon you on one condition, and that 'is, that you will sup with me this night. But, if you 'fail me now, expect all the revenge of an injured 'woman.' She then bound herself by a most outrageous oath, that she would complain to his wife—'And I am 'sure,' says she, 'she is so much a woman of honour, as 'to do me justice.—And though I miscarried in my first 'attempt, be assured I will take care of my second.'

Booth asked what she meant by her first attempt; to which she answered, that she had already writ his wife an account of his ill-usage of her, but that she was pleased it had miscarried. She then repeated her asseverations, that she would now do it effectually if he disappointed her.

This threat she reckoned would most certainly terrify poor Booth; and, indeed, she was not mistaken; for, I believe, it would have been impossible, by any other menace, or by any other means, to have brought him once even to balance in his mind on this question. But by this threat she prevailed; and Booth promised, upon his word and honour, to come to her at the hour she appointed. After which she took leave of him with a squeeze of the hand, and a smiling countenance, and walked back to her chair.

But, however she might be pleased with having obtained this promise, Booth was far from being delighted

with the thoughts of having given it. He looked, indeed, upon the consequences of this meeting with horror; but as to the consequence, which was so apparently intended by the lady, he resolved against it. At length he came to this determination, to go according to his appointment, to argue the matter with the lady, and to convince her, if possible, that, from a regard to his honour only, he must discontinue her acquaintance. If this failed to satisfy her, and she still persisted in her threats to acquaint his wife with the affair, he then resolved, whatever pain it cost him, to communicate the whole truth himself to Amelia, from whose goodness he doubted not but to obtain an absolute remission.

CHAPTER VIII.

In which Amelia appears in a light more amiable than gay.

We will now return to Amelia, whom we left in some perturbation of mind departing from Mrs. Atkinson.

Though she had before walked through the streets in a very improper dress with Mrs. Atkinson, she was unwilling, especially as she was alone, to return in the same manner. Indeed, she was scarce able to walk in her present condition; for the case of poor Atkinson had much affected her tender heart, and her eyes had overflown with many tears.

It occurred likewise to her at present, that she had not a single shilling in her pocket, or at home, to provide food for herself and her family. In this situation she resolved to go immediately to the pawnbroker whither she had gone before, and to deposit her picture for what

she could raise upon it. She then immediately took a chair, and put her design in execution.

The intrinsic value of the gold, in which this picture was set, and of the little diamonds, which surrounded it, amounted to nine guineas. This therefore was advanced to her, and the prettiest face in the world (such is often the fate of beauty) was deposited, as of no value into the bargain.

When she came home, she found the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:

'MY DEAREST MADAM,

'As I know your goodness, I could not delay a 'moment acquainting you with the happy turn of my 'affairs since you went. The doctor, on his return to 'visit my husband, has assured me, that the captain was 'on the recovery, and in very little danger; and I really 'think he is since mended. I hope to wait on you soon 'with better news. Heaven bless you, dear Madam! 'and believe me to be, with the utmost sincerity,

'Your most obliged,

'Obedient humble servant,

'ATKINSON.'

Amelia was really pleased with this letter; and now it being past four o'clock, she despaired of seeing her husband till the evening. She therefore provided some tarts for her children, and then eating nothing but a slice of bread and butter herself, she began to prepare for the captain's supper.

There were two things of which her husband was particularly fond, which, though it may bring the simplicity of his taste into great contempt with some of my readers, I will venture to name. These were a fowl and

egg sauce, and mutton broth; both which Amelia immediately purchased.

As soon as the clock struck seven, the good creature went down into the kitchen, and began to exercise her talents of cookery, of which she was a great mistress, as she was of every economical office, from the highest to the lowest; and as no woman could outshine her in a drawing-room, so none could make the drawing-room itself shine brighter than Amelia. And if I may speak a bold truth, I question whether it be possible to view this fine creature in a more amiable light than while she was dressing her husband's supper, with her little children playing round her.

It was now half an hour past eight, and the meat almost ready, the table likewise neatly spread with materials borrowed from her landlady, and she began to grow a little uneasy at Booth's not returning; when a sudden knock at the door roused her spirits, and she cried, 'There, my dear, there is your good papa;' at which words she darted swiftly up stairs, and opened the door to her husband.

She desired her husband to walk up to the dining-room, and she would come to him in an instant; for she was desirous to increase his pleasure, by surprising him with his two favourite dishes. She then went down again to the kitchen, where the maid of the house undertook to send up the supper, and she with her children returned to Booth.

He then told her concisely what had happened with relation to the girl—To which she scarce made any answer; but asked him if he had not dined? He assured her he had not eat a morsel the whole day. 'Well,' says she, 'my dear, I am a fellow-sufferer; but we shall both 'enjoy our supper the more; for I have made a little 'provision for you, as I guessed what might be the case.

'I have got you a bottle of wine too. And here is a 'clean cloth and a smiling countenance, my dear Will. 'Indeed, I am in unusual good spirits to-night, and I 'have made a promise to the children, which you must 'confirm; I have promised to let them sit up this one 'night to supper with us.—Nay, don't look so serious; 'cast off all uneasy thoughts—I have a present for you 'here—No matter how I came by it.'—At which words, she put eight guineas into his hand, crying, 'Come, my 'dear Bill, be gay—Fortune will yet be kind to us—at 'least, let us be happy this night. Indeed, the pleasures 'of many women, during their whole lives, will not 'amount to my happiness this night, if you will be in 'good humour.'

Booth fetched a deep sigh, and cried—'How unhappy 'am I, my dear, that I can't sup with you to-night!'

As in the delightful month of June, when the sky is all serene, and the whole face of Nature looks with a pleasing and smiling aspect, suddenly a dark cloud spreads itself over the hemisphere, the sun vanishes from our sight, and every object is obscured by a dark and horrid gloom. So happened it to Amelia; the joy that had enlightened every feature disappeared in a moment; the lustre forsook her shining eyes; and all the little loves that played and wantoned in her cheeks, hung their drooping heads, and with a faint trembling voice, she repeated her husband's words: 'Not sup with me to-'night, my dear!'

'Indeed, my dear,' answered he, 'I cannot. I need 'not tell you how uneasy it makes me, or that I am as 'much disappointed as yourself; but I am engaged to 'sup abroad. I have absolutely given my honour; and 'besides, it is on business of importance.'

'My dear,' said she, 'I say no more. I am convinced 'you would not willingly sup from me. I own it is a

'very particular disappointment to me to-night, when I 'had proposed unusual pleasure; but the same reason 'which is sufficient to you ought to be so to me.'

Booth made his wife a compliment on her ready compliance, and then asked her, what she intended by giving him that money, or how she came by it?

'I intend, my dear,' said she, 'to give it you; that is 'all. As to the manner in which I came by it, you 'know, Billy, that is not very material. You are well 'assured I got it by no means which would displease 'you; and, perhaps, another time I may tell you.'

Booth asked no farther questions; but he returned it her, and insisted on her taking all but one guinea, saying, she was the safest treasurer. He then promised her to make all the haste home in his power, and he hoped, he said, to be with her in an hour and half at farthest, and then took his leave.

When he was gone, the poor disappointed Amelia sat down to supper with her children; with whose company she was forced to console herself for the absence of her husband.

CHAPTER IX.

A very tragic scene.

The clock had struck eleven, and Amelia was just proceeding to put her children to bed, when she heard a knock at the street-door. Upon which, the boy cried out, 'There's papa, mamma, pray let me stay and see 'him before I go to bed.' This was a favour very easily obtained; for Amelia instantly ran down stairs, exulting in the goodness of her husband for returning so soon,

though half an hour was already elapsed beyond the time in which he promised to return.

Poor Amelia was now again disappointed; for it was not her husband at the door, but a servant with a letter for him, which he delivered into her hands. She immediately returned up stairs, and said—'It was not your 'papa, my dear; but, I hope, it is one who has brought 'us some good news.' For Booth had told her, that he hourly expected to receive such from the great man, and had desired her to open any letter which came to him in his absence.

Amelia therefore broke open the letter, and read as follows:

'SIR,

'After what hath passed between us, I need only tell 'you that I know you supped this very night alone with 'Miss Matthews: a fact which will upbraid you suffi-'ciently without putting me to that trouble, and will very 'well account for my desiring the favour of seeing you 'to-morrow in Hyde-Park at six in the morning. You 'will forgive me reminding you once more how inex-'cusable this behaviour is in you, who are possessed in 'your own wife of the most inestimable jewel.

'Yours, &c.

'T. JAMES.

'I shall bring pistols with me.'

It is not easy to describe the agitation of Amelia's mind when she read this letter. She threw herself into her chair, turned as pale as death, began to tremble all over, and had just power enough left to tap the bottle of wine, which she had hitherto preserved entire for her husband, and to drink off a large bumper.

The little boy perceived the strange symptoms which appeared in his mother; and, running to her, he cried, 'What's the matter, my dear mamma? you don't look 'well!—No harm hath happened to poor papa, I hope— 'Sure that bad man hath not carried him away again?'

Amelia answered, 'No, child, nothing—nothing at all.' —And then a large shower of tears came to her assistance; which presently after produced the same in the eyes of both the children.

Amelia, after a short silence, looking tenderly at her children, cried out, 'It is too much, too much to bear. 'Why did I bring these little wretches into the world! 'why were these innocents born to such a fate!'—She then threw her arms round them both, (for they were before embracing her knees), and cried, 'O my children! 'my children! forgive me, my babes!—Forgive me that 'I have brought you into such a world as this! You are 'undone—my children are undone!'

The little boy answered with great spirit, 'How un- 'done, mammy? my sister and I don't care a farthing 'for being undone—Don't cry so upon our accounts—we 'are both very well; indeed we are—But do pray tell us. 'I am sure some accident hath happened to poor papa.'

'Mention him no more,' cries Amelia—'your papa is '—indeed he is a wicked man—he cares not for any of 'us—O Heavens! is this the happiness I promised 'myself this evening!'—At which words she fell into an agony, holding both her children in her arms.

The maid of the house now entered the room, with a letter in her hand, which she had received from a porter, whose arrival the reader will not wonder to have been unheard by Amelia in her present condition.

The maid, upon her entrance into the room, perceiving the situation of Amelia, cried out, 'Good Heavens! 'Madam, what's the matter?' Upon which Amelia,

who had a little recovered herself after the last violent vent of her passion, started up and cried—'Nothing, 'Mrs. Susan—nothing extraordinary. I am subject to 'these fits sometimes; but I am very well now. Come, 'my dear children, I am very well again; indeed I am. 'You must now go to bed; Mrs. Susan will be so good 'as to put you to bed.'

'But why doth not papa love us?' cries the little boy; 'I am sure we have none of us done any thing to dis-'oblige him.'

This innocent question of the child so stung Amelia, that she had the utmost difficulty to prevent a relapse. However, she took another dram of wine; for so it might be called to her, who was the most temperate of women, and never exceeded three glasses on any occasion. In this glass she drank her children's health, and soon after so well soothed and composed them that they went quietly away with Mrs. Susan.

The maid, in the shock she had conceived at the melancholy, indeed frightful scene, which had presented itself to her at her first coming into the room, had quite forgot the letter, which she held in her hand. However, just at her departure, she recollected it, and delivered it to Amelia; who was no sooner alone than she opened it, and read as follows:

'MY DEAREST SWEETEST LOVE,

'I write this from the bailiff's house, where I was 'formerly, and to which I am again brought at the suit 'of that villain Trent. I have the misfortune to think I 'owe this accident (I mean, that it happened to-night) to 'my own folly in endeavouring to keep a secret from 'you—O my dear! had I had resolution to confess my 'crime to you, your forgiveness would, I am convinced, 'have cost me only a few blushes, and I had now been

'happy in your arms. Fool that I was, to leave you on 'such an account, and to add to a former transgression a 'new one!—Yet, by Heavens! I mean not a transgres- 'sion of the like kind; for of that I am not, nor ever 'will be guilty; and when you know the true reason of 'my leaving you to-night, I think you will pity, rather 'than upbraid me. I am sure you would, if you knew 'the compunction with which I left you to go to the 'most worthless, the most infamous—Do guess the rest— 'guess that crime with which I cannot stain my paper— 'but still believe me no more guilty than I am—or, if it 'will lessen your vexation at what hath befallen me, be- 'lieve me as guilty as you please, and think me, for a 'while at least, as undeserving of you, as I think myself. 'This paper and pen are so bad, I question whether you 'can read what I write; I almost doubt whether I wish 'you should. Yet this I will endeavour to make as 'legible as I can—Be comforted, my dear love, and still 'keep up your spirits with the hopes of better days. 'The doctor will be in town to-morrow, and I trust on 'his goodness for my delivery once more from this place, 'and that I shall soon be able to repay him. That 'Heaven may bless and preserve you, is the prayer of,

'My dearest love,

'Your ever fond, affectionate,

'And hereafter, faithful husband,

'W. Booth.'

Amelia pretty well guessed the obscure meaning of this letter, which though, at another time, it might have given her unspeakable torment, was at present rather of the medicinal kind, and served to allay her anguish.

Her anger to Booth too began a little to abate, and was softened by her concern for his misfortune. Upon the whole, however, she passed a miserable and sleepless night, her gentle mind torn and distracted with various and contending passions, distressed with doubts, and wandering in a kind of twilight, which presented her only objects of different degrees of horror, and where black despair closed at a small distance the gloomy prospect.

AMELIA.

BOOK XII.

CHAPTER I.

The Book begins with polite history.

Before we return to the miserable couple, whom we left at the end of the last book, we will give our reader the more cheerful view of the gay and happy family of colonel James.

Mrs. James, when she could not, as we have seen, prevail with Amelia to accept that invitation, which, at the desire of the colonel, she had so kindly and obediently carried her, returned to her husband, and acquainted him with the ill success of her embassy; at which, to say the truth, she was almost as much disappointed as the colonel himself; for he had not taken a much stronger liking to Amelia than she herself had conceived for Booth. This will account for some passages, which may have a little surprised the reader in the former chapters of this history, as we were not then at leisure to communicate to them a hint of this kind; it was, indeed, on Mr. Booth's account that she had been at the trouble of changing her dress at the masquerade.

But her passions of this sort, happily for her, were not extremely strong; she was therefore easily baulked; and as she met with no encouragement from Booth, she soon gave way to the impetuosity of Miss Matthews;

and from that time scarce thought more of the affair, till her husband's design against the wife revived hers likewise; insomuch, that her passion was, at this time, certainly strong enough for Booth to produce a good hearty hatred for Amelia, whom she now abused to the colonel in very gross terms, both on the account of her poverty and her insolence; for so she termed the refusal of all her offers.

The colonel, seeing no hopes of soon possessing his new mistress, began, like a prudent and wise man, to turn his thoughts towards the securing his old one. From what his wife had mentioned concerning the behaviour of the shepherdess, and particularly her preference of Booth, he had little doubt but that this was the identical Miss Matthews. He resolved therefore to watch her closely, in hopes of discovering Booth's intrigue with her. In this, besides the remainder of affection which he yet preserved for that lady, he had another view, as it would give him a fair pretence to quarrel with Booth; who, by carrying on this intrigue, would have broke his word and honour given to him. And he began now to hate poor Booth heartily, from the same reason from which Mrs. James had contracted her aversion to Amelia.

The colonel therefore employed an inferior kind of pimp to watch the lodgings of Miss Matthews, and to acquaint him if Booth, whose person was known to the pimp, made any visit there.

The pimp faithfully performed his office, and having last night made the wished-for discovery immediately acquainted his master with it.

Upon this news, the colonel presently dispatched to Booth the short note which we have before seen. He sent it to his own house instead of Miss Matthews's, with hopes of that very accident which actually did

happen. Not that he had any ingredient of the bully in him, and desired to be prevented from fighting, but with a prospect of injuring Booth in the affection and esteem of Amelia, and of recommending himself somewhat to her by appearing in the light of her champion; for which purpose he added that compliment to Amelia in his letter. He concluded upon the whole, that, if Booth himself opened the letter, he would certainly meet him the next morning; but if his wife should open it before he came home, it might have the effect before mentioned; and, for his future expostulation with Booth, it would not be in Amelia's power to prevent it.

Now it happened, that this pimp had more masters than one. Amongst these was the worthy Mr. Trent, for whom he had often done business of the pimping vocation. He had been employed indeed in the service of the great peer himself, under the direction of the said Trent, and was the very person who had assisted the said Trent in dogging Booth and his wife to the opera-house on the masquerade night.

This subaltern pimp was with his superior Trent yesterday morning, when he found a bailiff with him in order to receive his instructions for the arresting Booth; when the bailiff said, it would be a very difficult matter to take him; for that to his knowledge he was as shy a cock as any in England. The subaltern immediately acquainted Trent with the business in which he was employed by the colonel. Upon which Trent enjoined him the moment he had set him to give immediate notice to the bailiff; which he agreed to, and performed accordingly.

The bailiff, on perceiving this notice, immediately set out for his stand at an ale-house within three doors of Miss Matthews's lodgings. At which, unfortunately

for poor Booth, he arrived a very few minutes before Booth left that lady in order to return to Amelia.

These were several matters of which we thought necessary our reader should be informed; for, besides that it conduces greatly to a perfect understanding of all history, there is no exercise of the mind of a sensible reader more pleasant than the tracing the several small and almost imperceptible links in every chain of events by which all the great actions of the world are produced. We will now in the next chapter proceed with our history.

CHAPTER II.

In which Amelia visits her husband.

Amelia, after much anxious thinking, in which she sometimes flattered herself that her husband was less guilty than she had at first imagined him, and that he had some good excuse to make for himself (for, indeed, she was not so able as willing to make one for him), at length resolved to set out for the bailiff's castle. Having therefore strictly recommended the care of her children to her good landlady, she sent for a hackney-coach, and ordered the coachman to drive to Gray's Inn-lane.

When she came to the house, and asked for the captain, the bailiff's wife, who came to the door, guessing by the greatness of her beauty, and the disorder of her dress, that she was a young lady of pleasure, answered surlily, 'Captain! I do not know of any captain that is here, not 'I!' For this good woman was, as well as dame Purgante in Prior, a bitter enemy to all whores; especially to those of the handsome kind; for some such she sus-

pected to go shares with her in a certain property to which the law gave her the sole right.

Amelia replied she was certain that captain Booth was there. 'Well, if he is so,' cries the bailiff's wife, 'you 'may come into the kitchen if you will—and he shall be 'called down to you if you have any business with him.' At the same time she muttered something to herself, and concluded a little more intelligibly, though still in a muttering voice, that she kept no such house.

Amelia, whose innocence gave her no suspicion of the true cause of this good woman's sullenness, was frightened and began to fear she knew not what. At last she made a shift to totter into the kitchen, when the mistress of the house asked her, 'Well, Madam, who shall I tell the cap-'tain wants to speak with him?'

'I ask your pardon, Madam,' cries Amelia, 'in my 'confusion I really forgot you did not know me—tell 'him, if you please, that I am his wife.'

'And are you indeed his wife, Madam?' cries Mrs. Bailiff, a little softened.

'Yes, indeed, and upon my honour,' answers Amelia.

'If this be the case,' cries the other, 'you may walk 'up stairs if you please. Heaven forbid I should part 'man and wife. Indeed, I think they can never be too 'much together. But I never will suffer any bad doings 'in my house, nor any of the town ladies to come to gen-'tlemen here.'

Amelia answered, that she liked her the better; for, indeed, in her present disposition, Amelia was as much exasperated against wicked women as the virtuous mistress of the house, or any other virtuous woman could be.

The bailiff's wife then ushered Amelia up stairs, and having unlocked the prisoner's doors cried, 'Captain, 'here is your lady, Sir, come to see you.' At which words, Booth started up from his chair, and caught

Amelia in his arms, embracing her for a considerable time with so much rapture that the bailiff's wife, who was an eye-witness of this violent fondness, began to suspect whether Amelia had really told her truth. However, she had some little awe of the captain; and for fear of being in the wrong did not interfere, but shut the door and turned the key.

When Booth found himself alone with his wife, and had vented the first violence of his rapture in kisses and embraces, he looked tenderly at her, and cried, 'Is it 'possible, Amelia, is it possible you can have this good-'ness to follow such a wretch as me to such a place as 'this—or do you come to upbraid me with my guilt, and 'to sink me down to that perdition I so justly deserve?'

'Am I so given to upbraiding then?' says she, in a gentle voice; 'have I ever given you occasion to think 'I would sink you to perdition?'

'Far be it from me, my love, to think so,' answered he. 'And yet you may forgive the utmost fears of an 'offending, penitent sinner. I know, indeed, the extent 'of your goodness, and yet I know my guilt so great—'

'Alas! Mr. Booth,' said she, 'What guilt is this which 'you mention, and which you writ to me of last night?— 'Sure by your mentioning to me so much, you intend to 'tell me more, nay, indeed, to tell me all; and not leave 'my mind open to suspicions perhaps ten times worse 'than the truth.'

'Will you give me a patient hearing?' said he.

'I will indeed,' answered she; 'nay, I am prepared to 'hear the worst you can unfold; nay, perhaps, the worst 'is short of my apprehensions.'

Booth then, after a little further apology, began and related to her the whole that had passed between him and Miss Matthews, from their first meeting in the prison, to their separation the preceding evening. All which, as

the reader knows it already, it would be tedious and unpardonable to transcribe from his mouth. He told her likewise all that he had done and suffered, to conceal his transgressions from her knowledge. This he assured her was the business of his visit last night, the consequence of which was, he declared in the most solemn manner, no other than an absolute quarrel with Miss Matthews, of whom he had taken a final leave.

When he had ended his narration, Amelia, after a short silence, answered,—'Indeed, I firmly believe every word 'you have said—but I cannot now forgive you the fault 'you have confessed—and my reason is because I have 'forgiven it long ago. Here, my dear,' said she, 'is an 'instance that I am likewise capable of keeping a secret.' She then delivered her husband a letter which she had some time ago received from Miss Matthews, and which was the same which that lady had mentioned, and supposed, as Booth had never heard of it, that it had miscarried; for she sent it by the penny-post. In this letter, which was signed by a feigned name, she had acquainted Amelia with the infidelity of her husband, and had besides very greatly abused him; taxing him with many falsehoods; and, among the rest, with having spoken very slightingly and disrespectfully of his wife.

Amelia never shined forth to Booth in so amiable and great a light; nor did his own unworthiness ever appear to him so mean and contemptible as at this instant. However, when he had read the letter, he uttered many violent protestations to her, that all which related to herself was absolutely false.

'I am convinced it is,' said she. 'I would not have a 'suspicion of the contrary for the world. I assure you 'I had, till last night revived it in my memory, almost 'forgot the letter; for as I well knew from whom it

'came, by her mentioning obligations which she had 'conferred on you, and which you had more than 'once spoken to me of, I made large allowances for the 'situation you was then in; and I was the more satisfied, 'as the letter itself, as well as many other circumstances, 'convinced me the affair was at an end.'

Booth now uttered the most extravagant expressions of admiration and fondness that his heart could dictate, and accompanied them with the warmest embraces. All which warmth and tenderness she returned; and tears of love and joy gushed from both their eyes. So ravished indeed were their hearts, that for some time they both forgot the dreadful situation of their affairs.

This, however, was but a short reverie. It soon recurred to Amelia, that though she had the liberty of leaving that house when she pleased, she could not take her beloved husband with her. This thought stung her tender bosom to the quick, and she could not so far command herself as to refrain from many sorrowful exclamations against the hardship of their destiny; but when she saw the effect they had upon Booth she stifled her rising grief, forced a little cheerfulness into her countenance, and, exerting all the spirits she could raise within herself, expressed her hopes of seeing a speedy end to their sufferings. She then asked her husband what she should do for him, and to whom she should apply for his deliverance?

'You know, my dear,' cries Booth, 'that the doctor is 'to be in town some time to-day. My hopes of imme-'diate redemption are only in him; and, if that can be 'obtained, I make no doubt of the success of that affair 'which is in the hands of a gentleman who had faithfully 'promised, and in whose power I am so well assured it is 'to serve me.'

Thus did this poor man support his hopes by a depend-

ence on that ticket which he had so dearly purchased of one who pretended to manage the wheels in the great state lottery of preferment. A lottery, indeed, which hath this to recommend it, that many poor wretches feed their imaginations with the prospect of a prize during their whole lives, and never discover they have drawn a blank.

Amelia, who was of a pretty sanguine temper, and was entirely ignorant of these matters, was full as easy to be deceived into hopes as her husband; but in reality at present she turned her eyes to no distant prospect; the desire of regaining her husband's liberty having engrossed her whole mind.

While they were discoursing on these matters they heard a violent noise in the house, and immediately after several persons passed by their door up stairs to the apartment over their head. This greatly terrified the gentle spirit of Amelia, and she cried—'Good Heavens, 'my dear, must I leave you in this horrid place? 'I am terrified with a thousand fears concerning you.'

Booth endeavoured to comfort her, saying, that he was in no manner of danger, and that he doubted not but that the doctor would soon be with him—'And stay, 'my dear,' cries he, 'now I recollect, suppose you should 'apply to my old friend James; for I believe you are 'pretty well satisfied, that your apprehensions of him 'were groundless. I have no reason to think but that 'he would be as ready to serve me as formerly.'

Amelia turned pale as ashes at the name of James, and, instead of making a direct answer to her husband, she laid hold of him, and cried, 'My dear, I have one 'favour to beg of you, and I insist on your granting 'it me.'

Booth readily swore he would deny her nothing.

'It is only this, my dear,' said she, 'that if that de-

'tested colonel comes you will not see him. Let the 'people of the house tell him you are not here.'

'He knows nothing of my being here,' answered Booth; 'but why should I refuse to see him, if he should 'be kind enough to come hither to me? Indeed, my 'Amelia, you have taken a dislike to that man without 'sufficient reason.'

'I speak not upon that account,' cries Amelia; 'but 'I have had dreams last night about you too. Perhaps 'you will laugh at my folly; but pray indulge it. Nay, 'I insist on your promise of not denying me.'

'Dreams! my dear creature,' answered he. 'What 'dream can you have had of us?'

'One too horrible to be mentioned,' replied she.—'I 'cannot think of it without horror, and unless you will 'promise me not to see the colonel till I return, I posi-'tively will never leave you.'

'Indeed, my Amelia,' said Booth, 'I never knew you 'unreasonable before. How can a woman of your sense 'talk of dreams?'

'Suffer me to be once at least unreasonable,' said Amelia, 'as you are so good-natured to say I am not 'often so. Consider what I have lately suffered, and 'how weak my spirits must be at this time.'

As Booth was going to speak, the bailiff, without any ceremony, entered the room, and cried, 'No offence, I 'hope, Madam; my wife, it seems, did not know you. 'She thought the captain had a mind for a bit of flesh 'by the bye. But I have quieted all matters; for I know 'you very well: I have seen that handsome face many 'a time when I have been waiting upon the captain for-'merly. No offence, I hope, Madam; but if my wife 'was as handsome as you are—I should not look for 'worse goods abroad.'

Booth conceived some displeasure at this speech; but

he did not think proper to express more than a pish.—And then asked the bailiff what was the meaning of the noise they heard just now ?

'I know of no noise,' answered the bailiff. 'Some of 'my men have been carrying a piece of bad luggage up 'stairs; a poor rascal that resisted the law and justice; 'so I gave him a cut or two with a hanger. If they 'should prove mortal, he must thank himself for it. If 'a man will not behave like a gentleman to an officer, 'he must take the consequence; but I must say that for 'you, captain, you behave yourself like a gentleman; 'and therefore I shall always use you as such; and I 'hope you will find bail soon with all my heart. This 'is but a paltry sum to what the last was; and I do 'assure you, there is nothing else against you in the 'office.'

The latter part of the bailiff's speech somewhat comforted Amelia, who had been a little frightened by the former; and she soon after took leave of her husband, to go in quest of the doctor, who, as Amelia had heard that morning, was expected in town that very day, which was somewhat sooner than he had intended at his departure.

Before she went, however, she left a strict charge with the bailiff, who ushered her very civilly down stairs, that if one colonel James came there to inquire for her husband he should deny that he was there.

She then departed; and the bailiff immediately gave a very strict charge to his wife, his maid, and his followers, that if one colonel James, or any one from him, should inquire after the captain, that they should let him know he had the captain above stairs; for he doubted not but that the colonel was one of Booth's creditors, and he hoped for a second bail bond by his means.

CHAPTER III.

Containing matters pertinent to the history.

Amelia, in her way to the doctor's, determined just to stop at her own lodgings, which lay a little out of the road, and to pay a momentary visit to her children.

This was fortunate enough; for, had she called at the doctor's house, she would have heard nothing of him, which would have caused in her some alarm and disappointment; for the doctor was set down at Mrs. Atkinson's, where he was directed to Amelia's lodgings, to which he went before he called at his own; and here Amelia now found him playing with her two children.

The doctor had been a little surprised at not finding Amelia at home, or any one that could give an account of her. He was now more surprised to see her come in such a dress, and at the disorder which he very plainly perceived in her pale and melancholy countenance. He addressed her first (for, indeed, she was in no great haste to speak) and cried, 'My dear child, what is the matter? 'where is your husband? some mischief I am afraid hath 'happened to him in my absence.'

'O my dear doctor!' answered Amelia, 'sure some 'good angel hath sent you hither. My poor Will is 'arrested again. I left him in the most miserable condi-'tion in the very house whence your goodness formerly 'redeemed him.'

'Arrested!' cries the doctor. 'Then it must be for 'some very inconsiderable trifle.'

'I wish it was,' said Amelia; 'but it is for no less than 'fifty pounds.'

'Then,' cries the doctor, 'he hath been disingenuous

'with me. He told me he did not owe ten pounds in the 'world for which he was liable to be sued.'

'I know not what to say,' cries Amelia. 'Indeed, I am 'afraid to tell you the truth.'

'How, child,' said the doctor—'I hope you will never 'disguise it to any one, especially to me. Any prevarica-'tion, I promise you, will forfeit my friendship for ever.'

'I will tell you the whole,' cries Amelia, 'and rely 'entirely on your goodness.' She then related the gaming story, not forgetting to set in the fullest light, and to lay the strongest emphasis on, his promise never to play again.

The doctor fetched a deep sigh when he had heard Amelia's relation, and cried, 'I am sorry, child, for the 'share you are to partake in your husband's sufferings; 'but as for him, I really think he deserves no compassion. 'You say he hath promised never to play again; but I 'must tell you he hath broke his promise to me already; 'for I had heard he was formerly addicted to this vice, 'and had given him sufficient caution against it. You 'will consider, child, I am already pretty largely engaged 'for him, every farthing of which I am sensible I must 'pay. You know I would go to the utmost verge of 'prudence to serve you; but I must not exceed my 'ability, which is not very great; and I have several 'families on my hands, who are by misfortune alone 'brought to want. I do assure you I cannot at present 'answer for such a sum as this, without distressing my 'own circumstances.'

'Then Heaven have mercy upon us all!' cries Amelia, 'for we have no other friend on earth—My husband is 'undone; and these poor little wretches must be starved.'

The doctor cast his eyes on the children, and then cried—'I hope not so. I told you I must distress my 'circumstances, and I will distress them this once on

'your account, and on the account of these poor little 'babes—But things must not go on any longer in this 'way—You must take an heroic resolution. I will hire 'a coach for you to-morrow morning, which shall carry 'you all down to my parsonage-house. There you shall 'have my protection, till something can be done for your 'husband; of which, to be plain with you, I at present 'see no likelihood.'

Amelia fell upon her knees in an ecstacy of thanksgiving to the doctor, who immediately raised her up, and placed her in her chair. She then recollected herself, and said—'O my worthy friend! I have still another 'matter to mention to you, in which I must have both 'your advice and assistance. My soul blushes to give 'you all this trouble; but what other friend have I?—'indeed, what other friend could I apply to so properly 'on such an occasion?'

The doctor with a very kind voice and countenance, desired her to speak. She then said—'O Sir! that 'wicked colonel, whom I have mentioned to you 'formerly, hath picked some quarrel with my husband, (for she did not think proper to mention the cause,) 'and hath sent him a challenge. It came to my hand 'last night after he was arrested: I opened and read it.'

'Give it me, child,' said the doctor.

She answered she had burnt it; as was indeed true. 'But I remember it was an appointment to meet with 'sword and pistol this morning at Hyde-Park.'

'Make yourself easy, my dear child,' cries the doctor, 'I will take care to prevent any mischief.'

'But consider, my dear Sir,' said she, 'this is a tender 'matter. My husband's honour is to be preserved as 'well as his life.'

'And so is his soul, which ought to be the dearest of 'all things,' cries the doctor. 'Honour! nonsense! Can

'honour dictate to him to disobey the express commands 'of his Maker, in compliance with a custom established 'by a set of blockheads, founded on false principles of 'virtue, in direct opposition to the plain and positive 'precepts of religion, and tending manifestly to give a 'sanction to ruffians, and to protect them in all the ways 'of impudence and villany?'

'All this, I believe, is very true,' cries Amelia; 'but 'yet you know, doctor, the opinion of the world.'

'You talk simply, child,' cries the doctor. 'What is 'the opinion of the world opposed to religion and 'virtue? but you are in the wrong. It is not the 'opinion of the world; it is the opinion of the idle, 'ignorant, and profligate. It is impossible it should be 'the opinion of one man of sense, who is in earnest 'in his belief of our religion. Chiefly, indeed, it hath 'been upheld by the nonsense of women; who, either 'from their extreme cowardice, and desire of protection, 'or, as Mr. Bayle thinks, from their excessive vanity, 'have been always forward to countenance a set of 'hectors and bravoes, and to despise all men of modesty 'and sobriety; though these are often, at the bottom, 'not only the better, but the braver men.'

'You know, doctor,' cries Amelia, 'I have never 'presumed to argue with you; your opinion is to me 'always instruction, and your word a law.'

'Indeed, child,' cries the doctor, 'I know you are a 'good woman; and yet I must observe to you, that this 'very desire of feeding the passion of female vanity with 'the heroism of her man, old Homer seems to make the 'characteristic of a bad and loose woman. He intro- 'duces Helen upbraiding her gallant with having quitted 'the fight, and left the victory to Menelaus, and seeming 'to be sorry that she had left her husband, only because 'he was the better duellist of the two; but in how

'different a light doth he represent the tender and 'chaste love of Andromache to her worthy Hector! 'she dissuades him from exposing himself to danger, 'even in a just cause. This is indeed a weakness; 'but it is an amiable one, and becoming the true 'feminine character; but a woman who, out of heroic 'vanity (for so it is), would hazard not only the life, 'but the soul too of her husband in a duel, is a 'monster, and ought to be painted in no other character 'but that of a Fury.'

'I assure you, doctor,' cries Amelia, 'I never saw this 'matter in the odious light in which you have truly 'represented it before. I am ashamed to recollect what 'I have formerly said on this subject.—And yet, whilst 'the opinion of the world is as it is, one would wish to 'comply as far as possible—especially as my husband 'is an officer of the army. If it can be done therefore 'with safety to his honour—'

'Again honour!' cries the doctor, 'indeed I will not 'suffer that noble word to be so basely and barba- 'rously prostituted. I have known some of these men 'of honour, as they call themselves, to be the most 'arrant rascals in the universe.'

'Well, I ask your pardon,' said she,—'Reputation 'then, if you please—or any other word you like better '—you know my meaning very well.'

'I do know your meaning,' cries the doctor, 'and 'Virgil knew it a great while ago. The next time you 'see your friend Mrs. Atkinson, ask her what it was made 'Dido fall in love with Æneas.'

'Nay, dear Sir,' said Amelia, 'do not rally me so un- 'mercifully; think where my poor husband is now.'

'He is,' answered the doctor, 'where I will presently 'be with him. In the mean time, do you pack up every 'thing in order for your journey to-morrow; for, if you

'are wise, you will not trust your husband a day longer 'in this town—therefore to packing.'

Amelia promised she would — though indeed she wanted not any warning for her journey on this account; for, when she had packed up herself in the coach, she packed up her all. However, she did not think proper to mention this to the doctor; for, as he was now in pretty good humour, she did not care to venture again discomposing his temper.

The doctor then set out for Gray's Inn-lane; and, as soon as he was gone, Amelia began to consider of her incapacity to take a journey in her present situation without even a clean shift. At last she resolved, as she was possessed of seven guineas and a half, to go to her friend and redeem some of her own and her husband's linen out of captivity; indeed, just so much as would render it barely possible for them to go out of town with any kind of decency. And this resolution she immediately executed.

As soon as she had finished her business with the pawnbroker, (if a man who lends under thirty *per cent.* deserves that name,) he said to her, 'Pray, Madam, did 'you know that man who was here yesterday when you 'brought the picture?' Amelia answered in the negative. 'Indeed, Madam,' said the broker, 'he knows 'you, though he did not recollect you while you were 'here, as your hood was drawn over your face; but 'the moment you was gone, he begged to look at 'the picture, which I, thinking no harm, permitted. 'He had scarce looked upon it, when he cried out—By 'heaven and earth it is her picture! He then asked 'me if I knew you—Indeed, says I, I never saw the 'lady before.'

In this last particular, however, the pawnbroker a little savoured of his profession, and made a small deviation

from the truth; for when the man had asked him if he knew the lady, he answered she was some poor undone woman, who had pawned all her clothes to him the day before; and I suppose, says he, this picture is the last of her goods and chattels. This hint we thought proper to give the reader, as it may chance to be material.

Amelia answered coldly, that she had taken so very little notice of the man, that she scarce remembered he was there.

'I assure you, Madam,' says the pawnbroker, 'he hath 'taken very great notice of you; for the man changed 'countenance upon what I said, and presently after 'begged me to give him a dram. Oho! thinks I to 'myself, are you thereabouts? I would not be so much 'in love with some folks, as some people are, for more 'interest than I shall ever make of a thousand pounds.'

Amelia blushed, and said, with some peevishness, That she knew nothing of the man; but supposed he was some impertinent fellow or other.

'Nay, Madam,' answered the pawnbroker, 'I assure 'you he is not worthy your regard. He is a poor 'wretch, and I believe I am possessed of most of his 'moveables. However, I hope you are not offended; 'for, indeed, he said no harm; but he was very strangely 'disordered, that is the truth of it.'

Amelia was very desirous of putting an end to this conversation, and altogether as eager to return to her children; she therefore bundled up her things as fast as she could, and, calling for a hackney-coach, directed the coachman to her lodgings, and bid him drive her home with all the haste he could.

CHAPTER IV.

In which Dr. Harrison visits colonel James.

The doctor, when he left Amelia, intended to go directly to Booth; but he presently changed his mind, and determined first to call on the colonel, as he thought it was proper to put an end to that matter before he gave Booth his liberty.

The doctor found the two colonels, James and Bath, together. They both received him very civilly; for James was a very well-bred man; and Bath always shewed a particular respect to the clergy, he being indeed a perfect good Christian, except in the articles of fighting and swearing.

Our divine sat some time without mentioning the subject of his errand, in hopes that Bath would go away; but when he found no likelihood of that (for indeed Bath was of the two much the most pleased with his company) he told James that he had something to say to him relating to Booth, which he believed he might speak before his brother.

'Undoubtedly, Sir,' said James; 'for there can be no 'secrets between us which my brother may not hear.'

'I come then to you, Sir,' said the doctor, 'from the 'most unhappy woman in the world, to whose afflictions 'you have very greatly and very cruelly added, by send-'ing a challenge to her husband, which hath very luckily 'fallen into her hands; for had the man, for whom you 'designed it, received it, I am afraid you would not have 'seen me upon this occasion.'

'If I writ such a letter to Mr. Booth, Sir,' said James, 'you may be assured I did not expect this visit in answer 'to it.'

'I do not think you did,' cries the doctor; 'but you 'have great reason to thank heaven for ordering this 'matter contrary to your expectations. I know not 'what trifle may have drawn this challenge from you; 'but, after what I have some reason to know of you, 'Sir, I must plainly tell you, that, if you had added to 'your guilt already committed against this man that of 'having his blood upon your hands, your soul would 'have become as black as hell itself.'

'Give me leave to say,' cries the colonel, 'this is a 'language which I am not used to hear; and, if your 'cloth was not your protection, you should not give it 'me with impunity. After what you know of me, Sir! 'What do you presume to know of me to my dis-'advantage?'

'You say my cloth is my protection, colonel,' answered the doctor, 'therefore pray lay aside your anger; 'I do not come with any design of affronting or offend-'ing you.'

'Very well,' cries Bath, 'that declaration is sufficient 'from a clergyman, let him say what he pleases.'

'Indeed, Sir,' says the doctor very mildly, 'I consult 'equally the good of you both, and, in a spiritual sense, 'more especially yours; for you know you have injured 'this poor man.'

'So far on the contrary,' cries James, 'that I have 'been his greatest benefactor. I scorn to upbraid him; 'but you force me to it. Nor have I ever done him the 'least injury.'

'Perhaps not,' said the doctor; 'I will alter what I 'have said.—But for this I apply to your honour.—Have 'you not intended him an injury, the very intention of 'which cancels every obligation?'

'How, Sir?' answered the colonel—'What do you 'mean?'

'My meaning,' replied the doctor, 'is almost too tender 'to mention—Come, colonel, examine your own heart; 'and then answer me, on your honour, if you have not 'intended to do him the highest wrong which one man 'can do another?'

'I do not know what you mean by the question,' answered the colonel.

'D—n me, the question is very transparent,' cries Bath. 'From any other man it would be an affront 'with the strongest emphasis, but from one of the 'doctor's cloth it demands a categorical answer.'

'I am not a Papist, Sir,' answered colonel James, 'nor 'am I obliged to confess to my priest. But, if you have 'any thing to say, speak openly—for I do not understand 'your meaning.'

'I have explained my meaning to you already,' said the doctor, 'in a letter I wrote to you on the subject—a 'subject which I am sorry I should have any occasion to 'write upon to a Christian.'

'I do remember now,' cries the colonel, 'that I re-'ceived a very impertinent letter, something like a 'sermon, against adultery; but I did not expect to 'hear the author own it to my face.'

'That brave man, then, Sir,' answered the doctor, 'stands before you who dares own he wrote that letter, 'and dares affirm, too, that it was writ on a just and 'strong foundation. But, if the hardness of your heart 'could prevail on you to treat my good intention with 'contempt and scorn, what, pray, could induce you to 'shew it, nay, to give it Mr. Booth? What motive 'could you have for that, unless you meant to insult 'him, and to provoke your rival to give you that oppor-'tunity of putting him out of the world, which you have 'since wickedly sought by your challenge?'

'I give him the letter!' said the colonel.

'Yes, Sir,' answered the doctor, 'he shewed me the 'letter, and affirmed that you gave it him at the mas- 'querade.'

'He is a lying rascal then,' said the colonel, very passionately. 'I scarce took the trouble of reading the 'letter, and lost it out of my pocket.'

Here Bath interfered, and explained this affair in the manner in which it happened, and with which the reader is already acquainted. He concluded by great eulogiums on the performance, and declared it was one of the most enthusiastic (meaning perhaps ecclesiastic) letters that ever was written. 'And d—n me,' says he, 'if I do not respect the author with the utmost emphasis 'of thinking.'

The doctor now recollected what had passed with Booth, and perceived he had made a mistake of one colonel for another. This he presently acknowledged to colonel James, and said that the mistake had been his and not Booth's.

Bath now collected all his gravity and dignity, as he called it, into his countenance, and addressing himself to James, said—'And was that letter writ to you, brother? '—I hope you never deserved any suspicion of this 'kind.'

'Brother,' cries James, 'I am accountable to myself 'for my actions, and shall not render an account either to 'you or to that gentleman.'

'As to me, brother,' answered Bath, 'you say right; 'but I think this gentleman may call you to an account; 'nay, I think it is his duty to do so. And let me tell 'you, brother, there is one much greater than he to 'whom you must give an account. Mrs. Booth is really 'a fine woman, a lady of most imperious and majestic 'presence. I have heard you often say that you liked 'her; and, if you have quarrelled with her husband upon

'this account, by all the dignity of man, I think you 'ought to ask his pardon.'

'Indeed, brother,' cries James, 'I can bear this no 'longer—you will make me angry presently.'

'Angry! brother James,' cries Bath—'angry!—I love 'you, brother, and have obligations to you. I will say 'no more—but I hope you know I do not fear making 'any man angry.'

James answered, he knew it well; and then the doctor apprehending that while he was stopping up one breach, he should make another, presently interfered, and turned the discourse back to Booth. 'You tell me, Sir,' said he to James, 'that my gown is my protection; let it then at 'least protect me where I have had no design in offend-'ing; where I have consulted your highest welfare, as in 'truth I did in writing this letter. And if you did not 'in the least deserve any such suspicion, still you have no 'cause for resentment. Caution against sin, even to the 'innocent, can never be unwholesome. But this I assure 'you, whatever anger you have to me, you can have 'none to poor Booth, who was entirely ignorant of my 'writing to you, and who, I am certain, never entertained 'the least suspicion of you; on the contrary, reveres you 'with the highest esteem, and love and gratitude. Let 'me therefore reconcile all matters between you, and 'bring you together before he hath even heard of this 'challenge.'

'Brother,' cries Bath, 'I hope I shall not make you 'angry—I lie when I say so; for I am indifferent to any 'man's anger—Let me be an accessary to what the 'doctor hath said. I think I may be trusted with 'matters of this nature, and it is a little unkind that, if 'you intended to send a challenge, you did not make me 'the bearer. But, indeed, as to what appears to me, 'this matter may be very well made up; and as Mr.

'Booth doth not know of the challenge, I don't see why 'he ever should, any more than your giving him the lie 'just now; but that he shall never have from me; nor, I 'believe, from this gentleman; for indeed, if he should, it 'would be incumbent upon him to cut your throat.'

'Lookye, doctor,' said James, 'I do not deserve the 'unkind suspicion you just now threw out against me. 'I never thirsted after any man's blood; and, as for what 'hath passed since this discovery hath happened, I may, 'perhaps, not think it worth my while to trouble myself 'any more about it.'

The doctor was not contented with perhaps, he insisted on a firm promise, to be bound with the colonel's honour. This at length he obtained, and then departed well satisfied.

In fact, the colonel was ashamed to avow the real cause of the quarrel to this good man, or, indeed, to his brother Bath, who would not only have condemned him equally with the doctor, but would possibly have quarrelled with him on his sister's account, whom, as the reader must have observed, he loved above all things; and in plain truth, though the colonel was a brave man, and dared to fight, yet he was altogether as willing to let it alone; and this made him now and then give a little way to the wrongheadedness of colonel Bath, who, with all the other principles of honour and humanity, made no more of cutting the throat of a man upon any of his punctilios than a butcher doth of killing sheep.

CHAPTER V.

What passed at the bailiff's house.

The doctor now set forwards to his friend Booth, and, as he passed by the door of his attorney in the way, he called upon him, and took him with him.

The meeting between him and Booth need not be expatiated on. The doctor was really angry, and though he deferred his lecture to a more proper opportunity, yet as he was no dissembler (indeed, he was incapable of any disguise) he could not put on a show of that heartiness with which he had formerly used to receive his friend.

Booth at last began himself in the following manner: 'Doctor, I am really ashamed to see you; and, if you 'knew the confusion of my soul on this occasion, I am 'sure you would pity rather than upbraid me—And yet 'I can say, with great sincerity, I rejoice in this last 'instance of my shame, since I am like to reap the 'most solid advantage from it.' The doctor stared at this, and Booth thus proceeded: 'Since I have been in 'this wretched place I have employed my time almost 'entirely in reading over a series of sermons, which are 'contained in that book,' (meaning Dr. Barrow's works, which then lay on the table before him) 'in proof of the 'Christian religion, and so good an effect have they had 'upon me, that I shall, I believe, be the better man for 'them as long as I live. I have not a doubt (for I own 'I have had such) which remains now unsatisfied.—If 'ever an angel might be thought to guide the pen of a 'writer, surely the pen of that great and good man had 'such an assistant.' The doctor readily concurred in the praises of Dr. Barrow, and added—'You say you

'have had your doubts, young gentleman; indeed, I did 'not know that—And pray, what were your doubts?' 'Whatever they were, Sir,' said Booth, 'they are now 'satisfied, as I believe those of every impartial and sen- 'sible reader will be, if he will, with due attention, read 'over these excellent sermons.' 'Very well,' answered the doctor, 'though I have conversed, I find, with 'a false brother hitherto, I am glad you are recon- 'ciled to truth at last, and I hope your future faith 'will have some influence on your future life.' 'I need 'not tell you, Sir,' replied Booth, 'that will always be 'the case, where faith is sincere, as I assure you mine is. 'Indeed, I never was a rash disbeliever; my chief doubt 'was founded on this, that, as men appeared to me to act 'entirely from their passions, their actions could have 'neither merit nor demerit.' 'A very worthy conclusion 'truly,' cries the doctor; 'but if men act, as I believe 'they do, from their passions, it would be fair to conclude 'that religion to be true which applies immediately to 'the strongest of these passions, hope and fear; choosing 'rather to rely on its rewards and punishments than on 'that native beauty of virtue, which some of the ancient 'philosophers thought proper to recommend to their dis- 'ciples.—But we will defer this discourse till another 'opportunity; at present, as the devil hath thought 'proper to set you free, I will try if I can prevail on the 'bailiff to do the same.'

The doctor had not really so much money in town as Booth's debt amounted to, and therefore, though he would otherwise very willingly have paid it, he was forced to give bail to the action. For which purpose, as the bailiff was a man of great form, he was obliged to get another person to be bound with him. This person, however, the attorney undertook to procure, and immediately set out in quest of him.

During his absence, the bailiff came into the room, and, addressing himself to the doctor, said, 'I think, Sir, your 'name is doctor Harrison.' The doctor immediately acknowledged his name. Indeed, the bailiff had seen it to a bail-bond before. 'Why then, Sir,' said the bailiff, 'there is a man above, in a dying condition, that desires 'the favour of speaking to you; I believe he wants you 'to pray by him.'

The bailiff himself was not more ready to execute his office on all occasions for his fee, than the doctor was to execute his for nothing. Without making any farther inquiry therefore into the condition of the man, he immediately went up stairs.

As soon as the bailiff returned down stairs, which was immediately after he had lodged the doctor in the room, Booth had the curiosity to ask him, who this man was. 'Why, I don't know much of him,' said the bailiff, 'I 'had him once in custody before now, I remember it was 'when your honour was here last; and now I remember, 'too, he said that he knew your honour very well. In-'deed, I had some opinion of him at that time; for he 'spent his money very much like a gentleman; but I 'have discovered since, that he is a poor fellow, and 'worth nothing. He is a mere shy-cock, I have had the 'stuff about me this week, and could never get at him till 'this morning; nay, I don't believe we should ever have 'found out his lodgings, had it not been for the attorney 'that was here just now, who gave us information. And 'so we took him this morning by a comical way enough. 'For we dressed up one of my men in women's clothes, 'who told the people of the house that he was his sister, 'just come to town; for we were told by the attorney 'that he had such a sister, upon which he was led up 'stairs; and so kept the door-a-jar till I and another 'rushed in. Let me tell you, captain, there are as good

'stratagems made use of in our business as any in the 'army.'

'But pray, Sir,' said Booth, 'did not you tell me this 'morning that the poor fellow was desperately wounded; 'nay, I think you told the doctor that he was a dying 'man?'

'I had like to have forgot that,' cries the bailiff.—'Nothing would serve the gentleman but that he must make 'resistance, and he gave my man a blow with a stick; 'but I soon quieted him by giving him a wipe or two 'with a hanger. Not that, I believe, I have done his 'business neither; but the fellow is faint-hearted, and the 'surgeon, I fancy, frightens him more than he need.—'But, however, let the worst come to the worst, the law 'is all on my side, and it is only *se fendendo*. The 'attorney, that was here just now, told me so, and bid me 'fear nothing; for that he would stand my friend, and 'undertake the cause; and he is a devilish good one at a 'defence at the Old-Bailey, I promise you. I have known 'him bring off several that every body thought would 'have been hanged.'

'But suppose you should be acquitted,' said Booth; 'would not the blood of this poor wretch lie a little 'heavy at your heart?'

'Why should it, captain?' said the bailiff. 'Is it not 'all done in a lawful way? Why will people resist the 'law when they know the consequence? to be sure, if a 'man was to kill another, in an unlawful manner as it 'were, and what the law calls murder, that is quite and 'clear another thing. I should not care to be convicted 'of murder any more than another man. Why now, 'captain, you have been abroad in the wars, they tell 'me, and, to be sure, must have killed men in your time. 'Pray, was you ever afraid afterwards of seeing their 'ghosts?'

'That is a different affair,' cries Booth; 'but I would 'not kill a man in cold blood for all the world.'

'There is no difference at all, as I can see,' cries the bailiff. 'One is as much in the way of business as the 'other. When gentlemen behave themselves like unto 'gentlemen I know how to treat them as such, as well as 'any officer the king hath.—And when they do not, why 'they must take what follows, and the law doth not call 'it murder.'

Booth very plainly saw that the bailiff had squared his conscience exactly according to law, and that he could not easily subvert his way of thinking. He therefore gave up the cause, and desired the bailiff to expedite the bonds, which he promised to do, saying, he hoped he had used him with proper civility this time, if he had not the last, and that he should be remembered for it.

But, before we close this chapter, we shall endeavour to satisfy an inquiry, which may arise in our most favourite readers (for so are the most curious), how it came to pass, that such a person, as was doctor Harrison, should employ such a fellow as this Murphy?

The case then was thus: this Murphy had been clerk to an attorney, in the very same town in which the doctor lived, and, when he was out of his time, had set up with a character fair enough, and had married a maid-servant of Mrs. Harris, by which means he had all the business to which that lady and her friends, in which number was the doctor, could recommend him.

Murphy went on with his business, and thrived very well, till he happened to make an unfortunate slip, in which he was detected by a brother of the same calling. But though we call this by the gentle name of a slip, in respect to its being so extremely common, it was a matter in which the law, if it had ever come to its ears, would

have passed a very severe censure, being, indeed, no less than perjury and subornation of perjury.

This brother attorney, being a very good-natured man, and unwilling to bespatter his own profession, and considering, perhaps, that the consequence did in no wise affect the public, who had no manner of interest in the alternative, whether A in whom the right was, or B to whom Mr. Murphy, by the means aforesaid, had transferred it, succeeded in an action; we mention this particular, because, as this brother attorney was a very violent party man, and a professed stickler for the public, to suffer any injury to have been done to that would have been highly inconsistent with his principles.

This gentleman, therefore, came to Mr. Murphy, and, after shewing him that he had it in his power to convict him of the aforesaid crime, very generously told him, that he had not the least delight in bringing any man to destruction, nor the least animosity against him. All that he insisted upon was, that he would not live in the same town or county with one who had been guilty of such an action. He then told Mr. Murphy that he would keep the secret on two conditions; the one was, that he immediately quitted that county; the other was, that he should convince him he deserved this kindness by his gratitude, and that Murphy should transfer to the other all the business which he then had in those parts, and to which he could possibly recommend him.

It is the observation of a very wise man that it is a very common exercise of wisdom in this world, of two evils to choose the least. The reader, therefore, cannot doubt but that Mr. Murphy complied with the alternative proposed by this kind brother, and accepted the terms on which secrecy was to be obtained.

This happened while the doctor was abroad, and with all this, except the departure of Murphy, not only the

doctor, but the whole town (save his aforesaid brother alone) were to this day unacquainted.

The doctor, at his return, hearing that Mr. Murphy was gone, applied to the other attorney in his affairs, who still employed this Murphy as his agent in town, partly, perhaps, out of good will to him, and partly from the recommendation of Miss Harris; for as he had married a servant of the family, and a particular favourite of her's, there can be no wonder that she, who was entirely ignorant of the affair above related, as well as of his conduct in town, should continue her favour to him. It will appear, therefore, I apprehend, no longer strange, that the doctor, who had seen this man but three times since his removal to town, and then conversed with him only on business, should remain as ignorant of his life and character, as a man generally is of the character of the hackney-coachman who drives him. Nor doth it reflect more on the honour or understanding of the doctor, under these circumstances, to employ Murphy, than it would if he had been driven about the town by a thief or a murderer.

CHAPTER VI.

What passed between the doctor and the sick man.

We left the doctor in the last chapter with the wounded man, to whom the doctor, in a very gentle voice, spoke as follows:

'I am sorry, friend, to see you in this situation, and 'am very ready to give you any comfort or assistance 'within my power.'

'I thank you kindly, doctor,' said the man. 'Indeed

'I should not have presumed to have sent to you, had I 'not known your character; for though I believe I am 'not at all known to you, I have lived many years in 'that town where you yourself had a house; my name is 'Robinson. I used to write for the attorneys in those 'parts, and I have been employed on your business in my 'time.'

'I do not recollect you, nor your name,' said the doctor; 'but consider, friend, your moments are precious, 'and your business, as I am informed, is to offer up 'your prayers to that great Being, before whom you 'are shortly to appear.—But, first, let me exhort you 'earnestly to a most serious repentance of all your sins.'

'O doctor!' said the man—'Pray, what is your 'opinion of a death-bed repentance?'

'If repentance is sincere,' cries the doctor, 'I hope, 'through the mercies and merits of our most powerful 'and benign Intercessor, it will never come too late.'

'But do not you think, Sir,' cries the man, 'that in 'order to obtain forgiveness of any great sin we have 'committed, by an injury done to our neighbours, it is 'necessary, as far as in us lies, to make all the amends 'we can to the party injured, and to undo, if possible, 'the injury we have done.'

'Most undoubtedly,' cries the doctor; 'our pretence 'to repentance would otherwise be gross hypocrisy, and 'an impudent attempt to deceive and impose upon our 'Creator himself.'

'Indeed, I am of the same opinion,' cries the penitent; 'and I think farther, that this is thrown in my way, and 'hinted to me by that great Being; for an accident 'happened to me yesterday, by which, as things have 'fallen out since, I think I plainly discern the hand of 'Providence. I went yesterday, Sir, you must know 'to a pawnbroker's, to pawn the last moveable, which,

'except the poor clothes you see on my back, I am worth 'in the world. While I was there, a young lady came 'in to pawn her picture. She had disguised herself so 'much, and pulled her hood so over her face, that I did 'not know her while she staid, which was scarce three 'minutes. As soon as she was gone, the pawnbroker, 'taking the picture in his hand, cried out—*Upon my word, 'this is the handsomest face I ever saw in my life.* I 'desired him to let me look on the picture, which he 'readily did—and I no sooner cast my eyes upon it, than 'the strong resemblance struck me, and I knew it to 'be Mrs. Booth.'

'Mrs. Booth! what Mrs. Booth?' cries the doctor.

'Captain Booth's lady; the captain who is now below,' said the other.

'How!' cries the doctor, with great impetuosity.

'Have patience,' said the man, 'and you shall hear 'all. I expressed some surprise to the pawnbroker, and 'asked the lady's name. He answered, that he knew not 'her name; but that she was some undone wretch, who 'had the day before left all her clothes with him in pawn. 'My guilt immediately flew in my face, and told me I 'had been accessory to this lady's undoing. The sudden 'shock so affected me, that, had it not been for a dram 'which the pawnbroker gave me, I believe I should have 'sunk on the spot.'

'Accessory to her undoing! how accessory?' said the doctor. 'Pray tell me, for I am impatient to hear.'

'I will tell you all, as fast as I can,' cries the sick man. 'You know, good doctor, that Mrs. Harris of our 'town had two daughters, this Mrs. Booth and another. 'Now, Sir, it seems the other daughter had, some way 'or other, disobliged her mother, a little before the old 'lady died; therefore she made a will, and left all her 'fortune, except one thousand pounds, to Mrs. Booth; to

'which will Mr. Murphy, myself, and another, who is 'now dead, were the witnesses. Mrs. Harris afterwards 'died suddenly; upon which it was contrived by her 'other daughter and Mr. Murphy to make a new will, 'in which Mrs. Booth had a legacy of ten pounds, and 'all the rest was given to the other. To this will, 'Murphy, myself, and the same third person, again set our hands.'

'Good Heaven! how wonderful is thy providence,' cries the doctor—'Murphy, say you?'

'He himself, Sir,' answered Robinson; 'Murphy, who 'is the greatest rogue, I believe, now in the world.'

'Pray, Sir, proceed,' cries the doctor.

'For this service, Sir,' said Robinson, 'myself and the 'third person, one Carter, received two hundred pounds 'each. What reward Murphy himself had, I know not. 'Carter died soon afterwards; and from that time, at 'several payments, I have by threats extorted above a 'hundred pounds more.—And this, Sir, is the whole 'truth, which I am ready to testify, if it would please 'Heaven to prolong my life.'—

'I hope it will,' cries the doctor; 'but something must 'be done for fear of accidents—I will send to counsel 'immediately to know how to secure your testimony.— 'Whom can I get to send?—Stay, ay—he will do—but 'I know not where his house or his chambers are—I will 'go myself—but I may be wanted here.'

While the doctor was in this violent agitation the surgeon made his appearance. The doctor stood still in a meditating posture, while the surgeon examined his patient. After which, the doctor begged him to declare his opinion, and whether he thought the wounded man in any immediate danger of death. 'I do not know,' answered the surgeon, 'what you call immediate. He 'may live several days—nay, he may recover. It is

'impossible to give any certain opinion in these cases.' He then launched forth into a set of terms, which the doctor, with all his scholarship, could not understand. To say the truth, many of them were not to be found in any dictionary or lexicon.

One discovery, however, the doctor made, and that was, that the surgeon was a very ignorant, conceited fellow, and knew nothing of his profession. He resolved, therefore, to get better advice for the sick; but this he postponed at present, and applying himself to the surgeon, said, He should be very much obliged to him, if he knew where to find such a counsellor, and would fetch him thither. 'I should not ask such a 'favour of you, Sir,' says the doctor, 'if it was not on 'business of the last importance, or if I could find any 'other messenger.'

'I fetch—Sir!' said the surgeon very angrily. 'Do 'you take me for a footman, or a porter? I don't know 'who you are; but I believe you are full as proper to go 'on such an errand as I am' (for as the doctor, who was just come off his journey, was very roughly dressed, the surgeon held him in no great respect). The surgeon then called aloud from the top of the stairs, 'Let my 'coachman draw up,' and strutted off without any ceremony, telling his patient he would call again the next day.

At this very instant arrived Murphy with the other bail, and finding Booth alone, he asked the bailiff at the door, what was become of the doctor? 'Why the doc-'tor,' answered he, 'is above stairs, praying with ———.' 'How!' cries Murphy. 'How came you not to carry 'him directly to Newgate, as you promised me?' 'Why, 'because he was wounded,' cries the bailiff. 'I thought 'it was charity to take care of him; and, besides, why 'should one make more noise about the matter than is

'necessary?' 'And doctor Harrison with him?' said Murphy. 'Yes, he is,' said the bailiff; 'he desired to 'speak with the doctor very much, and they have been 'praying together almost this hour.'—'All is up, and 'undone,' cries Murphy. 'Let me come by, I have 'thought of something which I must do immediately.'

Now as by means of the surgeon's leaving the door open, the doctor heard Murphy's voice, naming Robinson peevishly, he drew softly to the top of the stairs, where he heard the foregoing dialogue; and, as soon as Murphy had uttered his last words, and was moving downwards, the doctor immediately sallied from his post, running as fast as he could, and crying, 'Stop the villain, stop 'the thief.'

The attorney wanted no better hint to accelerate his pace; and having the start of the doctor, got down stairs, and out into the street; but the doctor was so close at his heels, and being in foot the nimbler of the two, he soon overtook him, and laid hold of him, as he would have done on either Broughton or Slack in the same cause.

This action in the street, accompanied with the frequent cry of stop thief by the doctor, during the chase, presently drew together a large mob, who began, as is usual, to enter immediately upon business, and to make strict inquiry into the matter, in order to proceed to do justice in their summary way.

Murphy, who knew well the temper of the mob, cried out, 'If you are a bailiff, shew me your writ. Gentle-'men, he pretends to arrest me here without a writ.'

Upon this, one of the sturdiest and forwardest of the mob, and who by a superior strength of body, and of lungs, presided in this assembly, declared he would suffer no such thing. 'D—n me,' says he, 'away to 'the pump with the catchpole directly—shew me your

'writ, or let the gentleman go—you shall not arrest 'a man contrary to law.'

He then laid his hands on the doctor, who still fast griping the attorney, cried out: 'He is a villain—I am 'no bailiff, but a clergyman, and this lawyer is guilty 'of forgery, and hath ruined a poor family.'

'How!' cries the spokesman—'a lawyer!—that alters 'the case.'—

'Yes, faith,' cries another of the mob, 'it is lawyer 'Murphy. I know him very well.'

'And hath he ruined a poor family? like enough, 'faith, if he's a lawyer.—Away with him to the justice 'immediately.'

The bailiff now came up, desiring to know what was the matter? to whom doctor Harrison answered that he had arrested that villain for forgery. 'How can you 'arrest him,' cries the bailiff, 'you are no officer, nor 'have any warrant? Mr. Murphy is a gentleman, and 'he shall be used as such.'

'Nay, to be sure,' cries the spokesman, 'there ought 'to be a warrant; that's the truth on't.'

'There needs no warrant,' cries the doctor. 'I accuse 'him of felony; and I know so much of the law of 'England, that any man may arrest a felon, without 'any warrant whatever, This villain hath undone a 'poor family; and I will die on the spot before I part 'with him.'

'If the law be so,' cries the orator, 'that is another 'matter. And to be sure, to ruin a poor man is the 'greatest of sins. And being a lawyer, too, makes it 'so much the worse—He shall go before the justice, 'd—n me if he shan't go before the justice. I says 'the word, he shall.'

'I say he is a gentleman, and shall be used according 'to law,' cries the bailiff; 'and though you are a clergy-

'man,' said he to Harrison, 'you don't shew yourself 'as one by your actions.'

'That's a bailiff,' cries one of the mob—'one lawyer 'will always stand by another; but I think the clergy-'man is a very good man, and acts becoming a clergy-'man, to stand by the poor.'

At which words the mob all gave a great shout, and several cried out: 'Bring him along, away with him 'to the justice.'

And now a constable appeared, and with an authoritative voice, declared what he was, produced his staff, and demanded the peace.

The doctor then delivered his prisoner over to the officer, and charged him with felony; the constable received him; the attorney submitted; the bailiff was hushed; and the waves of the mob immediately subsided.

The doctor now balanced with himself how he should proceed; at last he determined to leave Booth a little longer in captivity, and not quit sight of Murphy, before he had lodged him safe with a magistrate. They then all moved forwards to the justice; the constable and his prisoner marching first, the doctor and the bailiff following next, and about five thousand mob (for no less number were assembled in a very few minutes) following in the procession.

They found the magistrate just sitting down to his dinner; however, when he was acquainted with the doctor's profession, he immediately admitted him, and heard his business. Which he no sooner perfectly understood, with all its circumstances, than he resolved, though it was then very late, and he had been fatigued all the morning with public business, to postpone all refreshment till he had discharged his duty. He accordingly adjourned the prisoner and his cause to the bailiff's house, whither he himself, with the doctor,

immediately repaired, and whither the attorney was followed by a much larger number of attendants than he had been honoured with before.

CHAPTER VII.

In which the history draws towards a conclusion.

Nothing could exceed the astonishment of Booth at the behaviour of the doctor, at the time when he sallied forth in the pursuit of the attorney; for which it was so impossible for him to account in any manner whatever. He remained a long time in the utmost torture of mind, till at last the bailiff's wife came to him, and asked him, if the doctor was not a madman? and, in truth, he could hardly defend him from that imputation.

While he was in this perplexity, the maid of the house brought him a message from Robinson, desiring the favour of seeing him above stairs. With this he immediately complied.

When these two were alone together, and the key turned on them (for the bailiff's wife was a most careful person, and never omitted that ceremony in the absence of her husband, having always at her tongue's end that excellent proverb of Safe bind, safe find), Robinson, looking steadfastly upon Booth, said, 'I believe, Sir, 'you scarce remember me.'

Booth answered, that he thought he had seen his face somewhere before; but could not then recollect when or where.

'Indeed, Sir,' answered the man, 'it was a place which 'no man can remember with pleasure. But do you not

'remember a few weeks ago, that you had the misfor-
'tune to be in a certain prison in this town, where you
'lost a trifling sum at cards to a fellow-prisoner?'

This hint sufficiently awakened Booth's memory, and he now recollected the features of his old friend Robinson. He answered him a little surlily, 'I know you 'now very well; but I did not imagine you would ever 'have reminded me of that transaction.'

'Alas, Sir!' answered Robinson, 'whatever happened 'then was very trifling, compared to the injuries I have 'done you; but, if my life be spared long enough, I 'will now undo it all; and, as I have been one of your 'worst enemies, I will now be one of your best friends.'

He was just entering upon his story, when a noise was heard below, which might be almost compared to what have been heard in Holland, when the dykes have given way, and the ocean in an inundation breaks in upon the land. It seemed, indeed, as if the whole world was bursting into the house at once.

Booth was a man of great firmness of mind, and he had need of it all at this instant. As for poor Robinson, the usual concomitants of guilt attended him, and he began to tremble in a violent manner.

The first person, who ascended the stairs, was the doctor, who no sooner saw Booth, than he ran to him, and embraced him, crying, 'My child, I wish you joy 'with all my heart. Your sufferings are all at an end; 'and Providence hath done you the justice at last, which 'it will, one day or other, render to all men.—You 'will hear all presently; but I can now only tell you, 'that your sister is discovered, and the estate is your 'own.'

Booth was in such confusion, that he scarce made any answer; and now appeared the justice and his clerk, and immediately afterwards the constable with his prisoner,

the bailiff, and as many more as could possibly crowd up stairs.

The doctor now addressed himself to the sick man, and desired him to repeat the same information before the justice, which he had made already; to which Robinson readily consented.

While the clerk was taking down the information, the attorney expressed a very impatient desire to send instantly for his clerk; and expressed so much uneasiness at the confusion in which he had left his papers at home, that a thought suggested itself to the doctor, that if his house was searched, some lights and evidence, relating to this affair, would certainly be found; he therefore desired the justice to grant a search-warrant immediately, to search his house.

The justice answered, that he had no such power. That if there was any suspicion of stolen goods, he could grant a warrant to search for them.

'How, Sir,' said the doctor, 'can you grant a warrant 'to search a man's house for a silver teaspoon, and not 'in a case like this, where a man is robbed of his whole 'estate?'

'Hold, Sir,' says the sick man, 'I believe I can answer 'that point; for I can swear he hath several title-deeds 'of the estate now in his possession, which I am sure 'were stolen from the right owner.'

The justice still hesitated. He said, title-deeds savoured of the reality, and it was not felony to steal them. If, indeed, they were taken away in a box, then it would be felony to steal the box.

'Savour of the reality! savour of the fartality,' said the doctor. 'I never heard such incomprehensible non-'sense. This is impudent as well as childish, trifling 'with the lives and properties of men.'

'Well, Sir,' said Robinson, 'I now am sure I can do

'his business; for I know he hath a silver cup in his 'possession, which is the property of this gentleman '(meaning Booth) and how he got it but by stealth, let 'him account if he can.'

'That will do,' cries the justice, with great pleasure. 'That will do; and if you will charge him on oath with 'that, I will instantly grant my warrant to search his 'house for it.' 'And I will go and see it executed,' cries the doctor; for it was a maxim of his, that no man could descend below himself, in doing any act which may contribute to protect an innocent person, or to bring a rogue to the gallows.

The oath was instantly taken, the warrant signed, and the doctor attended the constable in the execution of it.

The clerk then proceeded in taking the information of Robinson, and had just finished it, when the doctor returned with the utmost joy in his countenance, and declared that he had sufficient evidence of the fact in his possession. He had indeed two or three letters from Miss Harris, in answer to the attorney's frequent demands of money for secrecy, that fully explained the whole villainy.

The justice now asked the prisoner what he had to say for himself, or whether he chose to say any thing in his own defence.

'Sir,' said the attorney, with great confidence, 'I am 'not to defend myself here. It will be of no service to 'me; for I know you neither can, nor will discharge me. 'But I am extremely innocent of all this matter, as I 'doubt not but to make appear to the satisfaction of a 'court of justice.'

The legal previous ceremonies were then gone through, of binding over the prosecutor, &c., and then the attorney was committed to Newgate; whither he was escorted amidst the acclamations of the populace.

When Murphy was departed, and a little calm restored in the house, the justice made his compliments of congratulation to Booth; who, as well as he could in his present tumult of joy, returned his thanks to both the magistrate and the doctor. They were now all preparing to depart, when Mr. Bondum stepped up to Booth, and said: 'Hold, Sir, you have forgot one thing—you have 'not given bail yet.'

This occasioned some distress at this time; for the attorney's friend was departed; but when the justice heard this, he immediately offered himself as the other bondsman; and thus ended the affair.

It was now past six o'clock, and none of the gentlemen had yet dined. They very readily, therefore, accepted the magistrate's invitation, and went altogether to his house.

And now the very first thing that was done, even before they sat down to dinner, was to dispatch a messenger to one of the best surgeons in town, to take care of Robinson; and another messenger to Booth's lodgings to prevent Amelia's concern at their staying so long.

The latter however, was to little purpose; for Amelia's patience had been worn out before, and she had taken a hackney-coach, and driven to the bailiff's, where she arrived a little after the departure of her husband, and was thence directed to the justice's.

Though there was no kind of reason for Amelia's fright at hearing that her husband and doctor Harrison was gone before the justice; and though she indeed imagined that they were there in the light of complainants, not of offenders; yet so tender were her fears for her husband, and so much had her gentle spirits been lately agitated, that she had a thousand apprehensions of she knew not what. When she arrived therefore at the house, she ran directly into the room,

where all the company were at dinner, scarce knowing what she did, or whither she was going.

She found her husband in such a situation, and discovered such cheerfulness in his countenance, that so violent a turn was given to her spirits, that she was just able, with the assistance of a glass of water, to support herself. She soon, however, recovered her calmness, and in a little time began to eat what might indeed be almost called her breakfast.

The justice now wished her joy of what had happened that day; for which she kindly thanked him, apprehending he meant the liberty of her husband. His worship might perhaps have explained himself more largely, had not the doctor given him a timely wink, for this wise and good man was fearful of making such a discovery all at once to Amelia, lest it should overpower her; and luckily the justice's wife was not well enough acquainted with the matter to say anything more on it than barely to assure the lady that she joined in her husband's congratulation.

Amelia was then in a clean white gown, which she had that day redeemed, and was, indeed, dressed all over with great neatness and exactness; with the glow therefore which arose in her features from finding her husband released from his captivity, she made so charming a figure, that she attracted the eyes of the magistrate and of his wife, and they both agreed, when they were alone, that they had never seen so charming a creature; nay, Booth himself afterwards told her that he scarce ever remembered her to look so extremely beautiful as she did that evening.

Whether Amelia's beauty, or the reflection on the remarkable acts of justice he had performed, or whatever motive filled the magistrate with extraordinary good-humour, and opened his heart and cellars, I will not determine; but he gave them so hearty a welcome,

and they were all so pleased with each other, that Amelia, for that one night, trusted the care of her children to the woman where they lodged, nor did the company rise from table till the clock struck eleven.

They then separated. Amelia and Booth having been set down at their lodgings, retired into each other's arms; nor did Booth that evening, by the doctor's advice, mention one word of the grand affair to his wife.

CHAPTER VIII.

Thus this history draws nearer to a conclusion.

In the morning early Amelia received the following letter from Mrs. Atkinson:

'The surgeon of the regiment, to which the captain 'my husband lately belonged, and who came this evening 'to see the captain, hath almost frightened me out of 'my wits by a strange story of your husband being com- 'mitted to prison by a justice of peace for forgery. For 'Heaven's sake send me the truth. If my husband can 'be of any service, weak as he is, he will be carried 'in a chair to serve a brother officer for whom he hath 'a regard, which I need not mention. Or if the sum of 'twenty pounds will be of any service to you, I will wait 'upon you with it the moment I can get my clothes on, 'the morning you receive this; for it is too late to send 'to-night. The captain begs his hearty service and re- 'spects, and believe me,

'Dear Madam,

'Your ever affectionate friend,

'And humble servant,

'F. Atkinson.'

When Amelia read this letter to Booth, they were both equally surprised, she at the commitment for forgery, and he at seeing such a letter from Mrs. Atkinson; for he was a stranger yet to the reconciliation that had happened.

Booth's doubts were first satisfied by Amelia, from which he received great pleasure; for he really had a very great affection and fondness for Mr. Atkinson, who, indeed, so well deserved it. 'Well, my dear,' said he to Amelia, smiling, 'shall we accept this generous offer?'

'O fy, no certainly,' answered she.

'Why not,' cries Booth, 'it is but a trifle; and yet it 'will be of great service to us?'

'But consider, my dear,' said she, 'how ill these poor 'people can spare it.'

'They can spare it for a little while,' said Booth, 'and 'we shall soon pay it them again.'

'When, my dear?' said Amelia. 'Do, my dear Will, 'consider our wretched circumstances. I beg you let us 'go into the country immediately, and live upon bread 'and water, till fortune pleases to smile upon us.'

'I am convinced that day is not far off,' said Booth. 'However, give me leave to send an answer to Mrs. 'Atkinson, that we shall be glad of her company imme-'diately to breakfast.'

'You know I never contradict you,' said she, 'but I 'assure you it is contrary to my inclinations to take this 'money.'

'Well, suffer me,' cries he, 'to act this once contrary 'to your inclinations.' He then writ a short note to Mrs. Atkinson, and dispatched it away immediately; which, when he had done, Amelia said, 'I shall be glad 'of Mrs. Atkinson's company to breakfast; but yet I 'wish you would oblige me in refusing this money. 'Take five guineas only. That is indeed such a sum, as,

'if we never should pay it, would sit light on our mind. 'The last persons in the world from whom I would 'receive favours of that sort are the poor and generous.'

'You can receive favours only from the generous,' cries Booth: 'and, to be plain with you, there are very 'few who are generous that are not poor.'

'What think you,' said she, 'of Dr. Harrison?'

'I do assure you,' said Booth, 'he is far from being 'rich. The doctor hath an income of little more than 'six hundred pounds a year; and I am convinced he 'gives away four of it. Indeed, he is one of the best 'economists in the world; but yet I am positive he never 'was at any time possessed of five hundred pounds since 'he hath been a man. Consider, dear Emily, the late 'obligations we have to this gentleman; it would be 'unreasonable to expect more, at least at present; my 'half-pay is mortgaged for a year to come.—How then 'shall we live?'

'By our labour,' answered she; 'I am able to labour, 'and I am sure I am not ashamed of it.'

'And do you really think you can support such a life?'

'I am sure I could be happy in it,' answered Amelia. 'And why not I as well as a thousand others, who have 'not the happiness of such a husband to make life 'delicious? why should I complain of my hard fate, 'while so many who are much poorer than I, enjoy 'theirs. Am I of a superior rank of being to the wife 'of the honest labourer? am I not partaker of one 'common nature with her?'

'My angel,' cries Booth, 'it delights me to hear you 'talk thus, and for a reason you little guess; for I am 'assured that one, who can so heroically endure ad- 'versity, will bear prosperity with equal greatness of 'soul; for the mind, that cannot be dejected by the 'former, is not likely to be transported with the latter.'

'If it had pleased Heaven,' cried she, 'to have tried 'me, I think, at least I hope, I should have preserved my 'humility.'

'Then, my dear,' said he, 'I will relate you a dream 'I had last night. You know you lately mentioned a 'dream of yours.'

'Do so,' said she, 'I am attentive.'

'I dreamt,' said he, 'this night that we were in the 'most miserable situation imaginable. Indeed, in the 'situation we were yesterday morning, or rather worse; 'that I was laid in a prison for debt, and that you wanted 'a morsel of bread to feed the mouths of your hungry 'children. At length (for nothing you know is quicker 'than the transition in dreams) Dr. Harrison methought 'came to me, with cheerfulness and joy in his counte-'nance. The prison doors immediately flew open; and 'Dr. Harrison introduced you, gayly though not richly 'dressed. That you gently chid me for staying so long; 'all on a sudden appeared a coach with four horses to it, 'in which was a maid-servant with our two children. 'We both immediately went into the coach, and taking 'our leave of the doctor, set out towards your country-'house; for yours, I dreamt it was.—I only ask you now, 'if this was real, and the transition almost as sudden, 'could you support it?'

Amelia was going to answer, when Mrs. Atkinson came into the room, and after very little previous ceremony presented Booth with a bank note, which he received of her, saying, he would very soon repay it; a promise that a little offended Amelia, as she thought he had no chance of keeping it.

The doctor presently arrived, and the company sat down to breakfast, during which Mrs. Atkinson entertained them with the history of the doctors that had attended her husband, by whose advice Atkinson was

recovered from every thing but the weakness which his distemper had occasioned.

When the tea-table was removed, Booth told the doctor, that he had acquainted his wife with a dream he had last night. 'I dreamt, doctor,' said he, 'that she was restored 'to her estate.'

'Very well,' said the doctor; 'and, if I am to be the 'Oniropolis, I believe the dream will come to pass. To 'say the truth, I have rather a better opinion of dreams 'than Horace had. Old Homer says they come from 'Jupiter; and as to your dream, I have often had it, in 'my waking thoughts, that some time or other that 'roguery (for so I was always convinced it was) would 'be brought to light; for the same Homer says, as you, 'Madam, (meaning Mrs. Atkinson) very well know,

Εἴπερ γάρ τε καὶ αὐτίκ' Ὀλύμπιος ἐκ ἐτέλεσσεν,
Ἔκ τε καὶ ὀψὲ τελεῖ· σύν τε μεγάλῳ ἀπέτισαν
Σὺν σφῇσιν κεφαλῇσι, γυναιξί τε καὶ τεκέεσσιν.*

'I have no Greek ears, Sir,' said Mrs. Atkinson. 'I 'believe I could understand it in the Delphin Homer.'

'I wish,' cries he, 'my dear child (to Amelia) you 'would read a little in the Delphin Aristotle, or else in 'some Christian divine, to learn a doctrine which you 'will one day have a use for. I mean, to bear the hardest 'of all human conflicts, and support with an even 'temper, and without any violent transports of mind, a 'sudden gust of prosperity.'

'Indeed,' cries Amelia, 'I should almost think my hus-'band and you, doctor, had some very good news to tell 'me, by your using, both of you, the same introduction. 'As far as I know myself, I think I can answer, I can

* 'If Jupiter doth not immediately execute his vengeance, he will 'however execute it at last; and their transgressions shall fall heavily on 'their own heads, and on their wives and children.'

'support any degree of prosperity, and I think I yesterday shewed I could: for, I do assure you, it is not in 'the power of fortune to try me with such another transition from grief to joy, as I conceived from seeing my 'husband in prison and at liberty.'

'Well, you are a good girl,' cries the doctor, 'and after 'I have put on my spectacles I will try you.'

The doctor then took out a newspaper, and read as follows:

'"Yesterday one Murphy, an eminent attorney at law, '"was committed to Newgate, for the forgery of a will '"under which an estate had been for many years de-'"tained from the right owner."

'Now in this paragraph there is something very remark-'able, and that is—that it is true: but *opus est explanatum*. In the Delphin edition of this newspaper, there 'is the following note upon the words right owner: "The '"right owner of this estate is a young lady of the '"highest merit, whose maiden name was Harris, and '"who some time since was married to an idle fellow, '"one lieutenant Booth. And the best historians assure '"us, that letters from the elder sister of this lady, '"which manifestly prove the forgery, and clear up the '"whole affair, are in the hands of an old person called '"Dr. Harrison."'

'And is this really true?' cries Amelia.

'Yes, really and sincerely,' cries the doctor. 'The 'whole estate; for your mother left it you all, and is 'as surely yours, as if you was already in possession.'

'Gracious Heaven!' cries she, falling on her knees, 'I thank you.'—And then starting up, she ran to her husband, and embracing him, cried, 'My dear love, I 'wish you joy; and I ought in gratitude to wish it you; 'for you are the cause of mine. It is upon yours, and 'my children's account, that I principally rejoice.'

Mrs. Atkinson rose from her chair, and jumped about the room for joy, repeating,

Turne, quod optanti divûm promittere nemo
*Auderet, volvenda dies, en, attulit ultro.**

Amelia now threw herself into a chair, complained she was a little faint, and begged a glass of water. The doctor advised her to be blooded; but she refused, saying, she required a vent of another kind.—She then desired her children to be brought to her, whom she immediately caught in her arms, and having profusely cried over them for several minutes, declared she was easy. After which, she soon regained her usual temper and complexion.

That day they dined together, and in the afternoon they all, except the doctor, visited captain Atkinson; he repaired to the bailiff's house to visit the sick man, whom he found very cheerful, the surgeon having assured him that he was in no danger.

The doctor had a long spiritual discourse with Robinson, who assured him that he sincerely repented of his past life, that he was resolved to lead his future days in a different manner, and to make what amends he could for his sins to society, by bringing one of the greatest rogues in it to justice. There was a circumstance which much pleased the doctor, and made him conclude that, however Robinson had been corrupted by his old master, he had naturally a good disposition. This was, that Robinson declared he was chiefly induced to the discovery by what had happened at the pawnbroker's, and by the miseries which he there perceived he had been instrumental in bringing on Booth and his family.

The next day Booth and his wife, at the doctor's instance, dined with colonel James and his lady, where

* 'What none of all the Gods could grant thy vows,
'That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows.'

they were received with great civility, and all matters were accommodated, without Booth ever knowing a syllable of the challenge even to this day.

The doctor insisted very strongly on having Miss Harris taken into custody, and said, if she was his sister, he would deliver her to justice. He added, besides, that it was impossible to screen her, and carry on the prosecution, or, indeed, recover the estate. Amelia at last begged the delay of one day only, in which time she wrote a letter to her sister informing her of the discovery, and the danger in which she stood, and begged her earnestly to make her escape, with many assurances that she would never suffer her to know any distress. This letter she sent away express, and it had the desired effect; for Miss Harris having received sufficient information from the attorney to the same purpose, immediately set out for Pool, and from thence to France, carrying with her all her money, most of her clothes, and some few jewels. She had, indeed, packed up plate and jewels to the value of two thousand pounds and upwards. But Booth, to whom Amelia communicated the letter, prevented her, by ordering the man that went with the express (who had been a serjeant of the foot-guards recommended to him by Atkinson), to suffer the lady to go whither she pleased, but not to take any thing with her except her clothes, which he was carefully to search. These orders were obeyed punctually, and with these she was obliged to comply.

Two days after the bird was flown a warrant from the lord chief justice arrived to take her up, the messenger of which returned with the news of her flight, highly to the satisfaction of Amelia, and consequently of Booth, and, indeed, not greatly to the grief of the doctor.

About a week afterwards, Booth and Amelia, with their children, and captain Atkinson and his lady, all set

forward together for Amelia's house, where they arrived amidst the acclamations of all the neighbours and every public demonstration of joy.

They found the house ready prepared to receive them by Atkinson's friend, the old serjeant, and a good dinner prepared for them by Amelia's old nurse, who was addressed with the utmost duty by her son and daughter, most affectionately caressed by Booth and his wife, and by Amelia's absolute command seated next to herself at the table. At which, perhaps, were assembled some of the best and happiest people then in the world.

CHAPTER IX.

In which the history is concluded.

Having brought our history to a conclusion, as to those points in which we presume our reader was chiefly interested, in the foregoing chapter; we shall in this, by way of epilogue, endeavour to satisfy his curiosity, as to what hath since happened to the principal personages of whom we have treated in the foregoing pages.

Colonel James and his lady, after living in a polite manner for many years together, at last agreed to live in as polite a manner asunder. The colonel hath kept Miss Matthews ever since, and is at length grown to doat on her (though now very disagreeable in her person, and immensely fat), to such a degree, that he submits to be treated by her in the most tyrannical manner.

He allows his lady eight hundred pounds a year, with which she divides her time between Tunbridge, Bath,

and London, and passes about nine hours in the twenty-four at cards. Her income is lately increased by three thousand pounds, left her by her brother colonel Bath, who was killed in a duel, about six years ago, by a gentleman who told the colonel he differed from him in opinion.

The noble peer and Mrs. Ellison have been both dead several years, and both of the consequences of their favourite vices; Mrs. Ellison having fallen a martyr to her liquor, and the other to his amours, by which he was at last become so rotten that he stunk above ground.

The attorney, Murphy, was brought to his trial at the Old Bailey, where, after much quibbling about the meaning of a very plain act of parliament, he was at length convicted of forgery, and was soon afterwards hanged at Tyburn.

The witness for some time seemed to reform his life, and received a small pension from Booth; after which, he returned to vicious courses, took a purse on the highway, was detected and taken, and followed the last steps of his old master. So apt are men, whose manners have been once thoroughly corrupted, to return, from any dawn of an amendment, into the dark paths of vice.

As to Miss Harris, she lived three years with a broken heart at Boulogne, where she received annually fifty pounds from her sister, who was hardly prevailed on by Dr. Harrison not to send her a hundred, and then died in a most miserable manner.

Mr. Atkinson upon the whole hath led a very happy life with his wife, though he hath been sometimes obliged to pay proper homage to her superior understanding and knowledge. This, however, he cheerfully submits to, and she makes him proper returns of fondness. They have

two fine boys, of whom they are equally fond. He is lately advanced to the rank of captain, and last summer both he and his wife paid a visit of three months to Booth and his wife.

Dr. Harrison is grown old in years, and in honour; beloved and respected by all his parishioners, and by all his neighbours. He divides his time between his parish, his old town, and Booth's—at which last place he had, two years ago, a gentle fit of the gout, being the first attack of that distemper. During this fit, Amelia was his nurse, and her two eldest daughters sat up alternately with him for a whole week. The eldest of those girls, whose name is Amelia, is his favourite; she is the picture of her mother, and it is thought the doctor hath distinguished her in his will; for he hath declared that he will leave his whole fortune, except some few charities, among Amelia's children.

As to Booth and Amelia, fortune seems to have made them large amends for the tricks she played them in their youth. They have, ever since the above period of this history, enjoyed an uninterrupted course of health and happiness. In about six weeks after Booth's first coming into the country he went to London, and paid all his debts of honour; after which, and a stay of two days only, he returned into the country, and hath never since been thirty miles from home. He hath two boys and four girls; the eldest of the boys, he who hath made his appearance in this history, is just come from the university, and is one of the finest gentlemen, and best scholars of his age. The second is just going from school, and is intended for the church, that being his own choice. His eldest daughter is a woman grown, but we must not mention her age. A marriage was proposed to her the other day with a young fellow of a good estate, but she never would see him more than once; 'For

'doctor Harrison,' says she, 'told me he was illiterate, 'and I am sure he is ill-natured.' The second girl is three years younger than her sister, and the others are yet children.

Amelia is still the finest woman in England of her age. Booth himself often avers she is as handsome as ever. Nothing can equal the serenity of their lives. Amelia declared to me the other day, that she did not remember to have seen her husband out of humour these ten years; and upon my insinuating to her that he had the best of wives, she answered, with a smile, that she ought to be so, for that he had made her the happiest of women.

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Man is generally represented as an animal formed for, and delighted in, society: in this state alone, it is said, his various talents can be exerted, his numberless necessities relieved, the dangers he is exposed to can be avoided, and many of the pleasures he eagerly affects, enjoyed. If these assertions be, as I think they are, undoubtedly and obviously certain, those few who have denied man to be a social animal, have left us these two solutions of their conduct; either that there are men as bold in denial, as can be found in assertion; and, as Cicero says, there is no absurdity which some philosopher or other hath not asserted; so we may say, there is no truth so glaring, that some have not denied it. Or else; that these rejectors of society borrow all their information from their own savage dispositions, and are, indeed, themselves, the only exceptions to the above general rule.

But to leave such persons to those who have thought them more worthy of an answer; there are others who are so seemingly fond of this social state, that they are understood absolutely to confine it to their

own species; and entirely excluding the tamer and gentler, the herding and flocking parts of the creation, from all benefits of it, to set up this as one grand general distinction between the human and the brute species.

Shall we conclude this denial of all society to the nature of brutes, which seems to be in defiance of every day's observation, to be as bold, as the denial of it to the nature of men? or, may we not more justly derive the error from an improper understanding of this word Society in too confined and special a sense? in a word, do those, who utterly deny it to the brutal nature, mean any other by society than conversation?

Now if we comprehend them in this sense, as I think we very reasonably may, the distinction appears to me to be truly just; for though other animals are not without all use of society, yet this noble branch of it seems, of all the inhabitants of this globe, confined to man only; the narrow power of communicating some few ideas of lust, or fear, or anger, which may be observable in brutes, falling infinitely short of what is commonly meant by conversation, as may be deduced from the origination of the word itself, the only accurate guide to knowledge. The primitive and literal sense of this word, is, I apprehend, to turn round together; and in its more copious usage we intend by it that reciprocal interchange of ideas, by which truth is examined; things are, in a manner, turned round, and sifted, and all our knowledge communicated to each other.

In this respect man stands, I conceive, distinguished from, and superior to, all other earthly creatures; it is this privilege, which, while he is inferior in strength to some, in swiftness to others; without horns or claws, or tusks to attack them, or even to defend himself

against them, hath made him master of them all. Indeed, in other views, however vain men may be of their abilities, they are greatly inferior to their animal neighbours. With what envy must a swine, or a much less voracious animal, be surveyed by a glutton; and how contemptible must the talents of other sensualists appear, when opposed, perhaps, to some of the lowest and meanest of brutes; but in conversation man stands alone; at least in this part of the creation; he leaves all others behind him at his first start, and the greater progress he makes, the greater distance is between them.

Conversation is of three sorts. Men are said to converse with God, with themselves, and with one another. The two first of these have been so liberally and excellently spoken to by others, that I shall, at present, pass them by, and confine myself, in this essay, to the third only; since it seems to me amazing, that this grand business of our lives, the foundation of everything, either useful or pleasant, should have been so slightly treated of; that, while there is scarce a profession or handicraft in life, however mean and contemptible, which is not abundantly furnished with proper rules to the attaining its perfection, men should be left almost totally in the dark, and without the least light to direct, or any guide to conduct them in the proper exerting of those talents, which are the noblest privilege of human nature, and productive of all rational happiness; and the rather as this power is by no means self-instructed, and, in the possession of the artless and ignorant, is of so mean use, that it raises them very little above those animals who are void of it.

As conversation is a branch of society, it follows, that it can be proper to none who is not in his nature social. Now society is agreeable to no creatures who are not inoffensive to each other; and we therefore observe in

animals who are entirely guided by nature, that it is cultivated by such only, while those of more noxious disposition addict themselves to solitude, and, unless when prompted by lust, or that necessary instinct implanted in them by nature for the nurture of their young, shun as much as possible the society of their own species. If therefore there should be found some human individuals of so savage a habit, it would seem they were not adapted to society, and, consequently, not to conversation; nor would any inconvenience ensure the admittance of such exceptions, since it would by no means impeach the general rule of man's being a social animal; especially when it appears (as is sufficiently and admirably proved by my friend, the author of An Inquiry into Happiness) that these men live in a constant opposition to their own nature, and are no less monsters than the most wanton abortions, or extravagant births.

Again; if society requires that its members should be inoffensive, so the more useful and beneficial they are to each other, the more suitable are they to the social nature, and more perfectly adapted to its institution; for all creatures seek their own happiness, and society is therefore natural to any, because it is naturally productive of this happiness. To render therefore any animal social is to render it inoffensive; an instance of which is to be seen in those, the ferocity of whose nature can be tamed by man. And here the reader may observe a double distinction of man from the more savage animals by society, and from the social by conversation.

But if men were merely inoffensive to each other, it seems as if society and conversation would be merely indifferent; and that in order to make it desirable by a sensible being, it is necessary we should go farther, and propose some positive good to ourselves from it;

and this presupposes, not only negatively, our not receiving any hurt; but positively, our receiving some good, some pleasure or advantage from each other in it, something which we could not find in an unsocial and solitary state; otherwise we might cry out with the right honourable poet ;*

> Give us our wildness and our woods,
> Our huts and caves again.

The art of pleasing or doing good to one another is therefore the art of conversation. It is this habit which gives it all its value. And as man's being a social animal (the truth of which is incontestibly proved by that excellent author of An Inquiry, &c., I have above cited) presupposes a natural desire or tendency this way, it will follow, that we can fail in attaining this truly desirable end from ignorance only in the means; and how general this ignorance is, may be, with some probability, inferred from our want of even a word to express this art by; that which comes the nearest to it, and by which, perhaps, we would sometimes intend it, being so horribly and barbarously corrupted, that it contains at present scarce a simple ingredient of what it seems originally to have been designed to express.

The word I mean is good-breeding; a word, I apprehend, not at first confined to externals, much less to any particular dress or attitude of the body; nor were the qualifications expressed by it to be furnished by a milliner, a tailor, or a perriwig-maker; no, nor even by a dancing-master himself. According to the idea I myself conceive from this word, I should not have scrupled to call Socrates a well-bred man, though, I believe, he was very little instructed by any of the persons I have

* The duke of Buckingham.

above enumerated. In short, by good-breeding (notwithstanding the corrupt use of the word in a very different sense), I mean the art of pleasing, or contributing as much as possible to the ease and happiness of those with whom you converse. I shall contend therefore no longer on this head; for whilst my reader clearly conceives the sense in which I use this word, it will not be very material whether I am right or wrong in its original application.

Good-breeding then, or the *Art of pleasing in Conversation*, is expressed two different ways, viz., in our actions and our words, and our conduct in both may be reduced to that concise, comprehensive rule in scripture; *Do unto all men as you would they should do unto you.* Indeed, concise as this rule is, and plain as it appears, what are all treatises on ethics, but comments upon it; and whoever is well read in the book of nature, and hath made much observation on the actions of men, will perceive so few capable of judging, or rightly pursuing their own happiness, that he will be apt to conclude, that some attention is necessary (and more than is commonly used) to enable men to know truly, *what they would have done unto them*, or, at least, what it would be their interest *to have done.*

If therefore men, through weakness or inattention, often err in their conceptions of what would produce their own happiness, no wonder they should miss in the application of what will contribute to that of others; and thus we may, without too severe a censure on their inclinations, account for that frequent failure in true good-breeding, which daily experience gives us instances of.

Besides, the commentators have well paraphrased on the above-mentioned divine rule, that it is, to *do unto men what you would they* (if they were in your situation and circumstances, and you in theirs) *should do unto you;*

and as this comment is necessary to be observed in ethics, so is it particularly useful in this our art, where the degree of the person is always to be considered, as we shall explain more at large hereafter.

We see then a possibility for a man well disposed to this golden rule, without some precautions, to err in the practice; nay, even, good-nature itself, the very habit of mind most essential to furnish us with true good-breeding, the latter so nearly resembling the former, that it hath been called, and with the appearance at least of propriety, artificial good-nature. This excellent quality itself sometimes shoots us beyond the mark, and shews the truth of those lines in Horace:

Insani sapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui,
Ultrà quàm satis est, Virtutem si petat ipsam.

Instances of this will be naturally produced where we shew the deviations from those rules, which we shall now attempt to lay down.

As this good-breeding is the art of pleasing, it will be first necessary, with the utmost caution, to avoid hurting or giving any offence to those with whom we converse. And here we are surely to shun any kind of actual disrespect, or affront to their persons, by insolence, which is the severest attack that can be made on the pride of man, and of which Florus seems to have no inadequate opinion, when speaking of the second Tarquin, he says: *in omnes superbiâ (quæ crudelitate gravior est* BONIS*) grassatus;* 'He 'trod on all with insolence, which sits heavier on men of 'great minds than cruelty itself.' If there is any temper in man, which more than all others disqualifies him for society, it is this insolence or haughtiness, which, blinding a man to his own imperfections, and giving him a hawk's quick-sightedness to those of others, raises in him that contempt for his species, which inflates the cheeks, erects

the head, and stiffens the gait of those strutting animals, who sometimes stalk in assemblies, for no other reason, but to shew in their gesture and behaviour the disregard they have for the company. Though to a truly great and philosophical mind it is not easy to conceive a more ridiculous exhibition than this puppet; yet to others he is little less than a nuisance; for contempt is a murtherous weapon, and there is this difference only between the greatest and weakest man, when attacked by it, that, in order to wound the former, it must be just; whereas, without the shields of wisdom and philosophy, which God knows are in the possession of very few, it wants no justice to point it; but is certain to penetrate, from whatever corner it comes. It is this disposition which inspires the empty Cacus to deny his acquaintance, and overlook men of merit in distress; and the little silly, pretty Phillida, or Foolida, to stare at the strange creatures round her. It is this temper which constitutes the supercilious eye, the reserved look, the distant bow, the scornful leer, the affected astonishment, the loud whisper, ending in a laugh directed full in the teeth of another. Hence spring, in short, those numberless offences given too frequently, in public and private assemblies, by persons of weak understandings, indelicate habits, and so hungry and foul-feeding a vanity, that it wants to devour whatever comes in its way. Now, if good-breeding be what we have endeavoured to prove it, how foreign, and, indeed, how opposite to it, must such a behaviour be? and can any man call a duke or a duchess, who wears it, well-bred? or are they not more justly entitled to those inhuman names which they themselves allot to the lowest vulgar? But behold a more pleasing picture on the reverse. See the earl of C——, noble in his birth, splendid in his fortune, and embellished with every endowment of mind; how affable! how condescending! himself the

only one who seems ignorant that he is every way the greatest person in the room.

But it is not sufficient to be inoffensive, we must be profitable servants to each other: we are, in the second place, to proceed to the utmost verge in paying the respect due to others. We had better go a little too far than stop short in this particular. My lord Shaftesbury hath a pretty observation, that the beggar, in addressing to a coach with, My Lord, is sure not to offend, even though there be no lord there; but, on the contrary, should plain Sir fly in the face of a nobleman, what must be the consequence? And, indeed, whoever considers the bustle and contention about precedence, the pains and labours undertaken, and sometimes the prices given for the smallest title or mark of pre-eminence, and the visible satisfaction betrayed in its enjoyment, may reasonably conclude this is a matter of no small consequence. The truth is, we live in a world of common men, and not of philosophers; for one of these, when he appears (which is very seldom) among us, is distinguished, and very properly too, by the name of an odd fellow; for what is it less than extreme oddity to despise what the generality of the world think the labour of their whole lives well employed in procuring? we are therefore to adapt our behaviour to the opinion of the generality of mankind, and not to that of a few odd fellows.

It would be tedious, and perhaps impossible, to specify every instance, or to lay down exact rules for our conduct in every minute particular. However, I shall mention some of the chief which most ordinarily occur, after premising, that the business of the whole is no more than to convey to others an idea of your esteem of them, which is, indeed, the substance of all the compliments, ceremonies, presents, and whatever passes

between well-bred people. And here I shall lay down these positions:

First, that all mere ceremonies exist in form only, and have in them no substance at all; but, being imposed by the laws of custom, become essential to good-breeding, from those high-flown compliments paid to the Eastern monarchs, and which pass between Chinese mandarins, to those coarser ceremonials in use between English farmers and Dutch boors.

Secondly, that these ceremonies, poor as they are, are of more consequence than they at first appear, and, in reality, constitute the only external difference between man and man. Thus, His grace, Right honourable, My lord, Right reverend, Reverend, Honourable, Sir, Esquire, Mr. &c. have, in a philosophical sense, no meaning, yet are, perhaps, politically essential, and must be preserved by good-breeding; because,

Thirdly, they raise an expectation in the person by law and custom entitled to them, and who will consequently be displeased with the disappointment.

Now, in order to descend minutely into any rules for good-breeding, it will be necessary to lay some scene, or to throw our disciple into some particular circumstance. We will begin them with a visit in the country; and as the principal actor on this occasion is the person who receives it, we will, as briefly as possible, lay down some general rules for his conduct; marking, at the same time, the principal deviations we have observed on these occasions.

When an expected guest arrives to dinner at your house, if your equal, or indeed, not greatly your inferior, he should be sure to find your family in some order, and yourself dressed and ready to receive him at your gate with a smiling countenance. This infuses an immediate cheerfulness into your guest, and persuades him of your

esteem and desire of his company. Not so is the behaviour of Polysphercon, at whose gate you are obliged to knock a considerable time before you gain admittance. At length, the door being opened to you by a maid or some improper servant who wonders where the devil all the men are; and being asked if the gentleman is at home, answers, she believes so; you are conducted into a hall, or back-parlour, where you stay some time, before the gentleman, in a dishabille from his study or his garden, waits upon you, asks pardon, and assures you he did not expect you so soon.

Your guest being introduced into a drawing-room, is, after the first ceremonies, to be asked, whether he will refresh himself after his journey, before dinner (for which he is never to stay longer than the usual or fixed hour). But this request is never to be repeated oftener than twice, and not in imitation of Calepus, who, as if hired by a physician, crams wine in a morning down the throats of his most temperate friends, their constitutions being not so dear to them as their present quiet.

When dinner is on the table, and the ladies have taken their places, the gentlemen are to be introduced into the eating-room, where they are to be seated with as much seeming indifference as possible, unless there be any present whose degrees claim an undoubted precedence. As to the rest, the general rules of precedence are by marriage, age, and profession. Lastly, in placing your guests, regard is rather to be had to birth than fortune; for though purse-pride is forward enough to exalt itself, it bears a degradation with more secret comfort and ease than the former, as being more inwardly satisfied with itself, and less apprehensive of neglect or contempt.

The order in helping your guests is to be regulated by that of placing them; but here I must, with great submission, recommend to the lady at the upper end of the

table, to distribute her favours as equally and as impartially as she can. I have sometimes seen a large dish of fish extend no farther than to the fifth person, and a haunch of venison lose all its fat before half the table had tasted it.

A single request to eat of any particular dish, how elegant soever, is the utmost I allow. I strictly prohibit all earnest solicitations, all complaints that you have no appetite, which are sometimes little less than burlesque, and always impertinent and troublesome.

And here, however low it may appear to some readers, as I have known omissions of this kind give offence, and sometimes make the offenders, who have been very well-meaning persons, ridiculous, I cannot help mentioning the ceremonial of drinking healths at table, which is always to begin with the lady's and next the master's of the house.

When dinner is ended, and the ladies retired, though I do not hold the master of the feast obliged to fuddle himself through complacence (and, indeed, it is his own fault generally, if his company be such as would desire it) yet he is to see that the bottle circulate sufficient to afford every person present a moderate quantity of wine, if he chooses it; at the same time permitting those who desire it, either to pass the bottle, or fill their glass as they please. Indeed, the beastly custom of besotting, and ostentatious contention for pre-eminence in their cups, seems at present pretty well abolished among the better sort of people. Yet Methus still remains, who measures the honesty and understanding of mankind by a capaciousness of their swallow; who sings forth the praises of a bumper, and complains of the light in your glass; and at whose table it is as difficult to preserve your senses, as to preserve your purse at a gaming table, or your health at a b—y-house. On the other side, So-

phronus eyes you carefully whilst you are filling out his liquor. The bottle as surely stops when it comes to him, as your chariot at Temple Bar; and it is almost as impossible to carry a pint of wine from his house, as to gain the love of a reigning beauty, or borrow a shilling of P—— W——.

But to proceed. After a reasonable time, if your guest intends staying with you the whole evening, and declines the bottle, you may propose play, walking, or any other amusement; but these are to be but barely mentioned, and offered to his choice with all indifference on your part. What person can be so dull as not to perceive in Agyrtes a longing to pick your pockets? or in Alazon, a desire to satisfy his own vanity in shewing you the rarities of his house and gardens? When your guest offers to go, there should be no solicitations to stay, unless for the whole night, and that no farther than to give him a moral assurance of his being welcome so to do; no assertions that he shan't go yet; no laying on violent hands; no private orders to servants to delay the providing the horses or vehicles; like Desmophylax, who never suffers any one to depart from his house without entitling him to an action of false imprisonment.

Let us now consider a little the part which the visitor himself is to act. And first, he is to avoid the two extremes of being too early or too late, so as neither to surprise his friends unawares or unprovided, nor detain him too long in expectation. Orthrius, who hath nothing to do, disturbs your rest in a morning; and the frugal Chronophidus, lest he should waste some minutes of his precious time, is sure to spoil your dinner.

The address at your arrival should be as short as possible, especially when you visit a superior; not imitating Phlenaphius, who would stop his friend in the rain, rather than omit a single bow.

Be not too observant of trifling ceremonies, such as rising, sitting, walking first in or out of the room, except with one greatly your superior; but when such a one offers precedence, it is uncivil to refuse it; of which I will give you the following instance: an English nobleman being in France, was bid by Lewis XIV. to enter his coach before him, which he excused himself from; the king then immediately mounted, and ordering the door to be shut, drove on, leaving the nobleman behind him.

Never refuse any thing offered you out of civility, unless in preference of a lady, and that no oftener than once; for nothing is more truly good-breeding than to avoid being troublesome. Though the taste and humour of the visitor is to be chiefly considered, yet is some regard likewise to be had to that of the master of the house; for otherwise your company will be rather a penance than a pleasure. Methusus plainly discovers his visit to be paid to his sober friend's bottle; nor will Philopasus abstain from cards, though he is certain they are agreeable only to himself; whilst the slender Leptines gives his fat entertainer a sweat, and makes him run the hazard of breaking his wind up his own mounts.

If conveniency allows your staying longer than the time proposed, it may be civil to offer to depart, lest your stay may be incommodious to your friend; but if you perceive the contrary, by his solicitations, they should be readily accepted; without tempting him to break these rules we have above laid down for him; causing a confusion in his family, and among his servants, by preparations for your departure. Lastly, when you are resolved to go, the same method is to be observed which I have prescribed at your arrival. No tedious ceremonies of taking leave; not like Hyperphylus, who bows and kisses, and squeezes by the hand as heartily, and wishes you as much

health and happiness, when he is going a journey home of ten miles from a common acquaintance, as if he was leaving his nearest friend or relation on a voyage to the East-Indies.

Having thus briefly considered our reader in the circumstance of a private visit, let us now take him into a public assembly, where, as more eyes will be on his behaviour, it cannot be less his interest to be instructed. We have, indeed, already formed a general picture of the chief enormities committed on these occasions; we shall here endeavour to explain more particularly the rules of an opposite demeanour, which we may divide into three sorts, viz. our behaviour to our superiors, to our equals, and to our inferiors.

In our behaviour to our superiors, two extremes are to be avoided; namely, an abject and base servility, and an impudent and encroaching freedom. When the well-bred Hyperdulus approaches a nobleman in any public place, you would be persuaded he was one of the meanest of his domestics; his cringes fall little short of prostration; and his whole behaviour is so mean and servile, that an Eastern monarch would not require more humiliation from his vassals. On the other side, Anaschyntus, whom fortunate accidents, without any pretensions from his birth, have raised to associate with his betters, shakes my lord duke by the hand, with a familiarity savouring not only of the most perfect intimacy, but the closest alliance. The former behaviour properly raises our contempt, the latter our disgust. Hyperdulus seems worthy of wearing his lordship's livery; Anaschyntus deserves to be turned out of his service for his impudence. Between these two is that golden mean, which declares a man ready to acquiesce in allowing the respect due to a title by the laws and customs of his country, but impatient of any insult, and disdaining to purchase the intimacy with, and favour

of a superior, at the expense of conscience or honour. As to the question, Who are our superiors? I shall endeavour to ascertain them, when I come, in the second place, to mention our behaviour to our equals. The first instruction on this head being carefully to consider who are such; every little superiority of fortune or profession being too apt to intoxicate men's minds, and elevate them in their own opinion, beyond their merit or pretensions. Men are superior to each other in this our country by title, by birth, by rank in profession, and by age; very little, if any, being to be allowed to fortune, though so much is generally exacted by it, and commonly paid to it. Mankind never appear to me in a more despicable light than when I see them, by a simple as well as mean servility, voluntarily concurring in the adoration of riches, without the least benefit or prospect from them. Respect and deference are perhaps justly demandable of the obliged, and may be, with some reason at least, from expectation, paid to the rich and liberal from the necessitous; but that men should be allured by the glittering of wealth only to feed the insolent pride of those who will not in return feed their hunger; that the sordid niggard should find any sacrifices on the altar of his vanity seems to arise from a blinder idolatry, and a more bigoted and senseless superstition, than any which the sharp eyes of priests have discovered in the human mind.

All gentlemen, therefore, who are not raised above each other by title, birth, rank in profession, age, or actual obligation, being to be considered as equals, let us take some lessons for their behaviour to each other in public, from the following examples; in which we shall discern as well what we are to select, as what we are to avoid. Authades is so absolutely abandoned to his own humour, that he never gives it up on any occasion. If Seraphina herself, whose charms one would imagine

should infuse alacrity into the limbs of a cripple sooner than the Bath waters, was to offer herself for his partner, he would answer, he never danced, even though the ladies lost their ball by it. Nor doth this denial arise from incapacity; for he was in his youth an excellent dancer, and still retains sufficient knowledge of the art, and sufficient abilities in his limbs to practise it; but from an affectation of gravity, which he will not sacrifice to the eagerest desire of others. Dyskolus hath the same aversion to cards; and though competently skilled in all games, is by no importunities to be prevailed on to make a third at ombre, or a fourth at whist and quadrille. He will suffer any company to be disappointed of their amusement, rather than submit to pass an hour or two a little disagreeably to himself. The refusal of Philautus is not so general; he is very ready to engage, provided you will indulge him in his favourite game, but it is impossible to persuade him to any other. I should add, both these are men of fortune, and the consequences of loss or gain, at the rate they are desired to engage, very trifling and inconsiderable to them.

The rebukes these people sometimes meet with, are no more equal to their deserts than the honour paid to Charistus, the benevolence of whose mind scarce permits him to indulge his own will, unless by accident. Though neither his age nor understanding incline him to dance, nor will admit his receiving any pleasure from it, yet would he caper a whole evening, rather than a fine young lady should lose an opportunity of displaying her charms by the several genteel and amiable attitudes which this exercise affords the skilful of that sex. And though cards are not adapted to his temper, he never once baulked the inclinations of others on that account.

But as there are many who will not in the least instance mortify their humour to purchase the satisfaction

of all mankind, so there are some who make no scruple of satisfying their own pride and vanity, at the expence of the most cruel mortification of others. Of this kind is Agroicus, who seldom goes to an assembly, but he affronts half his acquaintance, by overlooking or disregarding them.

As this is a very common offence, and indeed much more criminal, both in its cause and effect, than is generally imagined, I shall examine it very minutely; and I doubt not but to make it appear, that there is no behaviour (to speak like a philosopher) more contemptible, nor, in a civil sense, more detestable, than his.

The first ingredient in this composition is pride, which, according to the doctrine of some, is the universal passion. There are others who consider it as the foible of great minds; and others again, who will have it to be the very foundation of greatness; and, perhaps, it may of that greatness which we have endeavoured to expose in many parts of these works; but to real greatness, which is the union of a good heart with a good head, it is almost diametrically opposite, as it generally proceeds from the depravity of both, and almost certainly from the badness of the latter. Indeed, a little observation will shew us, that fools are the most addicted to this vice; and a little reflection will teach us, that it is incompatible with true understanding. Accordingly we see, that while the wisest of men have constantly lamented the imbecility and imperfection of their own nature, the meanest and weakest have been trumpeting forth their own excellences, and triumphing in their own sufficiency.

Pride may, I think, be properly defined, the pleasure we feel in contemplating our own superior merit, on comparing it with that of others. That it arises from this supposed superiority is evident; for however great

you admit a man's merit to be, if all men were equal to him, there would be no room for pride. Now if it stop here, perhaps, there is no enormous harm in it, or at least, no more than is common to all other folly; every species of which is always liable to produce every species of mischief; folly I fear it is; for should the man estimate rightly on this occasion, and the balance should fairly turn on his side in this particular instance; should he be indeed a great orator, poet, general; should he be more wise, witty, learned, young, rich, healthy, or in whatever instance he may excel one, or many, or all; yet, if he examine himself thoroughly, will he find no reason to abate his pride? is the quality, in which he is so eminent, so generally or justly esteemed? is it so entirely his own; doth he not rather owe his superiority to the defects of others, than to his own perfection? or, lastly, can he find in no part of his character a weakness which may counterpoise this merit, and which as justly, at least, threatens him with shame, as this entices him to pride? I fancy if such a scrutiny was made (and nothing so ready as good sense to make it), a proud man would be as rare, as in reality he is a ridiculous monster. But suppose a man, on this comparison, is (as may sometimes happen) a little partial to himself, the harm is to himself, and he becomes only ridiculous from it. If I prefer my excellence in poetry to Pope or Young; if an inferior actor should, in his opinion, exceed Quin or Garrick; or a sign-post painter set himself above the inimitable Hogarth; we become only ridiculous by our vanity: and the persons themselves, who are thus humbled in the comparison, would laugh with more reason than any other. Pride therefore, hitherto, seems an inoffensive weakness only, and entitles a man to no worse an appellation than that of a fool; but it will not stop here; though fool be

perhaps no desirable term, the proud man will deserve worse; he is not contented with the admiration he pays himself; he now becomes arrogant, and requires the same respect and preference from the world; for pride, though the greatest of flatterers, is by no means a profitable servant to itself; it resembles the parson of the parish more than the squire, and lives rather on the tithes, oblations, and contributions it collects from others, than on its own demesne. As pride therefore is seldom without arrogance, so is this never to be found without insolence. The arrogant man must be insolent, in order to attain his own ends; and to convince and remind men of the superiority he affects, will naturally, by ill words, actions, and gestures, endeavour to throw the despised person at as much distance as possible from him. Hence proceeds that supercilious look, and all those visible indignities with which men behave in public, to those whom they fancy their inferiors. Hence the very notable custom of deriding and often denying the nearest relations, friends, and acquaintance, in poverty and distress; lest we should anywise be levelled with the wretches we despise, either in their own imagination, or in the conceit of any who should behold familiarities pass between us.

But besides pride, folly, arrogance, and insolence, there is another simple (which vice never willingly leaves out of any composition), and this is ill-nature. A good-natured man may indeed (provided he is a fool) be proud, but arrogant and insolent he cannot be; unless we will allow to such a still greater degree of folly, and ignorance of human nature; which may indeed entitle them to forgiveness, in the benign language of scripture, because they know not what they do.

For when we come to consider the effect of this behaviour on the person who suffers it, we may perhaps

have reason to conclude, that murder is not a much more cruel injury. What is the consequence of this contempt? or, indeed, what is the design of it, but to expose the object of it to shame? a sensation as uneasy, and almost intolerable, as those which arise from the severest pains inflicted on the body; a convulsion of the mind (if I may so call it) which immediately produces symptoms of universal disorder in the whole man; which hath sometimes been attended with death itself, and to which death hath, by great multitudes, been with much alacrity preferred. Now, what less than the highest degree of ill nature can permit a man to pamper his own vanity at the price of another's shame? Is the glutton, who, to raise the flavour of his dish, puts some birds or beast to exquisite torment, more cruel to the animal, than this our proud man to his own species.

This character then is a composition made up of those odious, contemptible qualities, pride, folly, arrogance, insolence, and ill-nature. I shall dismiss it with some general observations, which will place it in so ridiculous a light, that a man must hereafter be possessed of a very considerable portion, either of folly or impudence, to assume it.

First, it proceeds on one grand fallacy; for whereas this wretch is endeavouring, by a supercilious conduct, to lead the beholder into an opinion of his superiority to the despised person, he inwardly flatters his own vanity with a deceitful presumption, that this his conduct is founded on a general preconceived opinion of this superiority.

Secondly, this caution to preserve it plainly indicates a doubt that the superiority of our own characters is very slightly established: for which reason we see it chiefly practised by men who have the weakest pretensions to

the reputation they aim at; and, indeed, none was ever freer from it than that noble person whom we have already mentioned in this essay, and who can never be mentioned but with honour, by those who know him.

Thirdly, this opinion of our superiority is commonly very erroneous. Who hath not seen a general behave in this supercilious manner to an officer of lower rank, who hath been greatly his superior in that very art, to his excellence in which the general ascribes all his merit. Parallel instances occur in every other art, science, or profession.

Fourthly, men who excel others in trifling instances, frequently cast a supercilious eye on their superiors in the highest. Thus the least pretensions to pre-eminence in title, birth, riches, equipages, dress, &c., constantly overlook the most noble endowments of virtue, honour, wisdom, sense, wit, and every other quality, which can truly dignify and adorn a man.

Lastly, the lowest and meanest of our species are the most strongly addicted to this vice. Men who are a scandal to their sex, and women who disgrace human nature; for the basest mechanic is so far from being exempt, that he is generally the most guilty of it. It visits alehouses and gin-shops, and whistles in the empty heads of fiddlers, mountebanks, and dancing-masters.

To conclude a character on which we have already dwelt longer than is consistent with the intended measure of this essay, this contempt of others is the truest symptom of a base and a bad heart. While it suggests itself to the mean and the vile, and tickles their little fancy on every occasion, it never enters the great and good mind but on the strongest motives; nor is it then a welcome guest, affording only an

uneasy sensation, and brings always with it a mixture of concern and compassion.

We will now proceed to inferior criminals in society. Theoretus, conceiving that the assembly is only met to see and admire him, is uneasy unless he engrosses the eyes of the whole company. The giant doth not take more pains to be viewed; and, as he is unfortunately not so tall, he carefully deposits himself in the most conspicuous place; nor will that suffice, he must walk about the room, though to the great disturbance of the company; and if he can purchase general observations at no less rate, will condescend to be ridiculous; for he prefers being laughed at to being taken little notice of.

On the other side, Dusopius is so bashful that he hides himself in a corner; he hardly bears being looked at, and never quits the first chair he lights upon, lest he should expose himself to public view. He trembles when you bow to him at a distance, is shocked at hearing his own voice, and would almost swoon at the repetition of his name.

The audacious Anedes, who is extremely amorous in his inclinations, never likes a woman, but his eyes ask her the question, without considering the confusion he often occasions to the object; he ogles and languishes at every pretty woman in the room. As there is no law of morality which he would not break to satisfy his desires, so is there no form of civility which he doth not violate to communicate them. When he gets possession of a woman's hand, which those of stricter decency never give him but with reluctance, he considers himself as its master. Indeed, there is scarce a familiarity which he will abstain from, on the slightest acquaintance, and in the most public place. Seraphina herself can make no impression on the rough temper of Agroicus; neither her quality, nor her beauty, can exact the least complacence

from him; and he would let her lovely limbs ache, rather than offer her his chair; while the gentle Lyperus tumbles over benches, and overthrows tea-tables, to take up a fan or a glove; he forces you as a good parent doth his child, for your own good; he is absolute master of a lady's will, nor will allow her the election of standing or sitting in his company. In short, the impertinent civility of Lyperus is as troublesome, though, perhaps, not so offensive, as the brutish rudeness of Agroicus.

Thus we have hinted at most of the common enormities committed in public assemblies to our equals; for it would be tedious and difficult to enumerate all; nor is it needful; since from this sketch we may trace all others, most of which, I believe, will be found to branch out from some of the particulars here specified.

I am now, in the last place, to consider our behaviour to our inferiors, in which condescension can never be too strongly recommended; for as a deviation on this side is much more innocent than on the other, so the pride of man renders us much less liable to it. For besides that we are apt to over-rate our own perfections, and undervalue the qualifications of our neighbours, we likewise set too high an esteem on the things themselves, and consider them as constituting a more essential difference between us than they really do. The qualities of the mind do, in reality, establish the truest superiority over one another; yet should not these so far elevate our pride, as to inflate us with contempt, and make us look down on our fellow creatures, as on animals of an inferior order; but that the fortuitous accident of birth, the acquisition of wealth, with some outward ornaments of dress, should inspire men with an insolence capable of treating the rest of mankind with disdain, is so preposterous, that nothing less than daily experience could give it credit.

If men were to be rightly estimated, and divided into

subordinate classes, according to the superior excellence of their several natures, perhaps the lowest class of either sex would be properly assigned to those two disgracers of the human species, commonly called a beau, and a fine lady; for if we rate men by the faculties of the mind, in what degree must these stand? nay, admitting the qualities of the body were to give the pre-eminence, how many of those whom fortune hath placed in the lowest station, must be ranked above them? If dress is their only title, sure even the monkey, if as well dressed, is on as high a footing as the beau.—But, perhaps, I shall be told, they challenge their dignity from birth: that is a poor and mean pretence to honour, when supported with no other. Persons who have no better claim to superiority, should be ashamed of this; they are really a disgrace to those very ancestors from whom they would derive their pride, and are chiefly happy in this, that they want the very moderate portion of understanding which would enable them to despise themselves.

And yet, who so prone to a contemptuous carriage as these! I have myself seen a little female thing which they have called My Lady, of no greater dignity in the order of beings than a cat, and of no more use in society than a butterfly; whose mien would not give even the idea of a gentlewoman, and whose face would cool the loosest libertine; with a mind as empty of ideas as an opera, and a body fuller of diseases than an hospital—I have seen this thing express contempt to a woman who was an honour to her sex, and an ornament to the creation.

To confess the truth, there is little danger of the possessor's ever undervaluing this titular excellence. Not that I would withdraw from it that deference which the policy of government hath assigned it. On the contrary, I have laid down the most exact compliance with this

respect, as a fundamental in good-breeding; nay, I insist only that we may be admitted to pay it, and not treated with a disdain even beyond what the eastern monarchs shew to their slaves. Surely it is too high an elevation, when, instead of treating the lowest human creature, in a Christian sense, as our brethren, we look down on such as are but one rank, in the civil order, removed from us, as unworthy to breathe even the same air, and regard the most distant communication with them as an indignity and disgrace offered to ourselves. This is considering the difference not in the individual, but in the very species; a height of insolence impious in a Christian society, and most absurd and ridiculous in a trading nation.

I have now done with my first head, in which I have treated of good-breeding, as it regards our actions. I shall, in the next place, consider it with respect to our words; and shall endeavour to lay down some rules, by observing which our well-bred man may, in his discourse as well as actions, contribute to the happiness and well-being of society.

Certain it is, that the highest pleasure which we are capable of enjoying in conversation, is to be met with only in the society of persons whose understanding is pretty near on an equality with our own; nor is this equality only necessary to enable men of exalted genius, and extensive knowledge, to taste the sublimer pleasures of communicating their refined ideas to each other; but it is likewise necessary to the inferior happiness of every subordinate degree of society, down to the very lowest. For instance; we will suppose a conversation between Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, and three dancing-masters. It will be acknowledged, I believe, that the heel sophists would be as little pleased with the company of the philosophers, as the philosophers with theirs.

It would be greatly, therefore, for the improvement and happiness of conversation, if society could be formed on this equality; but as men are not ranked in this world by the different degrees of their understanding, but by other methods, and consequently all degrees of understanding often meet in the same class, and must *ex necessitate* frequently converse together, the impossibility of accomplishing any such Utopian scheme very plainly appears. Here therefore is a visible, but unavoidable perfection in society itself.

But as we have laid it down as a fundamental, that the essence of good breeding is to contribute as much as possible to the ease and happiness of mankind, so will it be the business of our well-bred man to endeavour to lessen this imperfection to his utmost, and to bring society as near to a level at least as he is able.

Now there are but two ways to compass this, viz. by raising the lower, and by lowering what is higher.

Let us suppose then, that very unequal company I have before mentioned met; the former of these is apparently impracticable. Let Socrates, for instance, institute a discourse on the nature of the soul, or Plato reason on the native beauty of virtue, and Aristotle on his occult qualities—What must become of our dancing-masters? Would they not stare at one another with surprise? and, most probably, at our philosophers with contempt? Would they have any pleasure in such society? or would they not rather wish themselves in a dancing-school, or a green-room at the play-house? What, therefore, have our philosophers to do, but to lower themselves to those who cannot rise to them?

And surely there are subjects on which both can converse. Hath not Socrates heard of harmony? Hath not Plato, who draws virtue in the person of a fine woman, any idea of the gracefulness of attitude? and

hath not Aristotle himself written a book on motion? In short, to be a little serious, there are many topics on which they can at least be intelligible to each other.

How absurd then must appear the conduct of Cenodoxus, who having had the advantage of a liberal education, and having made a pretty good progress in literature, constantly advancing learned subjects in common conversation. He talks of the Classics before the ladies, and of Greek criticisms among fine gentlemen. What is this less than an insult on the company, over whom he thus affects a superiority, and whose time he sacrifices to his vanity?

Wisely different is the amiable conduct of Sophronus; who, though he exceeds the former in knowledge, can submit to discourse on the most trivial matters, rather than introduce such as his company are utter strangers to. He can talk of fashions and diversions among the ladies; nay, can even condescend to horses and dogs with country gentlemen. This gentleman, who is equal to dispute on the highest and abstrusest points, can likewise talk on a fan, or a horse-race; nor had ever any one, who was not himself a man of learning, the least reason to conceive the vast knowledge of Sophronus, unless from the report of others.

Let us compare these together. Cenodoxus proposes the satisfaction of his own pride from the admiration of others; Sophronus thinks of nothing but their amusement. In the company of Cenodoxus, every one is rendered uneasy, laments his own want of knowledge, and longs for the end of the dull assembly; with Sophronus all are pleased, and contented with themselves in their knowledge of matters which they find worthy the consideration of a man of sense. Admiration is involuntarily paid the former; to the latter

it is given joyfully. The former receives it with envy and hatred; the latter enjoys it as the sweet fruit of good-will. The former is shunned; the latter courted by all.

This behaviour in Cenodoxus may, in some measure, account for an observation we must have frequent occasion to make; that the conversation of men of very moderate capacities is often preferred to that with men of superior talents; in which the world act more wisely than at first they may seem; for, besides that backwardness in mankind to give their admiration, what can be duller, or more void of pleasure, than discourses on subjects above our comprehension? It is like listening to an unknown language; and, if such company is ever desired by us, it is a sacrifice to our vanity, which imposes on us to believe that we may by these means raise the general opinion of our own parts and knowledge, and not from that cheerful delight which is the natural result of an agreeable conversation.

There is another very common fault, equally destructive of this delight, by much the same means; though it is far from owing its original to any real superiority of parts and knowledge: this is discoursing on the mysteries of a particular profession, to which all the rest of the company, except one or two, are utter strangers. Lawyers are generally guilty of this fault, as they are more confined to the conversation of one another; and I have known a very agreeable company spoiled, where there have been two of these gentlemen present, who have seemed rather to think themselves in a court of justice, than in a mixed assembly of persons, met only for the entertainment of each other.

But it is not sufficient that the whole company understand the topic of their conversation; they should be likewise equally interested in every subject not tending

to their general information or amusement; for these are not to be postponed to the relation of private affairs, much less of the particular grievance or misfortune of a single person. To bear a share in the afflictions of another is a degree of friendship not to be expected in a common acquaintance; nor hath any man a right to indulge the satisfaction of a weak and mean mind by the comfort of pity, at the expence of the whole company's diversion. The inferior and unsuccessful members of the several professions, are generally guilty of this fault; for, as they fail of the reward due to their great merit, they can seldom refrain from reviling their superiors, and complaining of their own hard and unjust fate.

Farther; as a man is not to make himself the subject of the conversation, so neither is he to engross the whole to himself. As every man had rather please others by what he says, than be himself pleased by what they say; or, in other words, as every man is best pleased with the consciousness of pleasing, so should all have an equal opportunity of aiming at it. This is a right which we are so offended at being deprived of, that though I remember to have known a man reputed a good companion, who seldom opened his mouth in company, unless to swallow his liquor; yet I have scarce ever heard that appellation given to a very talkative person, even when he hath been capable of entertaining, unless he hath done this with buffoonery, and made the rest amends, by partaking of their scorn together with their admiration and applause.

A well-bred man, therefore, will not take more of the discourse than falls to his share; nor in this will he shew any violent impetuosity of temper, or exert any loudness of voice, even in arguing; for the information of the company, and the conviction of his antagonist,

are to be his apparent motives; not the indulgence of his own pride, or an ambitious desire of victory; which latter, if a wise man should entertain, he will be sure to conceal with his utmost endeavour; since he must know, that to lay open his vanity in public, is no less absurd than to lay open his bosom to an enemy, whose drawn sword is pointed against it; for every man hath a dagger in his hand ready to stab the vanity of another, wherever he perceives it.

Having now shewn, that the pleasure of conversation must arise from the discourse being on subjects levelled to the capacity of the whole company; from being on such in which every person is equally interested; from every one's being admitted to his share in the discourse; and lastly, from carefully avoiding all noise, violence, and impetuosity; it might seem proper to lay down some particular rules for the choice of those subjects which are most likely to conduce to the cheerful delights proposed from this social communication; but as such an attempt might appear absurd, from the infinite variety, and perhaps too dictatorial in its nature, I shall confine myself to rejecting those topics only which seem most foreign to this delight, and which are most likely to be attended with consequences rather tending to make society an evil, than to procure us any good from it.

And first, I shall mention that which I have hitherto only endeavoured to restrain within certain bounds, namely, Arguments; but which, if they were entirely banished out of company, especially from mixed assemblies, and where ladies make part of the society, it would, I believe, promote their happiness: they have been sometimes attended with bloodshed, generally with hatred from the conquered party towards his victor; and scarce ever with conviction. Here I except jocose arguments, which often produce much mirth; and serious disputes

between men of learning (when none but such are present), which tend to the propagation of knowledge and the edification of the company.

Secondly, Slander; which, however frequently used, or however savoury to the palate of ill-nature, is extremely pernicious. As it is often unjust, and highly injurious to the person slandered; and always dangerous, especially in large and mixed companies; where sometimes an undesigned offence is given to an innocent relation or friend of such person, who is thus exposed to shame and confusion, without having any right to resent the affront. Of this there have been very tragical instances; and I have myself seen some very ridiculous ones, but which have given great pain, as well to the person offended, as tohim who hath been the innocent occasion of giving the offence.

Thirdly, all general Reflections on countries, religions, and professions, which are always unjust. If these are ever tolerable, they are only from the persons who with some pleasantry ridicule their own country. It is very common among us to cast sarcasms on a neighbouring nation, to which we have no other reason to bear an antipathy, than what is more usual than justifiable, because we have injured it: but sure such general satire is not founded on truth; for I have known gentlemen of that nation possessed with every good quality which is to be wished in a man, or required in a friend. I remember a repartee made by a gentleman of this country, which, though it was full of the severest wit, the person to whom it was directed could not resent, as he so plainly deserved it. He had with great bitterness inveighed against this whole people; upon which, one of them who was present, very coolly answered, ‘I don’t know, Sir, whether I have ‘not more reason to be pleased with the compliment you ‘pay my country, than to be angry with what you say

'against it; since, by your abusing us all so heavily, you 'have plainly implied you are not of it.' This exposed the other to so much laughter, especially as he was not unexceptionable in his character, that I believe he was sufficiently punished for his ill-mannered satire.

Fourthly, Blasphemy, and irreverent mention of religion. I will not here debate what compliment a man pays to his own understanding by the profession of infidelity; it is sufficient to my purpose, that he runs a risk of giving the cruelest offence to persons of a different temper; for if a loyalist would be greatly affronted by hearing any indecencies offered to the person of a temporal prince, how much more bitterly must a man, who sincerely believes in such a being as the Almighty, feel any irreverence, or insult shewn to his name, his honour, or his institution? And notwithstanding the impious character of the present age, and especially of many among those whose more immediate business it is to lead men, as well by example as precept, into the ways of piety, there are still sufficient numbers left, who pay so honest and sincere a reverence to religion, as may give us a reasonable expectation of finding one at least of this stamp in every large company.

A fifth particular to be avoided, is Indecency. We are not only to forbear the repeating of such words as would give an immediate affront to a lady of reputation; but the raising of any loose ideas tending to the offence of that modesty, which, if a young woman hath not something more than the affectation of, she is not worthy the regard even of a man of pleasure, provided he hath any delicacy in his constitution. How inconsistent with good-breeding it is to give pain and confusion to such, is sufficiently apparent; all double-entendres, and obscene jests, are therefore carefully to be avoided before them. But suppose no ladies present, nothing can be meaner, lower,

and less productive of rational mirth, than this loose conversation. For my own part, I cannot conceive how the idea of jest or pleasantry came ever to be annexed to one of our highest and most serious pleasures. Nor can I help observing, to the discredit of such merriment, that it is commonly the last resource of impotent wit, the weak strainings of the lowest, silliest, and dullest fellows in the world.

Sixthly, you are to avoid knowingly mentioning any thing which may revive in any person the remembrance of some past accident; or raise an uneasy reflection on a present misfortune, or corporal blemish. To maintain this rule nicely, perhaps, requires great delicacy; but it is absolutely necessary to a well-bred man. I have observed numberless breaches of it; many, I believe, proceeding from negligence and inadvertency; yet I am afraid some may be too justly imputed to a malicious desire of triumphing in our own superior happiness and perfections; now, when it proceeds from this motive, it is not easy to imagine any thing more criminal.

Under this head I shall caution my well-bred reader against a common fault, much of the same nature; which is, mentioning any particular quality as absolutely essential to either man or woman, and exploding all those who want it. This renders every one uneasy, who is in the least self-conscious of the defect. I have heard a boor of fashion declare in the presence of women remarkably plain, that beauty was the chief perfection of that sex; and an essential, without which no woman was worth regarding. A certain method of putting all those in the room, who are but suspicious of their defect that way, out of countenance.

I shall mention one fault more, which is, not paying a proper regard to the present temper of the company, or the occasion of their meeting, in introducing a topic of

conversation, by which as great an absurdity is sometimes committed, as it would be to sing a dirge at a wedding, or an epithalamium at a funeral.

Thus I have, I think, enumerated most of the principal errors which we are apt to fall into in conversation; and though, perhaps, some particulars worthy of remark may have escaped me, yet an attention to what I have here said, may enable the reader to discover them. At least I am persuaded, that, if the rules I have now laid down were strictly observed, our conversation would be more perfect, and the pleasure resulting from it purer, and more unsullied, than at present it is.

But I must not dismiss this subject without some animadversions on a particular species of pleasantry, which, though I am far from being desirous of banishing from conversation, requires, most certainly, some reins to govern, and some rule to direct it. The reader may perhaps guess, I mean Raillery; to which I may apply the fable of the lap-dog and the ass; for while in some hands it diverts and delights us with its dexterity and gentleness, in others, it paws, daubs, offends and hurts.

The end of conversation being the happiness of mankind, and the chief means to procure their delight and pleasure; it follows, I think, that nothing can conduce to this end, which tends to make a man uneasy and dissatisfied with himself, or which exposes him to the scorn and contempt of others. I here except that kind of raillery, therefore, which is concerned in tossing men out of their chairs, tumbling them into water, or any of those handicraft jokes which are exercised on those notable persons, commonly known by the name of buffoons; who are contented to feed their belly at the price of their br—ch, and to carry off the wine and the p—ss of a great man together. This I pass by, as well as all

remarks on the genius of the great men themselves, who are (to fetch a phrase from school, a phrase not improperly mentioned on this occasion) great dabs of this kind of facetiousness.

But leaving all such persons to expose human nature among themselves, I shall recommend to my well-bred man, who aims at raillery, the excellent character given of Horace by Persius.

Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admissus circum præcordia ludit,
Callidus excusso populum suspendere naso.

Thus excellently rendered by the late ingenious translator of that obscure author.

Yet could shrewd Horace, with disportive wit,
Rally his friend, and tickle while he bit;
Winning access, he play'd around the heart,
And gently touching, prick'd the tainted part.
The crowd he sneer'd; but sneer'd with such a grace,
It pass'd for downright innocence of face.

The raillery which is consistent with good-breeding, is a gentle animadversion on some foible; which, while it raises a laugh in the rest of the company, doth not put the person rallied out of countenance, or expose him to shame and contempt. On the contrary, the jest should be so delicate, that the object of it should be capable of joining in the mirth it occasions.

All great vices therefore, misfortunes, and notorious blemishes of mind or body, are improper subjects of raillery. Indeed, a hint at such is an abuse, and an affront which is sure to give the person (unless he be one shameless and abandoned) pain and uneasiness, and should be received with contempt, instead of applause, by all the rest of the company.

Again; the nature and quality of the person are to be

considered. As to the first, some men will not bear any raillery at all. I remember a gentleman, who declared, 'He never made a jest, nor would ever take one.' I do not, indeed, greatly recommend such a person for a companion; but at the same time, a well-bred man, who is to consult the pleasure and happiness of the whole, is not at liberty to make any one present uneasy. By the quality, I mean the sex, degree, profession, and circumstances; on which head I need not be very particular. With regard to the two former, all raillery on ladies and superiors should be extremely fine and gentle; and with respect to the latter, any of the rules I have above laid down, most of which are to be applied to it, will afford sufficient caution.

Lastly, A consideration is to be had of the persons before whom we rally. A man will be justly uneasy at being reminded of those railleries in one company, which he would very patiently bear the imputation of in another. Instances on this head are so obvious, that they need not be mentioned. In short, the whole doctrine of raillery is comprised in this famous line:

'*Quid* de *quoque* viro, et *cui* dicas, sæpe caveto.'

Be cautious *what* you say, *of whom* and *to whom*.

And now methinks I hear some one cry out, that such restrictions are, in effect, to exclude all raillery from conversation; and to confess the truth, it is a weapon from which many persons will do wisely in totally abstaining; for it is a weapon which doth the more mischief, by how much the blunter it is. The sharpest wit therefore is only to be indulged the free use of it; for no more than a very slight touch is to be allowed; no hacking, nor bruising, as if they were to hew a carcass for hounds, as Shakspeare phrases it.

Nor is it sufficient that it be sharp, it must be used likewise with the utmost tenderness and good-nature; and as the nicest dexterity of a gladiator is shewn in being able to hit without cutting deep, so is this of our raillier, who is rather to tickle than wound.

True raillery indeed consists either in playing on peccadillos, which, however they may be censured by some, are not esteemed as really blemishes in a character in the company where they are made the subject of mirth; as too much freedom with the bottle, or too much indulgence with women, &c.

Or, secondly, in pleasantly representing real good qualities in a false light of shame, and bantering them as ill ones. So generosity may be treated as prodigality; economy as avarice, true courage as fool-hardiness: and so of the rest.

Lastly, in ridiculing men for vices and faults which they are known to be free from. Thus the cowardice of A——le, the dulness of Ch——d, the unpoliteness of D——ton, may be attacked without danger of offence; and thus Lyt——n may be censured for whatever vice or folly you please to impute to him.

And however limited these bounds may appear to some, yet, in skilful and witty hands, I have known raillery, thus confined, afford a very diverting, as well as inoffensive entertainment to the whole company.

I shall conclude this essay with these two observations, which I think may be clearly deduced from what hath been said.

First, that every person who indulges his ill-nature or vanity, at the expence of others; and in introducing uneasiness, vexation, and confusion into society, however exalted or high-titled he may be, is thoroughly ill-bred.

Secondly, that whoever from the goodness of his dis-

position or understanding, endeavours to his utmost to cultivate the good-humour and happiness of others, and to contribute to the ease and comfort of all his acquaintance, however low in rank fortune may have placed him, or however clumsy he may be in his figure or demeanour, hath, in the truest sense of the word, a claim to good-breeding.

AN

ESSAY

ON THE

KNOWLEDGE

OF THE

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I HAVE often thought it a melancholy instance of the great depravity of human nature, that, whilst so many men have employed their utmost abilities to invent systems, by which the artful and cunning part of mankind may be enabled to impose on the rest of the world, few or none should have stood up the champions of the innocent and undesigning, and have endeavoured to arm them against imposition.

Those who predicate of man in general, that he is an animal of this or that disposition, seem to me not sufficiently to have studied human nature; for that immense variety of characters, so apparent in men even of the same climate, religion, and education, which gives the poet a sufficient licence, as I apprehend, for saying that,

> Man differs more from man, than man from beast,

could hardly exist, unless the distinction had some original foundation in nature itself. Nor is it perhaps a

less proper predicament of the genius of a tree, that it will flourish so many years, loves such a soil, bears such a fruit, &c. than of man in general, that he is good, bad, fierce, tame, honest, or cunning.

This original difference will, I think, alone account for that very early and strong inclination to good or evil, which distinguishes different dispositions in children, in their first infancy; in the most uninformed savages, who can be thought to have altered their nature by no rules, nor artfully acquired habits; and lastly, in persons, who, from the same education, &c. might be thought to have directed nature the same way; yet, among all these, there subsists, as I have before hinted, so manifest and extreme a difference of inclination or character, that almost obliges us, I think, to acknowledge some unacquired, original distinction, in the nature or soul of one man, from that of another.

Thus without asserting, in general, that man is a deceitful animal; we may, I believe, appeal for instances of deceit to the behaviour of some children and savages. When this quality therefore is nourished and improved by education, in which we are taught rather to conceal vices, than to cultivate virtues; when it hath sucked in the instruction of politicians, and is instituted in the Art of thriving, it will be no wonder that it should grow to that monstrous height to which we sometimes see it arrive. This Art of thriving being the very reverse of that doctrine of the Stoics, by which men were taught to consider themselves as fellow citizens of the world, and to labour jointly for the common good, without any private distinction of their own: whereas this, on the contrary, points out to every individual his own particular and separate advantage, to which he is to sacrifice the interest of all others; which he is to consider as his *Summum Bonum*, to pursue with his utmost diligence

and industry, and to acquire by all means whatever. Now when this noble end is once established, deceit must immediately suggest itself as the necessary means; for, as it impossible that any man endowed with rational faculties, and being in a state of freedom, should willingly agree, without some motive of love or friendship, absolutely to sacrifice his own interest to that of another, it becomes necessary to impose upon him, to persuade him, that his own good is designed, and that he will be a gainer by coming into those schemes, which are, in reality, calculated for his destruction. And this, if I mistake not, is the very essence of that excellent art, called the Art of Politics.

Thus while the crafty and designing part of mankind, consulting only their own separate advantage, endeavour to maintain one constant imposition on others, the whole world becomes a vast masquerade, where the greatest part appear disguised under false vizors and habits; a very few only showing their own faces, who become, by so doing, the astonishment and ridicule of all the rest.

But however cunning the disguise be which a masquerader wears; however foreign to his age, degree, or circumstance, yet if closely attended to, he very rarely escapes the discovery of an accurate observer; for Nature, which unwillingly submits to the imposture, is ever endeavouring to peep forth and show herself; nor can the cardinal, the friar, or the judge, long conceal the sot, the gamester, or the rake.

In the same manner will those disguises, which are worn on the greater stage, generally vanish, or prove ineffectual to impose the assumed for the real character upon us, if we employ sufficient diligence and attention in the scrutiny. But as this discovery is of infinitely greater consequence to us; and as, perhaps, all are not equally qualified to make it, I shall venture to set down

some few rules, the efficacy (I had almost said infallibility) of which, I have myself experienced. Nor need any man be ashamed of wanting or receiving instructions on this head; since that open disposition, which is the surest indication of an honest and upright heart, chiefly renders us liable to be imposed on by craft and deceit, and principally disqualifies us for this discovery.

Neither will the reader, I hope, be offended, if he should here find no observations entirely new to him. Nothing can be plainer, or more known, than the general rules of morality, and yet thousands of men are thought well employed in reviving our remembrance, and enforcing our practice of them. But though I am convinced there are many of my readers whom I am not capable of instructing on this head, and who are, indeed, fitter to give than receive instructions, at least from me, yet this essay may perhaps be of some use to the young and unexperienced, to the more open, honest, and considering part of mankind, who, either from ignorance or inattention, are daily exposed to all the pernicious designs of that detestable fiend, hypocrisy.

I will proceed, therefore, without farther preface, to those diagnostics which Nature, I apprehend, gives us of the diseases of the mind, seeing she takes such pains to discover those of the body. And first, I doubt whether the old adage of *Fronti nulla fides*, be generally well understood; the meaning of which is commonly taken to be, that "no trust is to be given to the countenance." But what is the context in Juvenal?

> ———*Quis enim non vicus abundat*
> *Tristibus obscœnis?*
>
> ———What place is not filled with
> austere libertines?

Now, that an austere countenance is no token of purity

of heart, I readily concede. So far otherwise, it is, perhaps, rather a symptom of the contrary. But the satirist surely never intended by these words, which have grown into a proverb, utterly to depreciate an art, on which so wise a man as Aristotle hath thought proper to compose a treatise.

The truth is, we almost universally mistake the symptoms which Nature kindly holds forth to us; and err as grossly as a physician would, who should conclude, that a very high pulse is a certain indication of health; but sure the faculty would rather impute such a mistake to his deplorable ignorance than conclude from it that the pulse could give a skilful and sensible observer no information of the patient's distemper.

In the same manner, I conceive the passions of men do commonly imprint sufficient marks on the countenance; and it is owing chiefly to want of skill in the observer that physiognomy is of so little use and credit in the world.

But our errors in this disquisition would be little wondered at, if it was acknowledged, that the few rules, which generally prevail on this head, are utterly false, and the very reverse of truth. And this will perhaps appear, if we condescend to the examination of some particulars. Let us begin with the instance, given us by the poet above, of austerity; which, as he shews us, was held to indicate a chastity, or severity of morals, the contrary of which, as himself shews us, is true.

Among us, this austerity, or gravity of countenance, passes for wisdom, with just the same equity of pretension. My lord Shaftesbury tells us that gravity is of the essence of imposture. I will not venture to say, that it certainly denotes folly, though I have known

some of the silliest fellows in the world very eminently possessed of it. The affections which it indicates, and which we shall seldom err in suspecting to lie under it, are pride, ill-nature, and cunning. Three qualities, which when we know to be inherent in any man, we have no reason to desire any farther discovery to instruct us, to deal as little and as cautiously with him as we are able.

But though the world often pays a respect to these appearances, which they do not deserve; they rather attract admiration than love, and inspire us rather with awe than confidence. There is a countenance of a contrary kind, which hath been called a letter of recommendation; which throws our arms open to receive the poison, divests us of all kind of apprehension, and disarms us of all caution: I mean that glavering sneering smile, of which the greater part of mankind are extremely fond, conceiving it to be the sign of good-nature; whereas this is generally a compound of malice and fraud, and as surely indicates a bad heart, as a galloping pulse doth a fever.

Men are chiefly betrayed into this deceit, by a gross, but common mistake of good-humour for good-nature. Two qualities, so far from bearing any resemblance to each other, that they are almost opposites. Good-nature is that benevolent and amiable temper of mind, which disposes us to feel the misfortunes, and enjoy the happiness of others; and, consequently, pushes us on to promote the latter, and prevent the former; and that without any abstract contemplation on the beauty of virtue, and without the allurements or terrors of religion. Now good-humour is nothing more than the triumph of the mind, when reflecting on its own happiness, and that, perhaps, from having compared it with the inferior happiness of others.

If this be allowed, I believe we may admit that glavering smile, whose principal ingredient is malice, to be the symptom of good-humour. And here give me leave to define this word malice, as I doubt, whether it be not in common speech so often confounded with envy, that common readers may not have very distinct ideas between them; but as envy is a repining at the good of others, compared with our own, so malice is a rejoicing at their evil, on the same comparison. And thus it appears to have a very close affinity to the malevolent disposition, which I have above described under the word good-humour; for nothing is truer, than that observation of Shakspeare;

——A man may smile, and smile, and be a villain.

But how alien must this countenance be to that heavenly frame of soul, of which Jesus Christ himself was the most perfect pattern; of which blessed person it is recorded, that he never was once seen to laugh, during his whole abode on earth. And what indeed hath good-nature to do with a smiling countenance? It would be like a purse in the hands of a miser, which he could never use. For admitting, that laughing at the vices and follies of mankind is entirely innocent (which is more, perhaps, than we ought to admit), yet, surely, their miseries and misfortunes are no subjects of mirth; and with these, *Quis non vicus abundat?* the world is so full of them, that scarce a day passes without inclining a truly good-natured man rather to tears than merriment.

Mr. Hobbes tells us, that laughter arises from pride, which is far from being a good-natured passion. And though I would not severely discountenance all indulgence of it, since laughter, while confined to vice and folly, is no very cruel punishment on the object, and may be attended with good consequences to him; yet,

we shall, I believe, find, on a careful examination into its motive, that it is not produced from good-nature. But this is one of the first efforts of the mind, which few attend to, or, indeed, are capable of discovering; and however self-love may make us pleased with seeing a blemish in another, which we are ourselves free from, yet compassion, on the first reflection of any unhappiness in the object, immediately puts a stop to it in good minds. For instance; suppose a person well-drest should tumble in a dirty place in the street; I am afraid there are few who would not laugh at the accident: Now, what is this laughter, other than a convulsive extasy, occasioned by the contemplation of our own happiness, compared with the unfortunate person's? a pleasure which seems to savour of ill-nature; but as this is one of those first, and as it were spontaneous motions of the soul, which few, as I have said, attend to, and none can prevent; so it doth not properly constitute the character. When we come to reflect on the uneasiness this person suffers, laughter, in a good and delicate mind, will begin to change itself into compassion; and in proportion as this latter operates on us, we may be said to have more or less good-nature; but should any fatal consequence, such as a violent bruise, or the breaking of a bone, attend the fall, the man, who should still continue to laugh, would be entitled to the basest and vilest appellation with which any language can stigmatise him.

From what hath been said, I think we may conclude, that a constant, settled, glavering, sneering smile in the countenance, is so far from indicating goodness, that it may be with much confidence depended on as an assurance of the contrary.

But I would not be understood here to speak with the least regard to that amiable, open, composed, cheerful aspect, which is the result of a good conscience, and the

emanation of a good heart; of both which, it is an infallible symptom; and may be the more depended on, as it cannot, I believe, be counterfeited, with any reasonable resemblance, by the nicest power of art.

Neither have I any eye towards that honest, hearty, loud chuckle, which shakes the sides of aldermen and squires, without the least provocation of a jest; proceeding chiefly from a full belly; and is a symptom (however strange it may seem) of a very gentle and inoffensive quality, called dulness, than which nothing is more risible; for, as Mr. Pope, with exquisite pleasantry, says;

——Gentle Dulness ever loves a joke:

i.e. one of her own jokes. These are sometimes performed by the foot, as by leaping over heads, or chairs, or tables, kicks in the b—ch, &c.; sometimes by the hand, as by slaps in the face, pulling off wigs, and infinite other dexterities, too tedious to particularize; sometimes by the voice, as by hollowing, huzzaing, and singing merry (*i.e.* dull) catches, by merry (*i.e.* dull) fellows.

Lastly, I do by no means hint at the various laughs, titters, tehes, &c. of the fair sex, with whom, indeed, this essay hath not any thing to do; the knowledge of the characters of women being foreign to my intended purpose; as it is in fact a science to which I make not the least pretension.

The smile or sneer which composes the countenance I have above endeavoured to describe, is extremely different from all these; but as I have already dwelt pretty long on it, and as my reader will not, I apprehend, be liable to mistake it, I shall wind up my caution to him against this symptom, in part of a line of Horace;

——*Hic niger est; hunc tu caveto.*

There is one countenance, which is the plainest instance of the general misunderstanding of that adage, *Fronti nulla fides.* This is a fierce aspect, which hath the same right to signify courage, as gravity to denote wisdom, or a smile good-nature; whereas experience teaches us the contrary, and it passes among most men for the symptom only of a bully.

But I am aware, that I shall be reminded of an assertion which I set out with in the beginning of this essay, viz. 'That nature gives us as sure symptoms 'of the diseases of the mind, as she doth of those of the 'body.' To which, what I have now advanced, may seem a contradiction. The truth is, nature doth really imprint sufficient marks in the countenance, to inform an accurate and discerning eye; but, as such is the property of few, the generality of mankind mistake the affectation for the reality; for, as Affectation always overacts her part, it fares with her as with a farcical actor on the stage, whose monstrous overdone grimaces are sure to catch the applause of an insensible audience; while the truest and finest strokes of nature, represented by a judicious and just actor, pass unobserved and disregarded. In the same manner, the true symptoms being finer, and less glaring, make no impression on our physiognomist; while the grosser appearances of affectation are sure to attract his eye, and deceive his judgment. Thus that sprightly and penetrating look, which is almost a certain token of understanding; that cheerful composed serenity, which always indicates good-nature; and that fiery cast of the eyes, which is never unaccompanied with courage, are often overlooked; while a formal, stately, austere gravity, a glavering fawning smile, and a strong contraction of the muscles, pass generally on the world for the virtues they only endeavour to affect.

But as these rules are, I believe, none of them without some exceptions; as they are of no use, but to an observer of much penetration; lastly, as a more subtle hypocrisy will sometimes escape undiscovered from the highest discernment; let us see if we have not a more infallible guide to direct us to the knowledge of men; one more easily to be attained, and on the efficacy of which, we may with the greatest certainty rely.

And, surely, the actions of men seem to be the justest interpreters of their thoughts, and the truest standards by which we may judge them. By their fruits you shall know them is a saying of great wisdom, as well as authority. And indeed, this is so certain a method of acquiring the knowledge I contend for, that, at first appearance, it seems absolutely perfect, and to want no manner of assistance.

There are, however, two causes of our mistakes on this head; and which leads us into forming very erroneous judgments of men, even while their actions stare us in the face, and, as it were, hold a candle to us, by which we may see into them.

The first of these is, when we take their own words against their actions. This (if I may borrow another illustration from physic) is no less ridiculous than it would be of a learned professor of that art, when he perceives his light-headed patient is in the utmost danger, to take his word that he is well. This error is infinitely more common than its extreme absurdity would persuade us was possible. And many a credulous person hath been ruined by trusting to the assertions of another, who must have preserved himself, had he placed a wiser confidence in his actions.

The second is an error still more general. This is when we take the colour of a man's actions, not from their own visible tendency, but from his public character:

when we believe what others say of him, in opposition to what we see him do. How often do we suffer ourselves to be deceived, out of the credit of a fact, or out of a just opinion of its heinousness, by the reputed dignity or honesty of the person who did it? How common are such ejaculations as these? 'O! it is impossible he 'should be guilty of any such thing; he must have done 'it by mistake; he could not design it. I will never 'believe any ill of him. So good a man!' &c. when, in reality, the mistake lies only in his character. Nor is there any more simple, unjust, and insufficient method of judging mankind, than by public estimation, which is oftener acquired by deceit, partiality, prejudice, and such like, than by real desert. I will venture to affirm, that I have known some of the best sort of men in the world, (to use the vulgar phrase) who would not have scrupled cutting a friend's throat; and a fellow, whom no man should be seen to speak to, capable of the highest acts of friendship and benevolence.

Now it will be necessary to divest ourselves of both those errors, before we can reasonably hope to attain any adequate knowledge of the true characters of men. Actions are their own best expositors; and though crimes may admit of alleviating circumstances, which may properly induce a judge to mitigate the punishment; from the motive for instance, as necessity may lessen the crime of robbery, when compared to wantonness or vanity; or from some circumstance attending the fact itself, as robbing a stranger, or an enemy, compared with committing it on a friend or benefactor; yet the crime is still robbery, and the person who commits it is a robber; though he should pretend to have done it with a good design, or the world should concur in calling him an honest man.

But I am aware of another objection, which may be

made to my doctrine, viz. admitting that the actions of men are the surest evidence of their character, that this knowledge comes too late; that it is to caution us against a highwayman after he hath plundered us, or against an incendiary after he hath fired our house.

To which I answer, that it is not against force, but deceit, which I am here seeking for armour, against those who can injure us only by obtaining our good opinion. If, therefore, I can instruct my reader, from what sort of persons he is to withhold this opinion, and inform him of all, or at least the principal arts, by which deceit proceeds to ingratiate itself with us, by which he will be effectually enabled to defeat his purpose, I shall have sufficiently satisfied the design of this essay.

And here, the first caution I shall give him is against flattery, which I am convinced no one uses, without some design on the person flattered. I remember to have heard of a certain nobleman, who, though he was an immoderate lover of receiving flattery himself, was so far from being guilty of this vice to others, that he was remarkably free in telling men their faults. A friend, who had his intimacy, one day told him, he wondered that he who loved flattery better than any man living, did not return a little of it himself, which he might be sure would bring him back such a plentiful interest. To which he answered, though he admitted the justness of the observation, he could never think of giving away what he was so extremely covetous of. Indeed, whoever knows any thing of the nature of men, how greedy they are of praise, and how backward in bestowing it on others; that it is a debt seldom paid, even to the greatest merit, till we are compelled to it, may reasonably conclude, that this profusion, this voluntary throwing it away on those who do not deserve it, proceeds, as Martial says of a beggar's present, from some other motive than generosity or good-will.

But indeed there are few, whose vanity is so foul a feeder to digest flattery, if undisguised; it must impose on us, in order to allure us; before we can relish it, we must call it by some other name; such as, a just esteem of, and respect for our real worth; a debt due to our merit, and not a present to our pride.

Suppose it should be really so, and we should have all these great or good qualities which are extolled in us; yet, considering, as I have said above, with what reluctance such debts are paid, we may justly suspect some design in the person, who so readily and forwardly offers it to us. It is well observed, that we do not attend, without uneasiness, to praises in which we have no concern, much less shall we be eager to utter and exaggerate the praise of another, without some expectations from it.

A flatterer, therefore, is a just object of our distrust, and will, by prudent men, be avoided.

Next to the flatterer, is the professor, who carries his affection to you still farther; and on a slight, or no acquaintance, embraces, hugs, kisses, and vows the greatest esteem for your person, parts, and virtues. To know whether this friend is sincere, you have only to examine into the nature of friendship, which is always founded either on esteem or gratitude, or perhaps on both. Now, esteem, admitting every requisite for its formation present, and these are not a few, is of very slow growth; it is an involuntary affection, rather apt to give us pain than pleasure, and therefore meets with no encouragement in our minds, which it creeps into by small and almost imperceptible degrees; and, perhaps, when it hath got an absolute possession of us, may require some other ingredient to engage our friendship to its own object. It appears then pretty plain, that this mushroom passion here mentioned, owes not its original to esteem. Whether it can possibly flow from gratitude,

which may, indeed, produce it more immediately, you will more easily judge; for though there are some minds, whom no benefits can inspire with gratitude, there are more, I believe, who conceive this affection without even a supposed obligation. If, therefore, you can assure yourself it is impossible he should imagine himself obliged to you, you may be satisfied that gratitude is not the motive to his friendship. Seeing then that you can derive it from neither of these fountains, you may well be justified in suspecting its falsehood; and, if so, you will act as wisely in receiving it into your heart as he doth who knowingly lodges a viper in his bosom, or a thief in his house. Forgive the acts of your enemies hath been thought the highest maxim of morality: Fear the professions of your friends is, perhaps, the wisest.

The third character against which an open heart should be alarmed, is a Promiser; one who rises another step in friendship. The man, who is wantonly profuse of his promises, ought to sink his credit as much as a tradesman would by uttering a great number of promissory notes, payable at a distant day. The truest conclusion in both cases is, that neither intend, or will be able, to pay. And as the latter, most probably, intends to cheat you of your money, so the former, at least, designs to cheat you of your thanks; and it is well for you, if he hath no deeper purpose, and that vanity is the only evil passion to which he destines you a sacrifice.

I would not be here understood to point at the promises of political great men, which they are supposed to lie under a necessity of giving in great abundance, and the value of them is so well known, that few are to be imposed on by them. The professor I here mean, is he, who on all occasions is ready, of his own head, and unasked, to promise favours. This is such another in-

stance of generosity as his who relieves his friend in distress by a draught on * Aldgate pump. Of these there are several kinds, some who promise what they never intend to perform; others who promise what they are not sure they can perform; and others again, who promise so many, that, like debtors, being not able to pay all their debts, they afterwards pay none.

The man who is inquisitive into the secrets of your affairs, with which he hath no concern, is another object of your caution. Men no more desire another's secrets to conceal them, than they would another's purse for the pleasure only of carrying it.

Nor is a slanderer less wisely to be avoided, unless you choose to feast on your neighbour's faults, at the price of being served up yourself at the tables of others; for persons of this stamp are generally impartial in their abuse. Indeed, it is not always possible totally to escape them; for being barely known to them, is a sure title to their calumny; but the more they are admitted to your acquaintance, the more you will be abused by them.

I fear the next character I shall mention, may give offence to the grave part of mankind; for whose wisdom and honesty I have an equal respect; but I must, however, venture to caution my open-hearted reader against a saint. No honest and sensible man will understand me, here, as attempting to declaim against sanctity of morals. The sanctity I mean is that which flows from the lips, and shines in the countenance. It may be said, perhaps, that real sanctity may wear these appearances; and how shall we then distinguish with any certainty, the true from the fictitious? I answer, that if we admit this to be possible, yet, as it is likewise possible that it may be only counterfeit, and, as in fact it is so ninety-

* A mercantile phrase for a bad note.

nine times in a hundred, it is better that one real saint should suffer a little unjust suspicion than ninety-nine villains should impose on the world, and be enabled to perpetrate their villainies under this mask.

But, to say the truth; a sour, morose, ill-natured, censorious sanctity, never is, nor can be sincere. Is a readiness to despise, to hate, and to condemn, the temper of a Christian? Can he, who passes sentence on the souls of men with more delight and triumph than the devil can execute it, have the impudence to pretend himself a disciple of one who died for the sins of mankind? Is not such a sanctity the true mark of that hypocrisy, which in many places of scripture, and particularly in the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, is so bitterly inveighed against?

As this is a most detestable character in society; and as its malignity is more particularly bent against the best and worthiest men, the sincere and open-hearted, whom it persecutes with inveterate envy and hatred, I shall take some pains in the ripping it up, and exposing the horrors of its inside, that we may all shun it; and at the same time will endeavour so plainly to describe its outside, that we shall hardly be liable, by any mistake, to fall into its snares.

With regard then to the inside (if I am allowed that expression) of this character, the scripture-writers have employed uncommon labour in dissecting it. Let us hear our Saviour himself, in the chapter above cited. 'It devours widows' houses; it makes its proselytes two-'fold more the children of hell; it omits the weightier 'matters of law, judgment, mercy, and faith; it strains* 'off a gnat, and swallows a camel; it is full of extortion

* So is the Greek, which the translators have mistaken; they render it, *strain at a gnat, i.e.* struggle in swallowing; whereas, in reality, the Greek word is, to strain through a cullender; and the idea is, that

'and excess.' St. Paul, in his First Epistle to Timothy, says of them, 'That they speak lies, and their con-'science is seared with a red-hot iron.' And in many parts of the Old Testament, as in Job; 'Let the hy-'pocrite reign not, lest the people be ensnared:' And Solomon in his Proverbs; 'An hypocrite with his 'mouth destroyeth his neighbour.'

In the several texts, most of the enormities of this character are described; but there is one which deserves a fuller comment, as pointing at its very essence: I mean the thirteenth verse of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew, where Jesus addresses himself thus to the Pharisees: 'Hypocrites; for ye shut up the kingdom 'of Heaven against men; for ye neither go in your-'selves, neither suffer ye them that are entering to 'go in.'

This is an admirable picture of sanctified hypocrisy, which will neither do good itself, nor suffer others to do it. But if we understand the text figuratively, we may apply it to that censorious quality of this vice, which, as it will do nothing honestly to deserve reputation, so is it ever industrious to deprive others of the praises due to their virtues. It confines all merit to those external forms which are fully particularized in scripture; of these it is itself a rigid observer; hence, it must derive all honour and reward in this world, nay and even in the next, if it can impose on itself so far as to imagine itself capable of cheating the Almighty and obtaining any reward there.

Now a galley-slave, of an envious disposition, doth not behold a man free from chains, and at his ease, with more envy than persons in these fetters of sanctity view

though they pretend their consciences are so fine, that a gnat is with difficulty strained through them, yet they can, if they please, open them wide enough to admit a camel.

the rest of mankind, especially such as they behold without them entering into the kingdom of Heaven. These are, indeed, the objects of their highest animosity, and are always the surest marks of their detraction. Persons of more goodness than knowledge of mankind, when they are calumniated by these saints, are, I believe, apt to impute the calumny to an ignorance of their real character; and imagine, if they could better inform the said saints of their innate worth, they should be better treated by them; but, alas! this is a total mistake; the more good a sanctified hypocrite knows of an open and an honest man, the more he envies and hates him, and the more ready he is to seize or invent an opportunity of detracting from his real merit.

But envy is not their only motive of hatred to good men; they are eternally jealous of being seen through, and, consequently, exposed by them. A hypocrite, in society, lives in the same apprehension with a thief who lies concealed in the midst of the family he is to rob; for this fancies himself perceived, when he is least so; every motion alarms him; he fears he is discovered, and is suspicious that every one, who enters the room, knows where he is hid, and is coming to seize him. And thus, as nothing hates more violently than fear, many an innocent person, who suspects no evil intended him, is detested by him who intends it.

Now, in destroying the reputation of a virtuous and good man, the hypocrite imagines he hath disarmed his enemy of all weapons to hurt him; and, therefore, this sanctified hypocrisy is not more industrious to conceal its own vices, than to obscure and contaminate the virtues of others. As the business of such a man's life is to procure praise by acquiring and maintaining an undeserved character; so is his utmost care employed to deprive those, who have an honest claim to the character himself affects

only, of all emoluments which would otherwise arise to them from it.

The prophet Isaiah speaks of these people, where he says, 'Woe unto them who call evil good, and good evil; 'that put darkness for light, and light for darkness,' &c. In his sermon on which text the witty Dr. South hath these words:—'*Detraction* is that killing poisonous arrow, 'drawn out of the devil's quiver, which is always flying 'about, and doing execution in the dark, against which '*no virtue is a defence, no innocence a security.* It is a 'weapon forged in hell, and formed by that prime 'artificer and engineer, the devil; and none but that 'great God who knows all things, and can do all things, 'can protect the best of men against it.'

To these, likewise, Martial alludes in the following lines:

Ut bene loquator sentiatque Mamercus,
Efficere nullis, Aule, moribus possis.

I have been somewhat diffusive in the censorious branch of this character, as it is a very pernicious one; and (according to what I have observed) little known and attended to. I shall not describe all its other qualities. Indeed there is no species of mischief which it doth not produce. For, not to mention the private villainies it daily transacts, most of the great evils which have affected society, wars, murders, and massacres, have owed their original to this abominable vice; which is the destroyer of the innocent, and protector of the guilty; which hath introduced all manner of evil into the world, and hath almost expelled every grain of good out of it. Doth it not attempt to cheat men into the pursuit of sorrow and misery, under the appearance of virtue, and to frighten them from mirth and pleasure under the colour of vice, or, if you please, sin? Doth it not attempt

to gild over that poisonous potion, made up of malevolence, austerity, and such cursed ingredients, while it embitters the delightful draught of innocent pleasure with the nauseous relish of fear and shame?

No wonder then that this malignant cursed disposition, which is the disgrace of human nature, and the bane of society, should be spoken against, with such remarkable bitterness, by the benevolent author of our religion, particularly in the thirty-third verse of the above-cited chapter of St. Matthew.

Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell?

Having now dispatched the inside of this character, and, as I apprehend, said enough to make any one avoid, I am sure sufficient to make a Christian detest it, nothing remains but to examine the outside, in order to furnish honest men with sufficient rules to discover it. And in this we shall have the same divine guide whom we have in the former part followed.

First then, Beware of that sanctified appearance, 'that 'whited sepulchre, which looks beautiful outward, and 'is within full of all uncleanness. Those who make 'clean the outside of the platter, but within are full 'of extortion and excess.'

Secondly, Look well to those 'who bind heavy bur-'dens, and grievous to be borne, and lay them on men's 'shoulders; but they themselves will not move them 'with one of their fingers.'

'These heavy burdens (says Burket) were counsels 'and directions, rules and canons, austerities and severi-'ties, which the Pharisees introduced and imposed upon 'their hearers.' This requires no farther comment; for as I have before said, these hypocrites place all virtue, and all religion, in the observation of those austerities and severities, without which the truest and purest good-

ness will never receive their commendation; but how different this doctrine is from the temper of Christianity may be gathered by that total of all Christian morality with which Jesus sums up the excellent precepts delivered in his divine sermon: 'Therefore, do unto all 'men as ye would they should do unto you: *for this is* 'the law and the prophets.'

Thirdly, Beware of all ostentation of virtue, goodness, or piety. By this ostentation I mean that of the countenance and the mouth, or of some external forms. And, this, I apprehend, is the meaning of Jesus, where he says, 'They do their works to be seen of men,' as appears by the context; 'they make broad their phylac-'teries, and enlarge the borders of their garments.' These phylacteries were certain scrolls of parchment, whereon were written the ten commandments, and particular parts of the Mosaic law, which they ostentatiously wore on their garments, thinking by that ceremony to fulfil the precept delivered to them in a verse of Deuteronomy, though they neglected to fulfil the laws they wore thus about them.

Another instance of their ostentation was——'making 'long prayers, *i.e.* (says Burket) making long prayers '(or, perhaps, pretending to make them) in the temples 'and synagogues for widows, and thereupon persuading 'them to give bountifully to the corban, or the common 'treasure of the temple, some part of which was em-'ployed for their maintenance. Learn, 1. It is no *new* 'thing for designing hypocrites to cover the foulest 'transgression with the cloak of religion. The Phari-'sees make long prayers a cover for their covetousness. '2. That to make use of religion in policy, for worldly 'advantage' sake, is the way to be damned with a 'vengeance for religion's sake.'

Again says Jesus—'in paying tithe of mint and anise

'and cummin, while they omit the weightier matters of 'the law, judgment, mercy, and faith.' By which we are not to understand (nor would I be understood so to mean) any inhibition of paying the priest his dues; but, as my commentator observes, 'an ostentation of a precise 'keeping the law in smaller matters, and neglecting 'weightier duties. They paid tithe of mint, anise, and 'cummin (*i.e.* of the minutest and most worthless 'things), but at the same time omitted judgment, mercy, 'and faith; that is, just dealing among men, charity 'towards the poor, and faithfulness in their promises 'and covenants one with another. This, says our 'Saviour, is *to strain at* a gnat, and swallow a camel; 'a proverbial expression, intimating, that some persons 'pretend great niceness and scrupulosity about small 'matters, and none, or but little, about duties of the 'greatest moment. Hence, note, that hypocrites lay 'the greatest stress upon the least matters in religion, 'and place holiness most in these things where God 'places it least.' Ye tithe mint, &c., but neglect the weightier matters of the law. 'This is, indeed, the 'bane of all religion and true piety, to prefer rituals 'and human institutions before divine commands, and 'the practice of natural religion. *Thus to do is a certain 'sign of gross hypocrisy.*'

Nothing can, in fact, be more foreign to the nature of virtue than ostentation. It is truly said of Virtue, that, could men behold her naked, they would be all in love with her. Here it is implied, that this is a sight very rare or difficult to come at; and, indeed, there is always a modest backwardness in true virtue to expose her naked beauty. She is conscious of her innate worth, and little desirous of exposing it to the public view. It is the harlot Vice who constantly endeavours to set off the charms she counterfeits, in order to attract men's ap-

plause, and to work her sinister ends by gaining their admiration and their confidence.

I shall mention but one symptom more of this hypocrisy, and this is a readiness to censure the faults of others. 'Judge not,' says Jesus, 'lest you be judged.' —And again; 'Why beholdest thou the mote that is 'in thy brother's eye, but considerest not the beam 'that is in thine own eye?' On which the above-mentioned commentator rightly observes, 'That those 'who are most censorious of the lesser infirmities of 'others, are usually most notoriously guilty of far 'greater failings themselves.' This sanctified slander is, of all, the most severe, bitter, and cruel; and is so easily distinguished from that which is either the effect of anger or wantonness, and which I have mentioned before, that I shall dwell no longer upon it.

And here I shall dismiss my character of a sanctified hypocrite, with the honest wish which Shakspeare hath launched forth against an execrable villain:

> —That Heaven would put in every honest hand a whip,
> To lash the rascal naked through the world.

I have now, I think, enumerated the principal methods by which deceit works its ends on easy, credulous, and open dispositions; and have endeavoured to point out the symptoms by which they may be discovered; but while men are blinded by vanity and self-love, and while artful hypocrisy knows how to adapt itself to their blind sides, and to humour their passions, it will be difficult for honest and undesigning men to escape the snares of cunning and imposition; I shall therefore recommend one more certain rule, and which, I believe, if duly attended to, would, in a great measure, extirpate all fallacy out of the world; or must at least so effectually disappoint its purposes, that it would soon be worth no man's while

to assume it, and the character of knave and fool would be more apparently (what they are at present in reality) allied or united.

This method is, carefully to observe the actions of men with others, and especially with those to whom they are allied in blood, marriage, friendship, profession, neighbourhood, or any other connection; nor can you want an opportunity of doing this; for none but the weakest of men would rashly and madly place a confidence, which may very materially affect him, in any one, on a slight or no acquaintance.

Trace then the man proposed to your trust into his private family and nearest intimacies. See whether he hath acted the part of a good son, brother, husband, father, friend, master, servant, &c. If he hath discharged these duties well, your confidence will have a good foundation; but if he hath behaved himself in these offices with tyranny, with cruelty, with infidelity, with inconstancy, you may be assured he will take the first opportunity his interest points out to him of exercising the same ill talents at your expence.

I have often thought mankind would be little liable to deceit (at least much less than they are) if they would believe their own eyes, and judge of men by what they actually see them perform towards those with whom they are most closely connected; whereas, how common is it to persuade ourselves, that the undutiful, ungrateful son, the unkind, or barbarous brother, or the man who is void of all tenderness, honour, or even humanity, to his wife or children, shall nevertheless become a sincere and faithful friend! but how monstrous a belief is it, that the person who we find incapable of discharging the nearest duties of relation, whom no ties of blood or affinity can bind; nay, who is even deficient in that goodness which instinct infuses into the

brute creation; that such a person should have a sufficient stock of virtue to supply the arduous character of honour and honesty! This is a credulity so absurd, that it admits of no aggravation.

Nothing indeed can be more unjustifiable to our prudence than an opinion that the man, whom we see act the part of a villain to others, should, on some minute change of person, time, place, or other circumstance, behave like an honest and just man to ourselves. I shall not here dispute the doctrine of repentance, any more than its tendency to the good of society; but as the actions of men are the best index to their thoughts, as they do, if well attended to and understood, with the utmost certainty demonstrate the character; and as we are not so certain of the sincerity of the repentance, I think we may with justice suspect, at least so far as to deny him our confidence, that a man whom we once knew to be a villain remains a villain still.

And now let us see whether these observations, extended a little farther, and taken into public life, may not help us to account for some phænomena which have lately appeared in this hemisphere: for as a man's good behaviour to those with whom he hath the nearest and closest connection is the best assurance to which a stranger can trust for his honest conduct in any engagement he shall enter into with him; so is a worthy discharge of the social offices of a private station the strongest security which a man can give of an upright demeanour in any public trust, if his country shall repose it in him; and we may be well satisfied that the most popular speeches, and most plausible pretences of one of a different character, are only gilded snares to delude us, and to sacrifice us, in some manner or other, to his own sinister purposes. It is well said in one of Mr. Pope's letters, 'How shall a man love

'five millions, who could never love a single person?' If a man hath more love than what centres in himself, it will certainly light on his children, his relations, friends and nearest acquaintance. If he extends it farther, what is it less than general philanthropy, or love to mankind? Now, as a good man loves his friend better than common acquaintance, so philanthropy will operate stronger towards his own country than any other; but no man can have this general philanthropy who hath not private affection, any more than he, who hath not strength sufficient to lift ten pounds, can at the same time be able to throw a hundred weight over his head. Therefore the bad son, husband, father, brother, friend; in a word, the bad man in private, can never be a sincere patriot.

In Rome and Sparta I agree it was otherwise; for there patriotism, by education, became a part of the character. Their children were nursed in patriotism; it was taught them at an age when religion in all countries is first inculcated; and as we see men of all religions ready to lay down their lives for the doctrines of it (which they often do not know, and seldom have considered), so were these Spartans and Romans ready with as implicit faith to die for their country; though the private morals of the former were depraved, and the latter were the public robbers of mankind.

Upon what foundation their patriotism then stood seems pretty apparent, and perhaps there can be no surer. For I apprehend, if twenty boys were taught from their infancy to believe that the Royal Exchange was the kingdom of heaven, and consequently inspired with a suitable awe for it; and lastly, instructed that it was great, glorious, and godlike to defend it, nineteen of them would afterwards cheerfully sacrifice their lives to its defence; at least, it is impossible that any of them would

agree, for a paltry reward, to set it on fire; not even though they were rogues and highwaymen in their disposition. But if you were admitted to choose twenty of such dispositions at the age of manhood who had never learnt any thing of its holiness, contracted any such awe, nor imbibed any such duty, I believe it would be difficult to bring them to venture their lives in its cause; nor should I doubt, could I persuade them of the security of the fact, of bribing them to apply the firebrand to any part of the building I pleased.

But a worthy citizen of London, without borrowing any such superstition from education, would scarce be tempted, by any reward, to deprive the city of so great an ornament, and what is so useful and necessary to its trade; at the same time to endanger the ruin of thousands, and perhaps the destruction of the whole.

The application seems pretty easy, that as there is no such passion in human nature as patriotism, considered abstractedly, and by itself, it must be introduced by art, and that while the mind of man is yet soft and ductile, and the unformed character susceptible of any arbitrary impression you please to make on it; or secondly, it must be founded on philanthropy, or universal benevolence; a passion which really exists in some natures, and which is necessarily attended with the excellent quality abovementioned; for as it seems granted, that the man cannot love a million who never could love a single person, so will it, I apprehend, appear as certain, that he who could not be induced to cheat or to destroy a single man, will never be prevailed on to cheat or to destroy many millions.

Thus I have endeavoured to shew the several methods by which we can purpose to get any insight into the characters of those with whom we converse, and by which we may frustrate all the cunning and designs of

ɔocrisy. These methods I have shewn to be threefold, . by the marks which nature hath imprinted on the ıntenance, by their behaviour to ourselves, and by ir behaviour to others. On the first of these I have much insisted, as liable to some incertainty; and as latter seem abundantly sufficient to secure us, with ɔper caution, against the subtle devices of hypocrisy, ɔugh she be the most cunning as well as malicious of the vices which have ever corrupted the nature of ın.

But however useless this treatise may be to instruct, I ɔpe it will be at least effectual to alarm my reader; and re no honest undesigning man can ever be too much on s guard against the hypocrite, or too industrious to ex-ɔse and expel him out of society.

END OF THE NINTH VOLUME.

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